Collier's

November 18, 1950

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IF RED CHINA STRIKES

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NOTHING IS CHANGED BUT THE FLOOR

STUDY these pictures of the same store, and you'll see that the startling difference in appearance has been achieved with just one change—a new Armstrong Floor.

When the owners of this dress shop moved into their new store a few months ago, they put in modern fixtures and displays. Because their budget was limited, they decided to use the floor already there. It was in fairly good condition and would still give several years of service.

After the store was open for business, they were disappointed in its general appearance. Despite the new fixtures, the store didn't have the over-all attractiveness they wanted. They had failed to realize how vitally important the right floor can be, how much it accomplishes as the most important decorative factor in any interior.

A new floor was needed, but the budget was still limited. The owners compared different kinds of flooring materials and found that Armstrong's Asphalt Tile would solve the budget problem because of its low cost. In addition, it offered advantages in appearance and durability. The design freedom of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile enabled them to work out a custom floor that suited the store layout.

The morning after the new floor was installed, the store seemed completely remodeled. The bright new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile not only made everything look fresher, cleaner, more appealing—but also made the place seem larger, better arranged, more spacious.

Perhaps your place of business, too, could benefit by "remodeling" with a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile. In addition to its decorative and money-saving advantages, it can be used on any type of floor—even in basements and on concrete slabs in direct contact with the ground. Your Armstrong contractor will be glad to show you samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Asphalt Tile, Linoleum, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you can spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page, full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5011 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.

ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE

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Enter America's Biggest Puzzle-Quiz Contest!

Win $102,500.00 Cash First Prize!

FIRST PRIZE
$102,500.00

SECOND PRIZE
25,000.00

3rd Prize	$10,000.00
4th Prize	$5,000.00
5th Prize	$3,000.00
6th Prize	$2,500.00
7th Prize	$1,500.00
8th Prize	$1,000.00
9th Prize	$1,000.00
10th Prize	$1,000.00
11th through 110th Prizes, each $100...$10,000.00	
111th through 210th Prizes each $50.00 .	$5,000.00
Total Prizes . .	**$167,500.00**

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210 Cash Prizes – $167,500.00 In All – Must Be Won!

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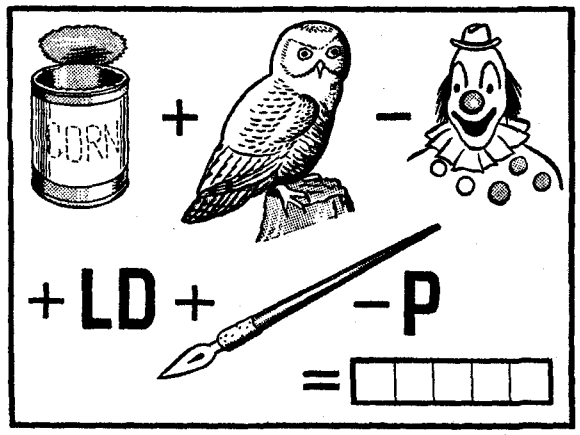
HERE is the most fascinating of all puzzle-quiz contests — and also the BIGGEST! The first prize of $102,500.00 is the very largest first prize in all the history of such contests. Imagine winning that huge fortune — enough to make you RICH FOR LIFE! Imagine the thrill of winning any one of the 209 other cash prizes ranging from $25,000.00 second prize, $10,000.00 third prize, down to the very last 210th prize!

Read the complete list of prizes in the panel at the left. Then try solving the sample puzzle printed at the right. Isn't it EASY? Isn't it FUN? Don't you think you would have a wonderfully enjoyable time solving such puzzles — trying for the biggest cash first prize ever given?

Can You Solve This Puzzle?

THIS IS THE KIND OF PUZZLE IN THIS CONTEST

The solution to the puzzle below is the name of a Pilgrim Father who came over on the Mayflower in 1620.



Here Is How You Solve This Sample Puzzle

First of all, note that there are a CAN, OWL, CLOWN and PEN in this puzzle. To solve it, write down CAN. Next, add OWL, giving you CANOWL. Next, subtract CLOWN, which leaves you with A. Then add LD, giving you ALD. Next, add PEN, giving you ALDPEN. Next, subtract P, leaving you with the solution ALDEN.

Here Is How You Enter The Contest

This contest is presented by one of the largest and most famous book-publishing firms in America — the publishers of the NEW FUNK & WAGNALL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA — the magnificent new encyclopedia that is selling like wildfire because it is the BEST — AT LEAST COST!

This contest has been devised by the editors of that great encyclopedia to enchant every family in America — and thus to publicize the encyclopedia, and let EVERYONE know how easy it is to own one, and how wonderful it would be to have one right in his own home.

You can send in the coupon at the right below TODAY, and by return mail you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the very first Puzzle-Quiz in the contest, with the entry form, and the Official Rules, so that you can enter the contest RIGHT AWAY!

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The reason we give you this wonderful book as an outright gift is first of all because the first Puzzle-Quiz is *based on the book*. The answer to each puzzle in the Puzzle-Quiz is the title of one of the subjects in the book. Also, the Puzzle-Quiz will contain a number of quiz-questions, just like the questions asked today on radio quiz programs. AND RIGHT IN THE BOOK IS THE INFORMATION TO HELP YOU ANSWER EVERY QUIZ-QUESTION CORRECTLY!

That means you NEED THE BOOK TO HELP YOU WIN A PRIZE! And we give you the book absolutely free with the first Puzzle-Quiz!

Another Reason Why

But there is another reason why we give you the book absolutely free. We thus hope to interest you in the rest of the set! We think the book is so terrific that once you get it into your hands, you will want all the other volumes! And we are willing to take the gamble of giving you one book to PROVE TO YOU why you need the others.

The Puzzle-Quizzes

In this contest will be a series of Puzzle-Quizzes, with each one based on a volume of the encyclopedia. With the free Volume 1 we will send you full details about the contest and how you can get the other volumes of the encyclopedia at the rate of three volumes a month — each containing another Puzzle-Quiz — at a MIRACULOUSLY low price. After you have read all these details we ask you just one favor. We ask you merely to LET US KNOW what you want to do.

Enclosed with the free book and the first Puzzle-Quiz will be a postcard which we ask you to send back to us. On it you will indicate your decision. You can check off "YES" — that you want to stay in the contest and get the other volumes. Or you can check off "No" — that you do *not* want to stay in the contest, or get any other volumes.

That's all we ask. And remember, no matter how you decide, the big, beautiful Volume 1, worth $5.00, STILL BELONGS TO YOU!

Act At Once—Today!

So don't hesitate a moment! Mail the coupon at the right at once. Find out for yourself why this magnificent new encyclopedia is selling like wildfire in America — why hundreds of thousands of American families are sending for the free first volume to see with their own eyes this new miracle of the book world. Find out why you, too, need this magnificent reference library!

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PUZZLE-QUIZ CONTEST, Unicorn Press, Inc. 10
Brooklyn 1, New York

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE the first Puzzle-Quiz in your $167,500.00 Puzzle-Quiz Contest, and also the FREE first volume of the New Funk and Wagnall's Encyclopedia.

Please also send me the Official Rules of the Contest and full details about the encyclopedia together with an Entry Form, so that I may enter the contest RIGHT AWAY, if I so desire.

After I have received the above, I will send back the post-card you will enclose, to tell you whether or not I want the other volumes of the encyclopedia and want to enter the contest.

The gift Volume 1 is mine to keep in any event.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

STARRING

ESTHER WILLIAMS • HOWARD KEEL

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by
ROBERT NATHAN and JERRY DAVIS
Based on the Book
"TAHITI LANDFALL" by WILLIAM S. STONE
Music by HARRY WARREN
Lyrics by ARTHUR FREED
Directed by . . ROBERT ALTON
Produced by . . ARTHUR FREED

Lap us in a hammock, with a carafe of cocoanut juice near at hand and we die happy. We've just seen "Pagan Love Song" and we've gone native.

Now, how do you suppose M-G-M knew that everybody has a tropical island in his heart? Ours is furnished with glowing Esther Williams, in her most languorous, glamorous role to date, handsome Howard Keel, the sensational baritone who can lift the top off our bamboo cottage any day, as well as assorted graceful and happy-go-lucky Tahitians romping in an island paradise almost too beautiful to be real.

But it is real, and Technicolor does justice to the brilliant coral reefs, the deep lagoons, the palm groves and jade green mountains of Kauai, the island on which "Pagan Love Song" was filmed.

There are other kinds of scenery, too. As a nicely Americanized semi-Tahitian, Esther Williams is in her element (watery, of course!) as she bewitches or bedevils a very green plantation owner from the States. This is youthful, handsome Howard Keel, who soon catches the island contagion of making work seem like play and making love night and day. And who could resist? When all the girls, like Esther, slip around in sarongs, dancing the hula—guaranteed to take the kinks out of a tired businessman's back!

We have a theory as to why this musical is so extra-specially good. Did you know that the tune "Pagan Love Song" was written, years ago, by Arthur Freed? Same Arthur Freed who produced this musical.

Mr. Freed has written lyrics to Harry Warren's music, a number of new songs for the picture which are being hailed in the trade as excellent. Listen for "Why Is Love So Crazy?", "The House of Singing Bamboo" and "Sea of The Moon" among others.

Our best recommendation to you, is to heed the call in the title song, "Come with me . . . where moonbeams . . . light Tahitian skies . . ." See "Pagan Love Song".

Technicolor Footnote! Currently "King Solomon's Mines" in Technicolor is enthralling audiences the nation over. And more Technicolor treasures are on the way from M-G-M . . . "Kim", "Across The Wide Missouri" and, of course, "Quo Vadis". Watch!

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November 18, 1950

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The Cover

Artist Roy M. Mason says, "A flock of geese coming toward you as you crouch beside a log near slow-rolling surf makes you feel as though someone were winding a spring in your back. The geese get bigger and bigger. The tension mounts. Within seconds they're in range. There's a terrible moment of hesitation—then you pick out a goose, calculate the lead and fire. Without looking to see the result you fire the other barrel at another bird. There's a solid *wunk* as at least one of the geese hits the sandy beach. Suddenly, you start breathing again."

Week's Mail

Our War or Everyone's

EDITOR: Orchids to Collier's for the fine editorial, Needed: A Vast U.N. Army (Sept. 30th), regarding the laggard nations who so far have given but token assistance to the United States in the Korean war.

They seem to assume the attitude of "let's you and *him fight*" and *then stand* back and allow us to stand all the brunt of this terrible war.

Thousands of our boys are being sacrificed to save the world from Communism. Are these other laggard nations expecting us to bear the entire burden of this and future wars to save their skins?

R. F. WILLIAMS, Columbus, Ohio

. . . We object most strenuously to your editorial criticism re slowness of other U.N. nations in sending aid to Korea. Disregarding your (the U.S.) on-again, off-again Far Eastern Policy and statements by your former Secretary of Defense about American invincibility, we think you still have a hell of a lot of nerve.

Where was the great big U.S.A. in 1939-'41?

For a country who makes a point of staying out of wars until they are half over, the back of our hand to you.

PATRICK MURPHY, MICHAEL KELLY,
Winnipeg, Canada

. . . I thoroughly enjoyed and approved of your editorial, and wanted to tell you so. We do indeed need a vast U.N. Army and I do hope that the editorial will be heeded. So far, the other countries have sat on the side lines like a cheering section at a football game—pulling for us, but not actually helping.

But, after all, isn't it only human nature to do as little as possible if you can get by with it?

If you or I had a nice uncle who paid all our bills, I doubt if we would make much effort to do much about them ourselves.

MRS. MARTIN F. BULLARD,
Memphis, Tenn.

. . . Having just read your editorial, Needed: A Vast U.N. Army, I am reminded of a story which was being told in 1943.

It seems an American GI went into a London pub, planked down a U.S. buck and ordered a beer of the pretty English barmaid.

Upon receiving it and tasting it he commented, "This beer's stale."

"Of course it is," replied the barmaid, "it's been waiting here for you for the past three years!"

NORMAN FLETCHER, Toronto, Ont.

Messrs. Murphy, Kelly, Fletcher and others seem to have missed the obvious dissimilarity between the two World Wars and the Korean war. American forces went into Korea as the result of a United Nations resolution calling on all member governments to assist in ending hostilities in that country. This was an unprecedented occurrence, and one

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New deluxe table radio

Beautiful big table radio actually outperforms many consoles. Extra sensitive! Extra powerful! 5 tubes plus rectifier. Illuminated slide-rule dial. In mahogany plastic (Model 404, left) or ivory plastic. Both at the one low price.

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Model 404

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

in which all United Nations members who supported the resolution were equally committed.

Capone's Legacy

EDITOR: Congratulations on Lester Velie's comprehensive and enlightening article, The Capone Gang Muscles into Big-Time Politics (Sept. 30th).

When gambling and racketeering reach the point where they are a government within a government they are just as subversive as Communism, Fascism, Nazism, or any other un-American "ism." In these days of stress when American men are dying on foreign soil, subversive activities cannot be tolerated in any form.

The time for direct action in enforcing all laws in our communities is long overdue. If the elected and appointed law officials are unwilling or unable to rid our communities of the hoodlums and racketeers who have infiltrated and organized in our midst, it is time for the citizens to organize and go into action.

If a sufficient number of ex-combat veterans could be screened, trained and deputized to form a modern version of the vigilantes, gangsters and hoodlums would soon scatter and disappear.

ERNEST GARDOS, Miami Beach, Fla.

. . . Why doesn't one of the large philanthropic foundations set up a special School for Graft, where specially selected men can be trained free of charge to become police captains, police chiefs and even police commissioners?

Their training would cover all the dirty ins and outs of politics, graft and rackets in our big cities, plus, of course, police technique, methods and training. These men, when hired by reform mayors, would be excellently fitted to stamp out rackets and corruption and keep them out.

JOSEPH MARTURONO, Montclair, N. J.

. . . Fifty-four years' residence in Kansas City has prepared me to believe almost anything I hear about the alliance between crime and politics and its personnel. The $10,000,000,000 "take" of the Capone Syndicate is over my head, yet the amount is too much whether it is more or less than that figure.

Your report about the 100,000-acre farm (of one of the mug princes) near Ottawa, Illinois, seems fantastic. Was it a misprint?

WILLIAM B. HENDERSON, Kansas City, Mo.

It was indeed. The figure should have been 1,100.

Ancient History

EDITOR: I read with interest Evan M. Wylie's High Cost of History (Sept. 2d) and was impressed by the following statement, "William Bradford's History of Plimoth *(sic)* Plantation (1602-1647)." Did Bill start writing his history of New England even before Jamestown was settled in 1607, or 18 years before the Puritan-Pilgrims put their feet on the rock, or was 1602 an error intended to be 1620?

When I see errors of history printed in such fine magazines as yours I can't resist calling attention to them.

CHARLES HART, Moscow, Idaho

The dates of the Bradford History are correct. The work included an account of the Pilgrims in England and of their emigration to Holland.

Commandos in Burma

EDITOR: In his interesting article They Called It Jungle Broadway (Sept. 23d) Lowell Thomas states "Gliders of the 1st Air Commandos . . . transported heavily armed British, Scottish, Gurkha, Burmese and African troops."

Is a Scotsman not a Briton?

In the second paragraph, there is another slight mistake. Lancastershire Fusiliers should read Lancashire Fusiliers. Lancaster is a town in Lancashire.

J. G. HINDMARCH, Parksville, B. C.

. . . I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your very fine articles, by Lowell Thomas, on the doings of my old outfit, the 1st Air Commandos. It caused me to pull out an old diary and check a few dates and such. The other details of that affair are still fresh in my mind; it was a real pleasure to read one of the finest accounts of that short, but extremely eventful adventure in Burma.

WALTER B. BARGER, Major USAF, Gunter AFB, Montgomery, Ala.

Cheer for Big Business

EDITOR: I am seventy-four, retired in '40 from Standard Oil Company of California but am still considered to be a Standard Oiler.

I want to thank you for your editorials defending big business. I think our present government is forcing us toward a Socialistic state. The big power claws stretching across the country and operated by government could control all or most of our manufacturing plants.

R. H. INGERSOLL, Phoenix, Ariz.

Miss Arthur's Chronology

EDITOR: Just how old is Jean Arthur? In The Actress Nobody Knows (Oct. 7th), it is stated that Miss Arthur was born on October 17, 1908; but later on, we find the statement: "In 1923, at the age of eighteen, she became an actress in silent films."

However, whether she be forty-two or forty-five, I still think Miss Arthur an excellent actress and the story very interesting.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE BRENNGLASS, New York, N. Y.

Miss Arthur as Peter Pan

Well, let's see—Who's Who in the Theatre gives Miss Arthur's birth date as October 17, 1905; Who's Who in America says she was born on October 17, 1908. Maybe we're all a little confused.

Collier's Crime-Busting

EDITOR: Our family are devoted readers of your most excellent magazine. We feel you are doing a great job in your special articles exposing crime and its infiltration into our political economy.

Yours is an outstanding example of the still-free American press, and your courageous editorials plus special articles will assist in breaking public apathy and political skulduggery.

Keep firing. Exposure is two thirds of the destruction of evil conditions and moral courage is the spark that fires the vision of conquerors.

FRANK H. MUDGETT, Portland, Me.

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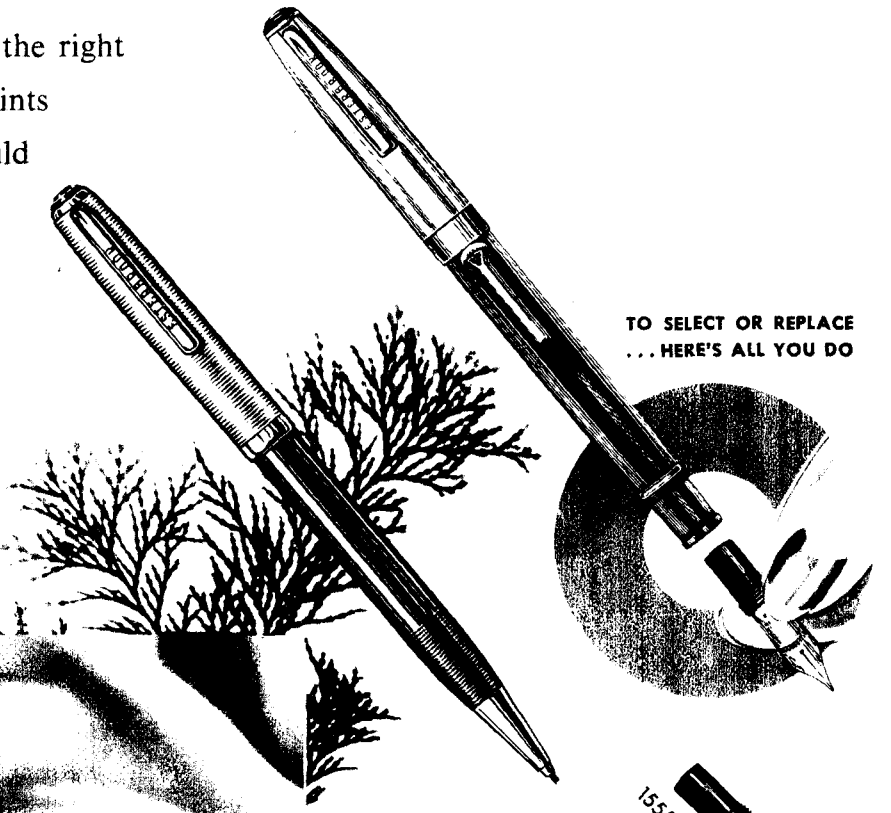
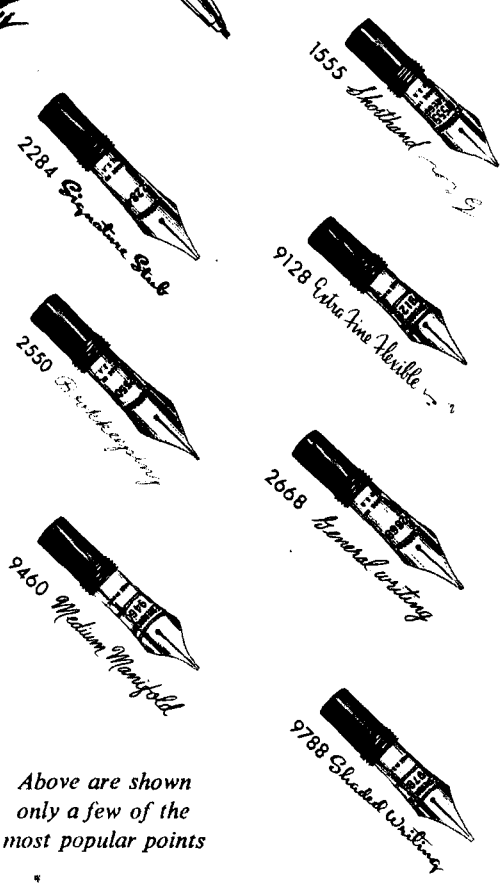
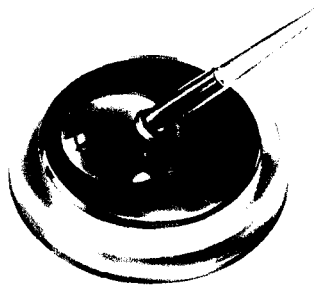




Above are shown only a few of the most popular points



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DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MISS NATASHA BOISSEVAIN, beautiful young debutante of the 1950 season, makes her bow to society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Boissevain says: "I find Herbert Tareyton's cork tip particularly nice, and so many of my friends do, too."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

By JOHN DENSON

The Old Farmer's Almanac (established in 1792 and published at Dublin, New Hampshire) hangs by a string in the kitchens of thousands of U.S. farm homes—and farmers place exceptional reliance on the Almanac's long-range weather forecasts. The Almanac tries to be as cheerful as possible about the weather, but its prediction for this winter chills the bones. The Almanac says (and you can feel for yourself how it turns out) that this winter will be colder than most, and will bring a "full share of rain and snow."

Tongue-in-cheek editors of the Almanac attribute—or, rather, pass the buck

—to one Abe Weatherwise, a guesser quite fictional but durable enough to have lasted as long as the Almanac itself. Back in 1947, Abe's forecasts were compared with the U.S. Weather Bureau's five-day predictions. Abe was right 78.5 per cent of the time, the Weather Bureau 65.6. An earlier comparison gave the official forecasters a slight edge. (Note: Collier's will tell the whole story of the famous Almanac in its next issue.)

* * * * * * * * *

For whatever comfort anyone can get out of it, the lowest temperature ever recorded was at Verkhoyansk, Siberia, February 5 and 7, 1892, when thermometers registered an almost unendurable 90 degrees below zero. Lowest temperature for the United States was 66 below at the Riverside Ranger Station, Yellowstone National Park, on February 9, 1933. The U.S. Weather Bureau reports that the estimated mean temperature at the South Pole (at an 8,000-foot elevation) is much less severe —averaging under 22 degrees below zero. It is not recommended, however, as a winter resort.

* * * * * * * * *

Debates have raged long and vigorously over man's physical ability to withstand extreme tropical climates. Weather experts say, in general, that the body adjusts to climate to some extent, but there is one pat fact: There is less oxygen in a cubic foot of hot air than in the same amount of cold air. A U.S. government report says:

"Oxygen is of course a vital requirement; its restriction even in small amounts over a long time may either diminish the effectiveness of all bodily functions or force the body to learn to use the available oxygen more efficiently. There is some indication that both effects probably do occur, but their full significance for tropical acclimatization, if any, remains to be explored."

These same experts point out that many tropical climates are rich in vitamin D forming rays and they have a pleasant send-off for winter vacationists bound for more modern tropical resorts: A good tan, if carefully acquired, is regarded as an indication of good constitutional powers.

* * * * * * * * *

Are winters warmer than they used to be? There have been opinions that heat slowly escaping from the interior of the earth might bring about changes in temperature. U.S. Weather Bureau experts dispute this theory. They say: "The rate of escape is too slow to have an appreciable effect upon such things as daily or seasonal temperature ranges. These are controlled by solar rather than terrestrial energy."

* * * * * * * * *

For those who stay in the cold country, the human body is a pretty competent heating plant. So that the body may keep an average temperature of 98 degrees even in weather as low as 40 degrees below zero, it does all sorts of things. The body will speed up the rate of heat production; surface blood vessels will contract to save heat. We may produce extra heat by shivering.

Weather has a strange effect on what we eat, drink and wear. The best breeds of European dairy cows imported into the United States, for example, produce more milk in relatively cool areas. In one case, average milk production of a herd fell from 29 pounds a day at 40 degrees to 17 pounds at 95 degrees. Pullets produce larger eggs at cool temperatures, and hogs fatten more slowly in hot weather. South African sheepherders find that they get more wool from sheep when there is less than 20 inches of rainfall, but that the fattening of lambs requires about 30 inches.

* * * * * * * * *

Corn, most versatile of all cereal crops, thrives in all kinds of climate. It is grown below sea level in the Caspian Plain and above 12,000 feet in the Peruvian Andes. Developed by the Amer-

HARRY GOFF

ican Indians from a wild plant, corn is distributed more extensively than any other cereal crop. Only wheat covers more acreage. Some strains of corn grow less than two feet tall; other varieties sometimes reach heights of more than 20 feet. Maturity ranges from 60 days to 11 months.

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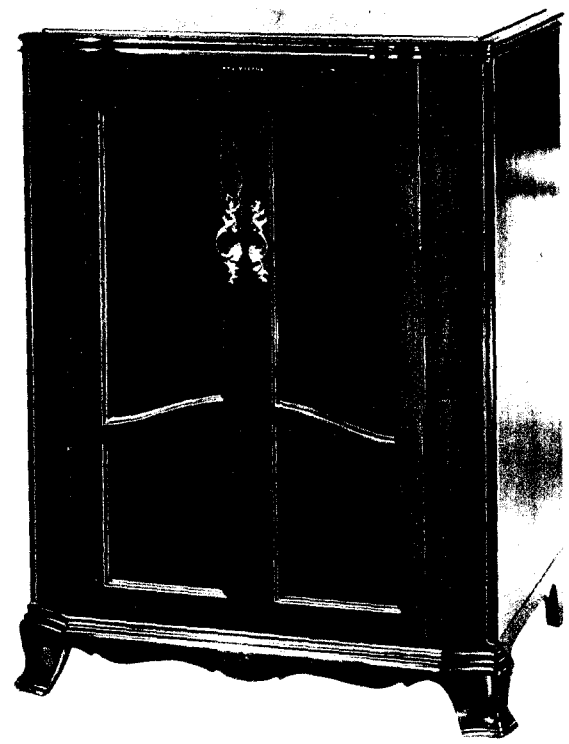
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

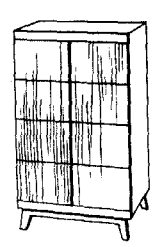
Television Masterpieces by RCA VICTOR

RCA VICTOR *Regency* Impressive open or closed. Richly decorated doors swing back, give an unobstructed view of 16-inch TV. "Golden Throat" system. Cabinet of mahogany or walnut finish at the same price. Built-in antenna and phono-jack for the popular "45" or any record changer attachment (in all sets shown). 6T74.



RCA VICTOR *Provincial* Has the double charm of sophistication and simplicity—and offers the satisfaction of superb performance. Graceful arches decorate the inside as well as outside of the doors. Choose, at the same price, maple, mahogany or walnut finishes. 6T76.

RCA VICTOR *Modern* Up-to-the-minute in every way. Million proof 16-inch TV in a clever, swivel cabinet that can be turned with a finger to face the section of the room you wish. Handsome modern cabinet in walnut, mahogany or limed oak finishes at the same low price. 6T75.



RCA VICTOR MILLION PROOF television—proven in over a million homes

● For a cottage or a castle, you'll find the TV picture-quality you want in RCA Victor's new television receivers. It's *Million Proof* quality—result of RCA Victor's experience in producing *over a million* television sets.

Once you've seen it, you'll settle for nothing less! New, extra-powerful TV circuits give you the best possible reception—anywhere.

Fresh, new styling "frames" these Million Proof pictures in exquisite cabinets. Shown here are only 3 of 18 new RCA Victor sets. America's favorite 16-inch television in America's favorite fine-furniture styles. *And only when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract.*

Listen to "The $64 Question" every Sunday night at 10:00 p. m. New York time over your NBC station.

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DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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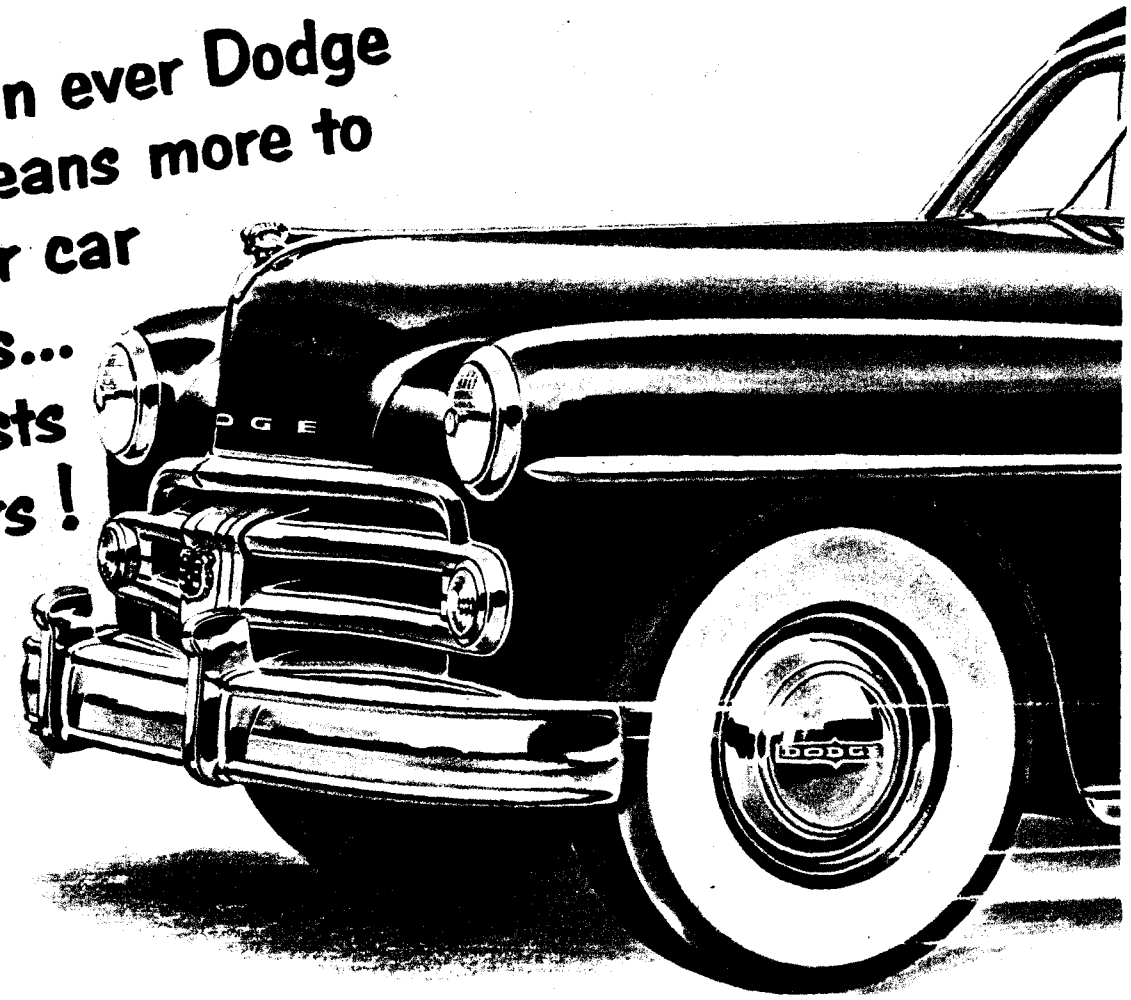
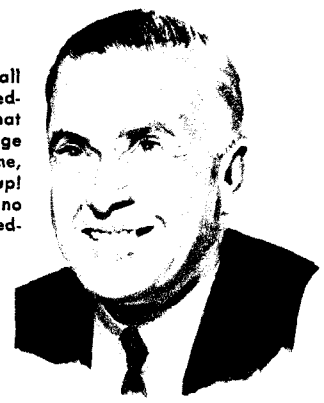
You could pay still not get the famous

Now more than ever Dodge dependability means more to you...in longer car life...fewer repairs... lower upkeep costs over the years!



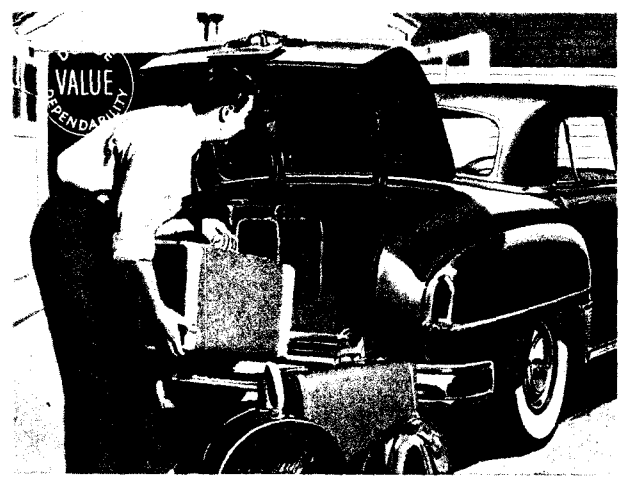


"$1,000 More Couldn't Buy all the extra room, the ruggedness, the dependability that Dodge offers! I've driven Dodge cars for years, and believe me, I know how they stand up! For my money, there's no matching Dodge for ruggedness and reliability."

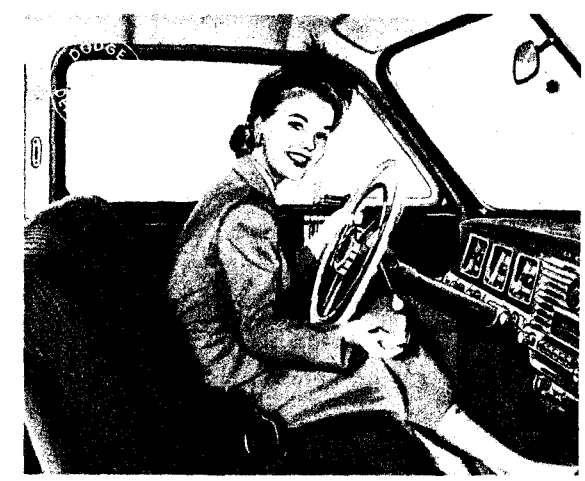
—says
John J. Tunmore
Garden City, N.Y.

"Give Me A Car That's Built To Last—a car that's rugged and dependable like Dodge! This is the fourth Dodge I've owned, and believe me, it has everything—extra roominess, ease of handling, and the reputation for famous dependability that no other car can match. Any other car offering as much would have cost me at least $1,000 more."

—says
James Patrick O'Shea
Chicago, Ill.



SUPER-SIZE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT! Designed to add more *usable* space. Effortless spring-balanced rear deck lid—lifts with a finger, can't fall. Floor is level with opening—luggage slides right in.



DRIVE WITHOUT SHIFTING—with GYRO-MATIC—America's lowest-priced automatic transmission—available on Coronet models. All Dodge model bring you famous Fluid Drive at no extra cost

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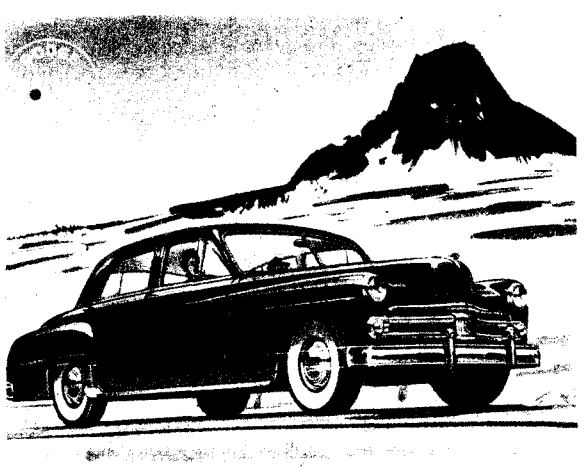
$1,000 more and dependability of Dodge!



BIG GET-AWAY ENGINE—power-packed with plenty of zoom! Amazingly economical . . . a miser on gasoline. Rugged and dependable, too . . . engineered for long life, low cost of upkeep.

Your dollars will go farther . . . and so will you . . . in today's big dependable Dodge

From bumper to bumper, today's big Dodge is engineered to save you money on maintenance and repairs . . . to deliver mile after mile of dependable, trouble-free service.

Yet with all its famous ruggedness, today's big Dodge leads in those things that make driving *easier, safer,* more *comfortable.*

You'll find more head room, more leg room and more shoulder room. You'll discover better visibility . . . a more eager response, a degree of maneuverability and handling ease undreamed of before!

You'll get a new thrill from the flashing performance of the big high-compression "Get-Away" Engine . . . from the velvet smoothness of famous Dodge gyrol Fluid Drive in starting, stopping and traffic driving!

No wonder new owners say you could pay $1,000 more for a new car and still not get all the quality features that Dodge gives you.

New Bigger Value

DODGE

Just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars!

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THE ZEPHYR
Model 2616-5
Moccasin Style with
Hand-Sewn Vamp

A New High in Comfort

Give your feet that "walking-on-clouds" feeling with Porto-Peds, America's most popular comfort shoes. Here's luxurious foot ease, exclusively yours in Porto-Ped's patented, resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift. And here's air-age smartness, sky-high footwear quality. See your Porto-Ped dealer, or write us for his name.

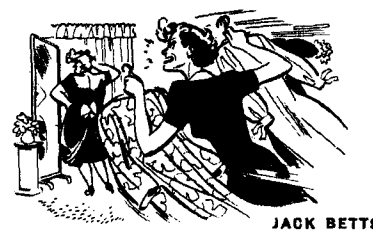
$12.95 to $15.95—Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
DIVISION OF WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

From both Staten Island, New York, and Wagner, South Dakota, the title of this department has been subjected to scrutiny. Mr. Burr W. Leyson, of Midland Beach, Staten Island, thinks that 48 States of Mind is "an extremely apt and timely description of the present civilian defense plan or program." But Mrs. Elsie Carr, of Wagner, a businesswoman, demands: "What do you mean, 48 states of mind? You ought to try running a dress shop like I do. You'd run into that many states of mind before noon."

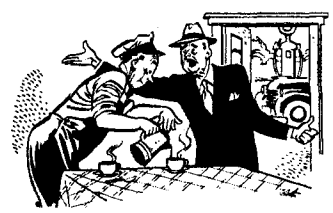

JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

Until we heard from Mr. Dolf Van Horne, of Annapolis, Maryland, we were wringing our hands. Mr. Van Horne sends us a circular called Money Matters wherein it is discovered that even inflation isn't what it used to be. For example: Living costs were up 71 per cent during the Civil War—1861-1865. During World War I—1914-1920—the cost of living soared 99 per cent. And between 1939 and 1948 the rise was 64 per cent. It's little things like that that make us so merry.

★ ★ ★

And we've just heard from a reader who was driving to Chicago from Milwaukee. He ran out of gas about halfway and stopped at a little one-pump filling station. Closed. After much honking the proprietor appeared. "Fill her up," said our reader. "Calm yourself," replied the proprietor. "I gotta eat my breakfast and get the children off to school." Said our reader: "But



I've got to be in Chicago by nine." The proprietor scratched his head and said: "Mister, I bet nothing that can't be fixed will happen to Chicago if you're a few minutes late. Come in and have a cup of coffee." So our reader did just that. And Chicago was getting along fine when he arrived a half hour late.

★ ★ ★

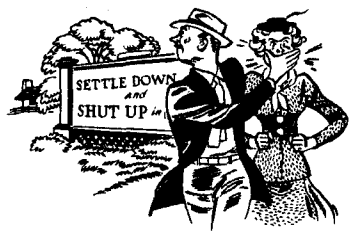
In an air-conditioned room in Louisville, Kentucky, ten dignified, well-dressed and well-paid gentlemen sit around a large, round, polished mahogany table. Every fifteen minutes of each working day of eight hours, each takes seven slugs of whisky. Even we can figure out that this means each of the ten takes 224 shots a day. And that's plenty, even in Louisville. We'd like to direct your attention to one of these gentlemen who, so far as the job is concerned, is wholly typical of all ten. He raises his sterilized glass to his lips. For a few seconds he swishes the whisky around in his mouth. Then he spits it out and carefully washes his mouth with distilled water. Not a drip of the stuff may pass south of his tonsils lest his refined sense of taste be corrupted, unfitting him for his job. Of course, you've guessed it: They're whisky tasters for one of the country's great distilleries. Never touch the stuff outside working hours. Got to keep in training.

★ ★ ★

And while we're on the subject we pass along the news that the state of Iowa has just bought 156,000 cases of drinking liquor, worth $5,000,000. Iowa has done this just in case there comes World War III and the state's 179 package stores be bare-shelved as they were during World War II. This precaution was taken just before the Iowa State Prohibition party met in annual convention in Des Moines. So far as we know, there is no connection between the two.

★ ★ ★

The customary peace and quiet of Mansfield, Ohio, was disturbed by the softly murmured thanks of the city council. Word had just been received that the National Noise Abatement Council had awarded Mansfield a merit



medal. Although grateful, Mansfield was a bit puzzled. The town had never even considered launching a campaign to make it quieter. "In fact," says Mr. John H. Flecherby, "we are proud of our unofficial motto: Settle down and shut up in Mansfield."

★ ★ ★

In Winchester, Massachusetts, 116 years ago, the citizens launched a campaign to eliminate a railroad crossing in the town's business district. Plans for a $3,000,000 bridge over the tracks have only recently been approved and the work should start, presumably, sometime during the current century. Our informant, a descendant of Paul Revere, says: "We just wanted to be sure we got the right bridge."

★ ★ ★

Just in case you're a husband and father in Georgia and are toying with the idea of absconding to another state, leaving your dependents to shift for themselves, we issue a warning—not that you deserve it. Mrs. Z. V. Peterson, of Atlanta, proposes to do something about guys like you. And Atlanta will give you staggering odds that it's going to get done. At present a husband-father or a childless husband can light out and Georgia can do nothing about it so long as he stays out of Georgia;

(Continued on page 83)

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Emerson *Television and Radio for 1951... Clearly America's Best Buy!*

"On or off, my Emerson's a delight to the eye!" says Lawrence Tibbett, *world famous baritone*. His Emerson is the smart, space-saving new 14-Inch Compact Model 662. An unequaled value at . . . . . $199.95.*
CONTRAST
Emerson

First with 100% *Clear* Television!

Emerson leads again with

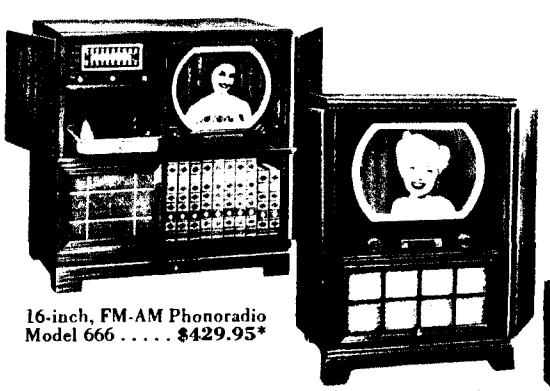
NEW FULL SCREEN FOCUS

and BLACK MAGIC CONTRAST

One minute with a 1951 Emerson brings a new experience in television! You'll see 100% clear pictures *from edge to edge.* Gone is the fuzziness that surrounds most TV screens. With new Emerson Full Screen Focus, you clearly SEE what others miss!

And where other pictures "wash out" in brightly lighted rooms, Emerson's new Black Magic Contrast makes the image *stronger.* Day or night, you get blacker blacks, whiter whites . . . just turn up the contrast for *extra* brilliance, *extra* clearness! Every Emerson, and *only* Emerson, has this years-ahead clearness. *Plus* built-in antenna, one-knob tuning, and super-long-distance circuit . . . basic reasons why EMERSON PERFORMS WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

100% CLEAR RADIO, TOO! For the *clearest* in home entertainment . . . radio, recorded music or TV . . . see your Emerson dealer. Compare Emerson's superb styling, tone, performance and *value.* You'll know why more than eleven million people own an Emerson . . . *clearly* America's best buy!

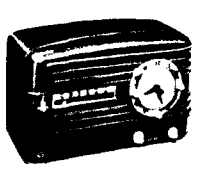


16-inch, FM-AM Phonoradio
Model 666 . . . . . $429.95*

19-inch De Luxe Mahogany
Console Model 669 $429.95*

Powerful 3-Way Portable
Model 646 . . . $29.95*
less batteries

Super FM-AM Radio
Model 659 $59.95*



Automatic Clock Radio
Model 671 . . $34.95*

*Warranty and excise tax extra.
Prices Slightly Higher in South and West.

Every 5 seconds someone buys an

Emerson

Clearly America's Best Buy!

Emerson Radio and Phonograph Corp., New York 11, N. Y.

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Please...let your wife come into the living room!

DON'T let dirty dishes make your wife a kitchen exile! She loses the most precious hours of her life shut off from pleasures of the family circle by the never-ending chore of old-fashioned dishwashing! It's easy to banish the barrier of dishpan drudgery and let her join the family fun—the modern, work-saving, Hotpoint automatic way!

● **The wonderful,** new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher is the greatest time- and labor-saving appliance ever invented for the home. It also protects your family's health by doing dishes the sanitary way—many, many times cleaner than is possible by hand. And it saves your wife at least an extra hour every day—seven hours a week—that she can devote to happier home-making for the entire family! Hotpoint Inc. *(A General Electric Affiliate)*, 5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois.

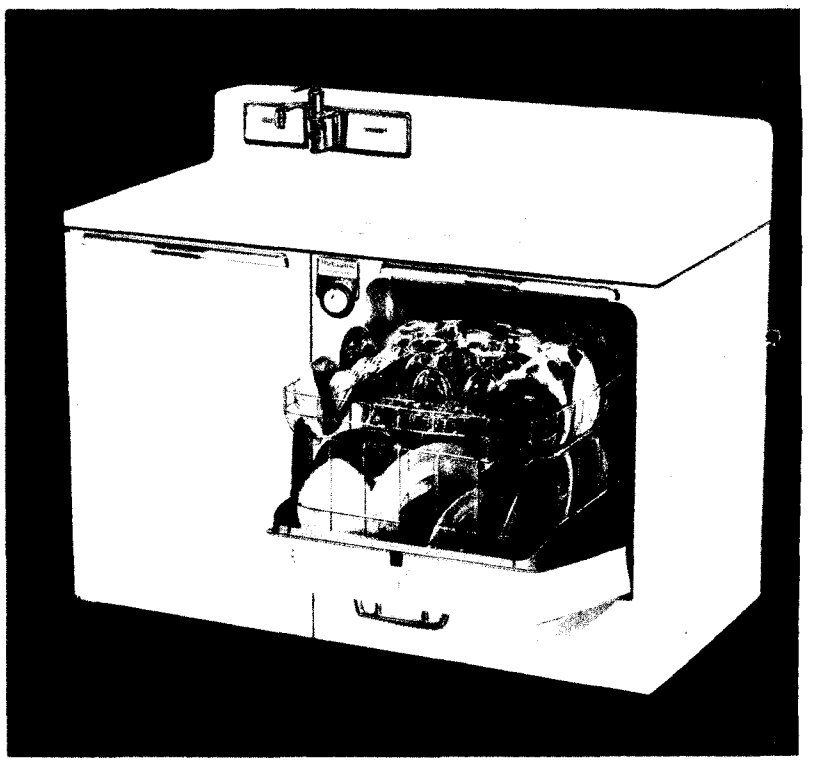
● **IMPORTANT NOTE:** What could be a more pleasant surprise for your wife at Christmas than the gift of a beautiful Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Everybody's Pointing To

Hotpoint

Automatic Electric Dishwashers



● **Doing dishes** the Hotpoint workless way is easy and costs only a few pennies a day. You simply put the dishes in the Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher, turn one switch and the job's done. Everything—dishes, silverware, pots and pans—is double-washed, double-rinsed and dried electrically. The appliance cleans itself and shuts off automatically.

Look To Hotpoint For The Finest . . . First!

RANGES • REFRIGERATORS • DISHWASHERS • DISPOSALLS® • WATER HEATERS • FOOD FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS

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If RED CHINA Strikes

By Major General
CLAIRE L. CHENNAULT
USAF, RETIRED

The mighty armies of Communist China are poised for attack and only swift American action can prevent it, says this noted U.S. expert on the Orient

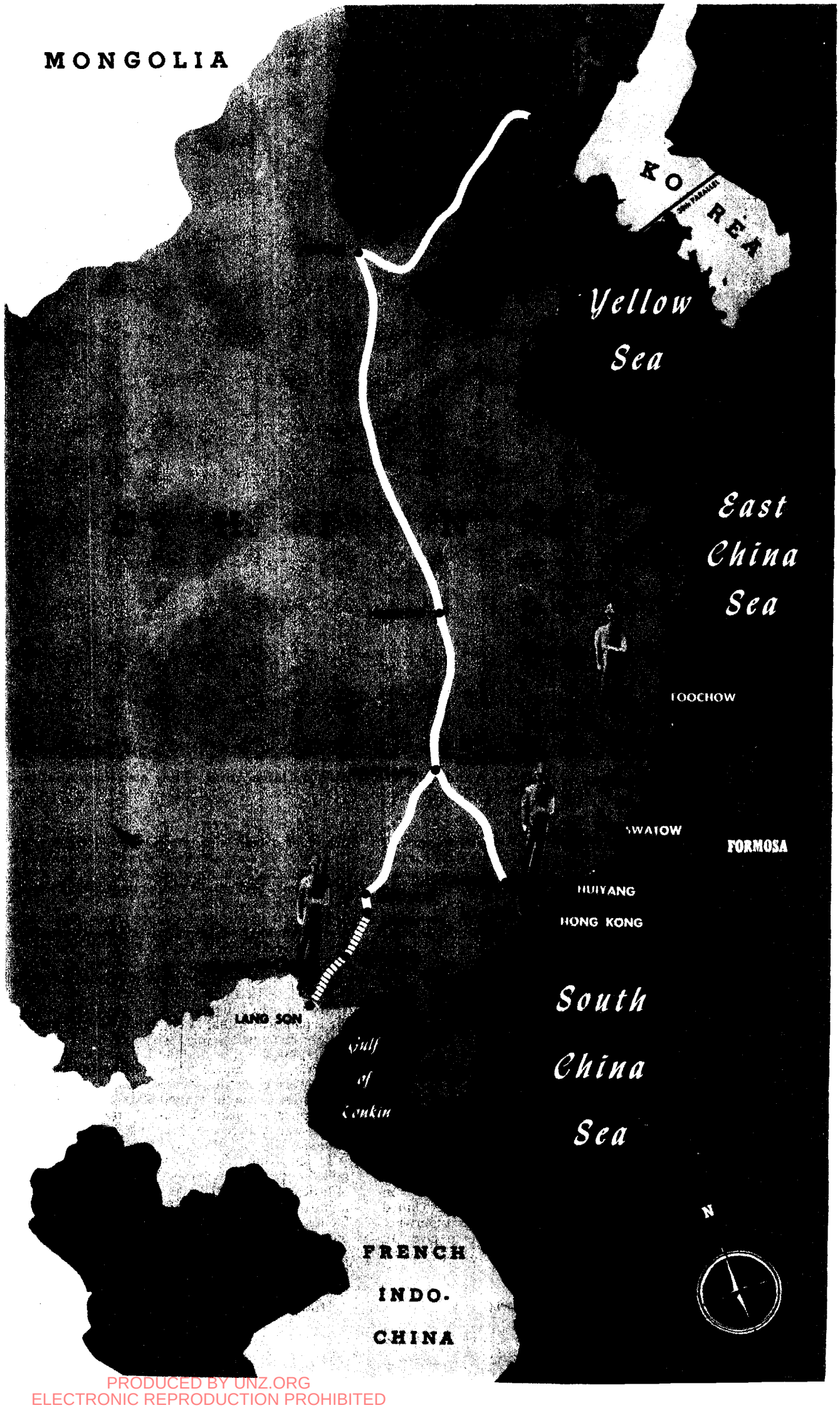
CHINESE Communists are extending the Kwangsi-Kweichow Railroad in southwest China 250 miles, into the Yunnan Province area where General Lin Piao has massed 100,000 well-trained, fully equipped Red Chinese troops against the borders of French Indo-China. This rail spur, when completed, will give the Chinese Communist armies a direct supply line all the way down from Mukden in Manchuria. Pilots of my commercial airline closely observed and reported this extension work when it was begun in June. It may be completed, or nearly so, by now.

Commerce-minded as they are, the Chinese Nationalists never found it necessary to build such an extension into Yunnan. Not even the Japanese, during their military occupation of China, felt the need of a rail spur into the southwest corner of China. There has been a good highway along this route for some years. There can be only one reason for extending the railroad: Russian support of a south Asia military campaign planned by the Red Chinese.

I am convinced that help from the Russians for conquest of southern Asia has been promised the Red Chinese leader, Mao Tse-tung, in return for Russian possession of Manchuria. The Russians have got to have Manchuria, to get warm-water ports, man power, iron and coal—all needed, as the Soviet Union sees it, in order to protect its back door against the United States and Japan. Already, I am informed, the Soviets have been given, or have simply taken over, control of railroads and industry in Manchuria. Now, it remains only for the Russians to fulfill their end of the bargain by helping Mao and his Chinese Communists to take south Asia.

Quite aside from the known Communist objective of world domination, Mao must have southern Asia, especially if he is to lose Manchuria. Southern China alone is a deficit area economically, which in the past always received its principal foodstuff—rice—from Burma, Siam and Indo-China. In the rich Asian areas south of China lie rubber, oil, tin, iron and gold, as well as enormous export crops which the Communists in China desperately need for barter with the enemy world. If he is to establish any kind of working economic mechanism in China, Mao simply cannot pass up these assets. Possession of southeast Asia will give him food, industrial materials and a source of dollar exchange through exports.

Of course, standard Communist tactics dictate



The Chinese Communists could strike at any one of several places. With a powerful army pressing against the border of Indo-China, they are constructing a rail spur (broken line) which will complete their supply chain from Manchuria, some 2,000 miles to the north. Other large troop concentrations are massed near Mukden, just across the Korea boundary; along the coast opposite Formosa; and in the Canton-Pearl River area, hard by Hong Kong

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The author, his wife Anna, and 21-month-old Claire Anna. They also have another child, Cynthia Louise, eight months old

revolution and conquest from within whenever and wherever possible. The Reds in China have for five months been training officers and noncommissioned officers of General Ho Chi Minh's Indo-Chinese Communist armies. But Mao cannot count on internal disturbances alone to conquer the vast territories of south Asia. So his generals have packed their Communist troops right against the Indo-Chinese border, and equipped them with small arms, self-propelled artillery, tanks—all the paraphernalia of war.

These garrisons were being increased as recently as last month. Some of their equipment was captured by the Russians from the Japanese and given to Mao Tse-tung. Some of it is Russian-manufactured. When needed, troops and arms can be thrown across the borders of Indo-China in force. The new railroad line can keep them supplied for sustained fighting.

American diplomacy will strain to the utmost to avoid open war between the United States and China, Red or not. But, if General Lin marches his troops across the Indo-Chinese border in large masses, and unless the French soldiery now on guard in Indo-China can stop them, the United States, through the United Nations or otherwise, must decide what kind of assistance to give. In such an event, can the United States escape the actuality of a war with our traditional friends, the Chinese? If war develops, strategic bombing of China proper would be necessary in order to cut supply lines and smash production output arming the Chinese Communist armies.

The facts in this grim picture come to me from my own pilots, whose cargo missions have compelled them at times to fly over Red China territory; and from intelligence sources established when I commanded the Flying Tigers and, later, the Fourteenth U.S. Air Force, during the war with Japan. These sources, still active, were so effective during the Japanese war that I kept in touch with, and ultimately recovered safely, 95 per cent of our personnel shot down behind the Japanese lines.

While Red Chinese troops on the Indo-Chinese border represent the greatest menace to peaceful relations between the United States and China, they by no means constitute the only threat of a U.S.-China war. There are three more specific danger points:

1. The China east coast stretching nearly 300 miles south of Shanghai. Along here, in hundreds of little bays, are gathered more than 350,000 Communist Chinese troops with full assault equipment, facing the island of Formosa 80 miles east across the sea.

2. A triangular area south of Mukden in Manchuria, where between 150,000 and 200,000 well-equipped Chinese Communist troops are bunched against the North Korean border.

3. The Hong Kong-Canton area held by the British, which Lin Piao has surrounded with 150,000 armed troops.

Of the latter three sectors, the shore line facing Formosa represents the most dangerous threat to continued U.S.-China peace. The United States is specifically pledged to defend Formosa against Chinese Communist attack. At the same time, the Red Chinese brag openly that they intend to take the island stronghold of Nationalist China's exiled government. This job would be far from easy, even without the U.S. Seventh Fleet on hand; and President Truman has ordered this fleet to defend Formosa.

However, for the Chinese Communists simply to make an attempt to take Formosa would produce a U.S.-Red China war. Here again, in order to defend the island, American warships and planes would be forced to attack the China mainland. Red Chinese forces ensconced around deep-water bays along the east China seaboard must get all their supplies from inland sources. If they launched an attack on Formosa, both their coastal bases and their supply lines would be bombed and shelled.

For the Seventh Fleet simply to halt Red Chinese

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

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Major General Claire L. Chennault, commander of the famed Flying Tigers of World War II and a long-time student of Far Eastern military affairs, probably knows China better than any other American military man. He speaks with unquestioned authority when he assesses the potential danger to the Free World posed by the mighty forces of Red China.

General Chennault has lived in the Far East since 1937, the year Japan attacked China. Chennault, who was advising Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's government on aviation matters, stayed on—first as an Air Force consultant, later as head of the colorful American Volunteer Group, the Flying Tigers. This daredevil outfit provided virtually the only air support for the Chinese in the early days of their war against the Japanese. Later, still under Chennault's command, the Tigers became the nucleus for the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force.

It was at this time that Chennault built up the superb network of informants behind enemy lines which he used then as an air-raid alert system, and uses still as a pipe line for information from the territory controlled by Communist General Mao-Tse-tung. Additional data from inside China has come from the pilots who work for Chennault's air line, organized right after the war. Now retired, the sixty-year-old general, who remained in the Far East while the Reds were overrunning China, operates his Civil Air Transport line out of Chiang's bastion, the island of Formosa. THE EDITOR

TRIANGLE

One-eyed General Liu Po-cheng is in command of Chinese Communist troops threatening Tibet

attackers en route from the mainland to Formosa would be extremely difficult, because Chinese Communist invasion tactics are highly distinctive. Usually, when anyone conceives of a military force crossing a body of water, he visualizes a great fleet of steamships and troopships, covered by naval vessels and protected by aircraft overhead. The Chinese Communists would never dream of making an assault from the sea in this fashion.

Attacking across water, the Red Chinese launch small units of from three to 10 sampans or junks under one command, under cover of darkness or fog. Such units would be launched from widely separated points and over a long period of time. Their objective would be to get ashore without fighting and assemble at points in the interior. The Chinese Communist invasion of Hainan Island was typical. In their crossing of Hainan Strait it was six weeks before they finally had a big force ashore. This Communist water-crossing technique requires unlimited time and enormous man power—both of which, unhappily, the Chinese Reds possess in large measure.

A typical Chinese Communist water-crossing, it will be seen, thus presents no real target for the Seventh Fleet. Moreover, a Chinese sampan or junk is practically unsinkable by gunfire. These shallow-draft boats can be shot full of holes and remain buoyant. They run up to 100 tons in size, and are basically personnel carriers, although 20- and 40-mm. guns have been mounted on them at times. The Chinese load invasion troop carriers with three or four soldiers per ton.

Small Craft Lurk in Hidden Inlets

At present, my intelligence sources and my pilots estimate that the Red Chinese have collected several hundred motor sampans and junks, and possibly 1,000 equipped with sails, along the east China coast looking toward Formosa. Even moored, these craft are hard to attack from the water along here. An edge of the China coast sank into the sea thousands of years ago, in such fashion that deep water extends shoreward into innumerable tiny, grass-overgrown inlets. These provide excellent cover for loading and launching operations.

The Red Chinese have backed up their Formosa invasion jump-off area with at least six good airfields—at Swatow, Amoy and Foochow; Changting, Kanchow and Chuchow. I used many of these same fields when my Air Force operated from this sector against the Japanese. As my own men have seen, and escaped Nationalist Chinese have reported, the Chinese Communists have carefully repaired all these fields, equipped them with antiaircraft protection, and have stored aviation supplies and gasoline in well-hidden caches nearby.

The 150,000 to 200,000 Red Chinese soldiers packed in Manchuria against the northwest border of Korea form some of General Lin Piao's best divisions. These troops fought with southern divisions to overrun the southern province of Kwangsi, as well as Hainan Island. Weeks before South Korea was attacked, Lin Piao began sending them north to Mukden by rail. General Lin must have known that the invasion of South Korea was coming. My informants saw his troops leave Canton by the trainload. Their movement began about June 1st, and new men were still entraining north at the end of September.

A few North Korean and Japanese units were among the Chinese Communist troops sent to Manchuria. In fact, during the early fighting in South Korea, it was confirmed that a considerable number of North Korean soldiers were transferred from Lin Piao's armies to the forces of North Korea. UN forces captured a good many North Korean prisoners who admitted they had served with Lin Piao for years.

Chinese Communist troops on the northern Korea border are battle-tested veterans, thoroughly indoctrinated in war tactics used by Communist troops everywhere. They are armed with recently manufactured Russian guns, tanks, artillery and other weapons—approximately the same equipment used by the best North Korean divisions. These troops are fully capable of a powerful assault into North Korea.

Red Chinese generals themselves want no war with the United States, partly because they know that many of their soldiers, although Communists, are friendly to America. But if Russia cracked the whip over Mao, and he issued the orders, the Chinese Communist troops would march across the Korean border and fight. In such an event, the danger of a U.S. or United Nations war with the Red Chinese, as such, would be very great indeed.

Whatever arrangements are made by the United Nations concerning Korea, there exists, of course, a permanent danger of Communist Chinese attack—the degree of jeopardy here varying with the defense status of Korea itself. The Chinese have always realized the enormous strategic importance to China of the Korean peninsula. It is a question how long any aggressive Chinese government would hold off against either a weak independent Korea, or a Korea occupied by forces hostile to the Red Chinese. There is no immediate answer to this question, but it remains an important consideration nonetheless.

There seems to me little doubt that the Red Chinese plan eventually to take away from the British both Hong Kong and the British-leased territories on the mainland just north of the city. It seems equally logical that they intend also to take over the little Portuguese colony of Macao, at the mouth of the Pearl River approach to the British-leased territory and Hong Kong. My men and informed Chinese have reported to me that the 150,000 trained and well-armed troops surrounding Hong Kong and occupying the scores of small islands in the Pearl River estuary leading from Hong Kong to the sea have been supplied with detailed maps of Hong Kong. Objectives within the city have been assigned, down to the *(Continued on page 67)*

INTERNATIONAL

This is Red President Mao's top military man: General Lin Piao, conqueror of southern China

General Chen Yi, third of Red China's crack command team, leads forces menacing Formosa

TRIANGLE

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Roaver's wrongness went back to the day I was tricked into picking him out of the litter. I could count on him to bite a friend and wag his tail at an enemy. I hadn't counted on his being town hero at Thanksgiving

The WRONG DOG

By JOHN SAVAGE

"IT'S mighty dark in here," says I to Jed Beaufils. "Let's put them out in the sun." So Jed picked up the box with the two hound-dog pups in it, carried it out of his barn, and set it down on the frozen ground outside. The old mother dog followed us out into the November sunshine and sat down under a pine tree and yawned, pretending not to care what we were up to.

"I'm entitled to the pick of the litter," I reminded Jed, for I wanted everything clear between us. I'd known Jed Beaufils I guess forty years, and never a year but what he'd pulled some kind of a skin game on me. Some years two.

"Take your choice," says Jed. "One of 'em's got a little temporary rash, but that don't amount to nothing. You can take my word for it."

Thinks I: I'm not *about* to take your word for it, you old highbinder. But I held my tongue.

The first pup I picked up was well near worthless. Frail, and looked as if he didn't have a brain to his head. Cute as a button, somehow, and I couldn't help smiling at him—but dumb and homely and really not much of a dog.

The other one was even worse. He was bigger and better marked and more intelligent-looking, but there was something the matter with him. "This one's got the pip," says I, for he was all pink around his eyes, and his belly was all swole up and covered with pink splotches.

"I always heard," says Beaufils, "that a dog that gets the pip when he's young is that much better of a dog later on."

He'd never heard no such a thing, and I knew it. I put the sick pup down and petted the other one.

"And the ones that don't get it sooner," says Beaufils, "gets it later."

I scratched the well one behind the ears, but he didn't like it. Squirmed over to the corner of the box and sat down.

"Them that gets it later," says Jed, "gets it worse. Their nose is never the same." Of course I seen right through him. I was almost sorry for him. "I advise you," he says, "to take the one that's already got it, and getting over it."

It isn't every day an honest man can get the best of a Beaufils. I just picked up the healthy one, put him in my Mackinaw pocket, said, "So long," and lit out for home.

Just as I walked out the Beaufils gate, in come Jim Beaufils, Jed's no-account son. I knew by the grease on his hair and the crease in his pants that he'd been over to my place, trying to court my daughter Judy. And I knew by the mean look in his eyes that Judy had sent him packing again, like he deserved.

"Let's see which pup you picked," said he, and he pulled the scrawny mutt out of my pocket, far enough so he could see which one it was. Then he pushed the pup back and walked on past me without a word. He was smiling, though, and it was a smile I didn't like. Right then is when I begun to realize I'd been tricked, though I didn't learn the how of it until later. And then I learned it good.

That skunk of a Jed.

It goes to show you what lengths a Beaufils will go to. A Beaufils will take a perfectly good pup, feed him overmuch to make his belly swell, and then paint around his eyes and his belly with beet juice, just to make a fool out of an honest man. The dog I didn't take turned out, after he got washed off and growed up, to be the best young coon hound in the county. More common sense and judgment than any three others you could name. I picked me the wrong dog.

Now here's the thing: that fool dog of mine's been wrong ever since. So wrong you could depend on it. So wrong it finally made a hero out of him. I'll tell about that before I'm through.

The first few days after I got him home, I thought maybe he was going to turn out a fair sort of hound. He was appealing, I'll say that. White, with little brown speckles all over. There was something about him that made you love him.

But the minute you tried to pet him or anything, he'd walk off and sit down, looking sort of bewildered and sad. Didn't trust my wife, or my two kids, or me.

The first time I saw him take a liking to anything was a month after I got him. It happened to be Christmas Day, and everybody was around the tree having a good time. First thing you know, here comes that skinny little pup over toward me, wagging his tail.

Thinks I: At last the little shaver's going to make friends with me. He must know it's Christmastime. But he trotted right on past me and over to Tom, our peevish old cat. He stuck out his tongue and licked that cat's face from bottom to top, affectionate as you please, wagging his rear end all the while.

You think Tom liked it? Hah! Tom's got claws like razors. That dog's left ear looks like the fringe on a buggy whip to this day.

That's what I mean about being wrong—that, and lots more.

We decided to call him Roaver. We pronounced it Rover, but the only time it was written down was on a big ham bone my son Cliff put under the Christmas tree that year. Cliff was only twelve, and not much of a speller.

AS SOON as Roaver was old enough, I tried hunting coon with him a couple of times, but he couldn't get the idea. I even showed him a coon one evening, down at the pond. All Roaver done was wag his tail, kind of playful, and say, "Woof!"

But where he was wrongest of all was with human beings. I don't know what it is about most dogs, how they can tell a friend from an enemy. Whatever it is dogs go by, Roaver had it too—but perfectly and completely backwards. He was always suspicious of me and my whole family, much as we loved him. Same with all our best neighbors, he didn't trust none of them. But one day a stranger come, all dressed up, trying to peddle stock in an oil well, and we put him up at our house for the night. Crooked as a cow's hind leg, that man was, and some of our neighbors found it out to their sorrow. Best friend Roaver ever had.

That fool dog was lovable, understand, and he meant well—sincere, and all. But just plain wrong. Always. . . .

Well sir, by last harvesttime, Roaver was almost two years old, and I was well acquainted with his character. Good thing I was, considering how he acted up on the night Lowell Mason first come to our house.

I remember how it was that night, just before the dog begun to bark. We were just finishing supper, me and Ma and Judy and Cliff and three harvest hands. We happened to be talking about the crooked oil-stock promoter, who wasn't long gone, and about how it didn't always pay to trust strangers. Then Roaver began to bark, right under the table. Scared us half to death.

The dog come out from under the table, growling and barking and mumbling and bristling, and he trotted over to the front door. I got up and walked over and opened the door. I seen this man coming up the walk in the moonlight.

HE WAS youngish, with great jug ears and bandy legs. His clothes were city clothes, though not fancy, and he carried a little satchel in one hand and a violin case to carry a gun in. I'll admit I was suspicious.

But as soon as I opened the door, Roaver rushed out and started barking circles around the stranger, mean as anything. I'd never seen my dog take such a hysterical dislike to anybody before. So I says to the stranger, very polite, "If you're not some kind of a gangster or horse thief, which I don't figure you are, come on in and set."

And in he come, with Roaver howling at his heels like the world was coming to an end.

"That's sure funny," says the stranger, "Dogs generally take to me as well as anybody. Better, I sometimes think." I saw that he was maybe twenty-two years old, only a little older than Judy. Blond-headed. Great big ears, but a smile that made you like his looks. He was blushing a little when we got in the dining room, maybe from seeing all the people looking at him, or maybe from being upset by not making a hit with the dog.

Ma got up and give him her place. After an argument, that is—you know how such things go. And she went in the kitchen and got a clean plate and so on. After another argument the stranger went ahead and ate.

Soon as he was done, he opened up his violin case, and what he took out was a violin. "Would you care to have a tune," he says, "to digest your meal to?"

We said we didn't care if we did, so we did. That young fellow sat right there at the table and played off the most beautiful piece of fiddle music I ever heard. Classical. I don't know what it was, but it put tears in Ma's eyes, and that's not easy done. As for Judy, she just sat there looking at the stranger, with a little extra pink in her cheeks.

When he was done, I said, "How about another?" and he give us Skip to My Lou. Sang it too, for he had a way of tucking his fiddle up under one of his flap ears so his mouth was free for singing. Nice voice and a lot of spirit.

I showed him a place in the barn where he could spend the night. Then it *(Continued on page 70)*

The mayor had us get right up on the bandstand with him. I had give Roaver a bath meantime and Judy had put cologne on him

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

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Boston's Beloved Bistro

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Fine food and an antique atmosphere make Locke-Ober's Restaurant a New England tradition and a gourmet's haven. Tucked away in a narrow alley, it looks almost exactly as it did 75 years ago—because that's the way the customers want it

THE chief problem facing most restaurateurs in the United States today is how to keep their places modern. No such worry plagues Charles W. Little, manager of the Locke-Ober Company, a "ladies' and gentlemen's café" on Winter Place in Boston. Little's chief problem is keeping his restaurant old-fashioned.

Locke-Ober's is celebrating its 75th anniversary this year, and several of its patrons have been eating there more than 50 years. None of them will countenance any change, alteration or visible "improvement" in either its physical appearance, its menu or its leisurely atmosphere—all of which have been virtually static since around the turn of the century.

In keeping with the old style, all items on the menu are made to order, which means that any diner in a hurry is not likely to get much further than the appetizers. Customers are slowed down, too, by the spectacular variety of items offered. A recent dinner menu listed 33 hors d'oeuvres and appetizers, 14 soups, 26 fish courses, 37 entrees, 17 vegetables, 16 kinds of potato, 19 salads and 27 desserts. The wine list is nine pages long.

That's the way the patrons like it. As for the appearance of the place, their benevolent intractability became explosively apparent to Little during the summer of 1947, in what he since has come to refer to as L'Affaire Air Conditioning System. The old building's intense summertime heat was forcing many regulars to allow their taste buds to go unstimulated (and their sense of the past unappeased) in newer, cooler *bistros*. Not without apprehension, Little summoned a crew of ventilation engineers, who drew up plans that called for an air-compression unit under one of the large front windows.

Proudly, Little displayed the blueprints to a table of daily guests; their howls of protest echoed all the way across Boston Common.

"A modern air conditioner, in *this* room?" one Back Bay patriarch roared, his mustaches trembling. "Blasphemy!"

Little withdrew hastily and informed the engineers that the deal was off. "You'll have to conceal the equipment, somehow," he said.

They did, and Proper Bostonians now sip their Ward Eight cocktails—a drink invented in the Locke-Ober bar in 1898—in comfort during the hottest days. The experts hid the air-conditioning works on the old flat roof, and artfully concealed the compressor unit behind a beam above the oyster bar.

"The old-timers wanted it, but they didn't want to see it," Little explains, grinning. "And I'm not sure that I blame them."

That was not Little's first collision with tradition. One morning in 1945, he found a letter on his desk from Lawrence Dame, writer on the Boston Herald, gourmet, and a governor of The Wine and Food Society of Boston. It said in part:

"I ate in Locke-Ober's tonight . . . and was horrified to find that the place is being redecorated . . . But perhaps you have not ordered a renovation of the wonderful, irreplaceable mahogany finish on the woodwork behind the food and liquor bars. I am sure you realize that this has a patina which is absolutely priceless. The finish has not come from modern paintpots, but from the fumes of tobacco, wine, good food and other exhalations over a period of years. If this is removed . . . you will be losing forever a quality which has appealed to connoisseurs all over the country . . . Surely it is not too late to keep the modern contractors, who have no aesthetic taste, away from the woodwork, at least."

Chef Gino Bertolaccini prepares lobster Savannah, one of the house specialties

After much head-scratching, Little wrote back: "I agree with all you said 100 per cent. We hired Irving and Casson, decorators of the old school, to come and take off about 50 years' accumulation of dirt from the ceilings and overhead beams, bringing back the old original gold and the French design of the ceiling. To me, it was a crime to have such a work of art covered with dirt, along with a section hanging ready to fall on any one of our esteemed customers . . . I have no intention of losing this beauty . . ."

Little's answer mollified Dame and other diehards to some extent, but a few of them will never forgive the management for substituting new tile for the old black-and-white tile floor, or for replacing the old footrail that ran in front of the oyster bar. It was of no concern to them that the old tiles were so loose and full of holes that the floor actually had become a safety hazard; or that the brass rail had been worn through in several spots by decades of foot-scuffing diners.

At times, Little resorts to elaborate precautions to make sure his patrons' sentiment won't be shaken. When chairs in the Men's Bar wear out, he doesn't simply go out and buy new ones. He has exact replicas made to order and aged by a firm of venerable craftsmen. They are plain chairs, covered with red leather and studded with brass, but they cost $60 each.

Thanks to the combined efforts—or the tug of war, depending upon how you look at it—of Little and his customer friends, Locke-Ober's today gives the visitor the distinct impression that he has stepped into the gaslight era (there were complaints, of course, when the old gas fixtures gave way to electrical ones). It sits in an old, narrow alley running between Temple Place and Winter Street; the latter entrance is usually partially blocked by cut-flower vendors, who look as though they're made up for some play of the nineties.

The appointments in the Men's Bar downstairs are triumphant examples of the nineteenth-century decorator's art. The San Domingo mahogany, dark and warm, that dominates the room was wrought by the painstaking hands of French carvers; it abounds with flowers, leaves, scrolls and sultry-faced cherubim. The French mirrors are as bright as on the day they were set in their frames.

Gay Nineties Check System Is Used

In the kitchen, Albert (Rocky) Urbano, the plate-checker who has been doing the same job more than 28 years, still uses the Hicks System, patented in 1899, to list prices on the waiters' checks. He works at a table with a rack of tiny type bars before him, stamping each figure by hand. To send drinks upstairs—there is no service bar in the dining room on the second floor, or in the private rooms on the third—the bartenders use a hand-operated dumb-waiter that slides up on polished brass poles.

The Men's Bar is positively barred to women except on two occasions: New Year's Eve and the night of the Yale-Harvard football game, when the game is played in Cambridge. Nevertheless, there are two ladies who have never left the room since the day they arrived. One is Gloria Victis, a bronze statue, who now serves mainly as a clothes and hat rack. The other is a painting of a rosy, overstuffed nude, a barroom damsel of the old style, holding up a glass of wine, oblivious to the stares of admiring patrons.

Joan Blondell, the movie star, is one of the few other women known to have set a high-heeled foot inside the masculine sanctum during the long closed-to-women season. What she was doing there has never been solved to anybody's complete satisfaction. George W. Clarke, columnist in the Boston Daily Record, wrote that she ate dinner in the Men's Bar with Michael Todd, then her husband. He promptly received a letter from his friend Freddie Hammel, the headwaiter, which said:

"Your memo . . . was grossly inaccurate. I permitted Miss Blondell to enter with Mr. Todd solely to view a painting which Mr. Todd admires. Many of our patrons, however, believed your report and were outraged. I have had to suffer under their hatred, ridicule and contempt. Lawyers estimate my mental anguish at several hundred thousand dollars, but I prefer a correction please. Or else, my thumb in your soup."

Shortly afterward, Clarke printed another item saying that Miss Blondell's audacity had spurred a group of young women into a solemn pact to dine there by hook or crook. They haven't yet succeeded; Freddie is now more vigilant than ever, and whenever a lady (usually an out-of-towner) blunders in, she is courteously but firmly escorted to the upstairs rooms.

For years, part of the many-faceted Locke-Ober tradition has been a running argument as to what the restaurant should be called. Some customers stubbornly say "Locke's," and others, more tradition-bound, hold out for "Ober's." Yet another faction, still more tradition-bound, claims it's "Winter Place Tavern." This disagreement arises from the fact that originally there were two restaurants.

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF AND RICHARD BEATTIE

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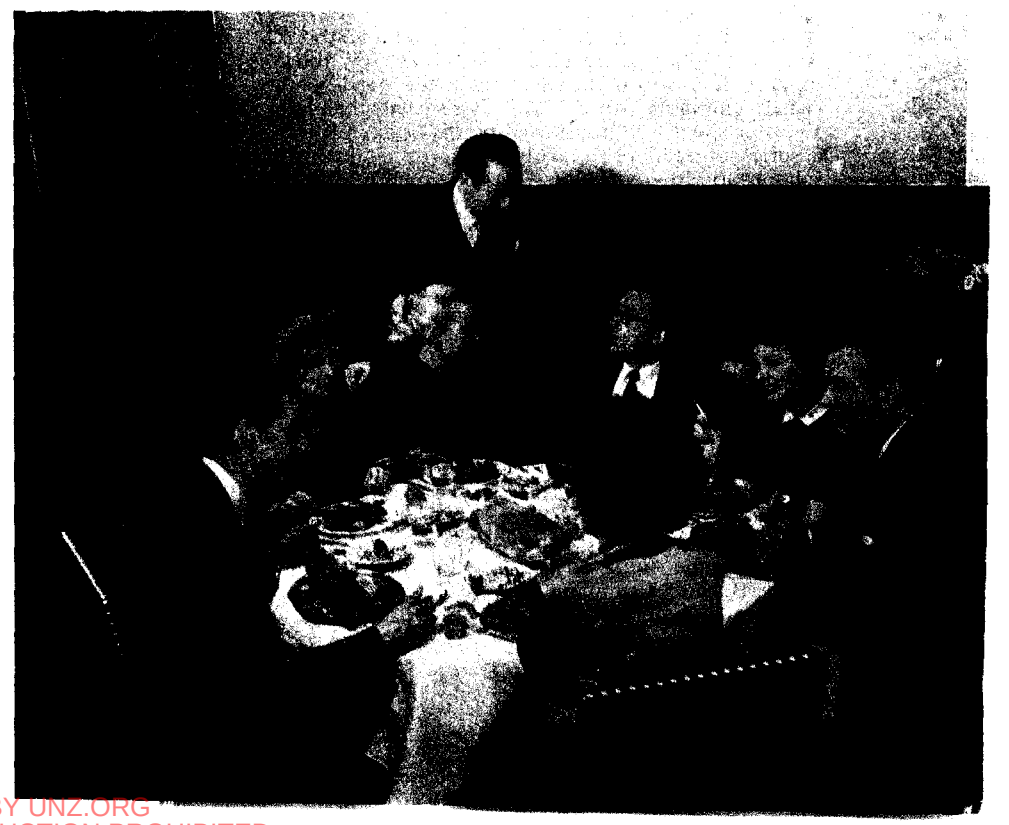
Top Boston newspapermen discuss world affairs over dessert. Left to right, editor Erwin Canham, Christian Science Monitor; editor in chief John Crider, Herald; Sunday editor John Griffin, Post; associate editor Benjamin Gershon, Advertiser; managing editor Larry Winship, Globe. Far right, headwaiter Freddie Hammel

Officials of the National Shawmut Bank and radio station WEEI find Locke-Ober's a good place to do business. (L. to r.): Stephen Burke, Ray Girardin, Charles Ashley, Harold Fellows, Thomas N. Ainslie and Wilbur Edwards (back to camera). All but Ainslie, Burke are in radio

The restaurant's private dining rooms are a favorite meeting place for show folk. Here, starting from the left, are John Carradine, Estelle Winwood, Joan Loring, director Daniel Mann, Shirley Booth, Sidney Blackmer and (shown facing the wall) Eleanora Mendelssohn



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How are your CHILD'S

By CRAIG THOMPSON

The publishing of schoolbooks is a big business today—and one with peculiar problems. Although it's a subject of vital concern to all parents, few give it proper attention

IF YOU are the parent of a school-age child, his education is your everyday concern. You make him do his homework; when his report card is good you beam, when it is bad you worry.

Every morning for a dozen years, as he trots off to school, you say, "Don't forget your books." But beyond that you take the books for granted. You see them at home every day for nine months a year, yet it probably never occurs to you to wonder how they were written, or how selected for your child to study. As a parent, I was the same way. But recently I delved into the textbook industry, and never will I be so casual again.

Behind each book is a story of men and women who work incredibly hard to combine an ideal with a practical aim—making better books for our children at a profit to themselves. Behind each book, too, is the story of how it is chosen for school use, and the problems and potential corruption involved in that process. The textbook industry is the sum of all these stories, an unusual business with an interesting history.

Old Noah Webster, whose crusty face you've seen a hundred times in his big dictionary, was also our first important textbook author. In 1782, Webster was a backwoods schoolteacher in Goshen, N.Y. Ardently anti-British, he was galled that the only speller he had to teach from was made in England. It irked him even more that few Americans knew how to spell, at least Webster's way. He argued that the United States could never be really united until everybody spelled the same word the same way every time. He wanted a new spelling book, and he decided he'd have to write it himself. It took a year of his spare time.

In West Hartford, Connecticut, his home town, Webster found a printer who was interested in putting out the book. When the printer questioned whether it would sell enough to pay costs, Webster fortified him with a personal I.O.U. "for more than I was worth"—about $312 in Continental money. In 1783 the book was born, 119 pages between thin oak boards covered with sleazy blue cloth. It was titled A Grammatical Institute of the English Language, but people called it "Webster's Blue Back Speller." The first printing of 5,000 copies sold out in less than a year. From New England it crossed the Alleghenies and pushed westward in the covered wagons; it penetrated the remote South as well. Almost a century later it was still selling 1,000,000 copies a year.

Nowadays the reason for bringing out a textbook is still the same: teachers' demands for more modern teaching material to meet the needs of a swiftly changing world. But all else has changed. Webster spent 800 hours writing his book. Today a series of readers or arithmetics for elementary schools often represents 60,000 man-hours of planning and writing. Webster risked $312. Today a textbook publisher may invest as much as $350,000 before he sells a single copy.

Take the case of a new elementary text, Making Sure of Arithmetic, which for the past four years has been scoring a phenomenal success in U.S. schools. In 1940 it was merely a gleam in a man's eye; in 1950 it is a ray in the minds of more than 2,000,000 kids. Except for details, the story of the genesis of this book is that of all modern elementary textbooks.

The man with the gleam was Earl E. Welch, a slightly graying Iowan of forty-nine, bristling with energy and strong convictions. Welch began his career in Iowa as a teacher, became a school supervisor, and then took on a New York job with the Silver Burdett Company, a conservative old-line textbook publishing house. In 1939 he was appointed chief editor, and subsequently he bought into the firm.

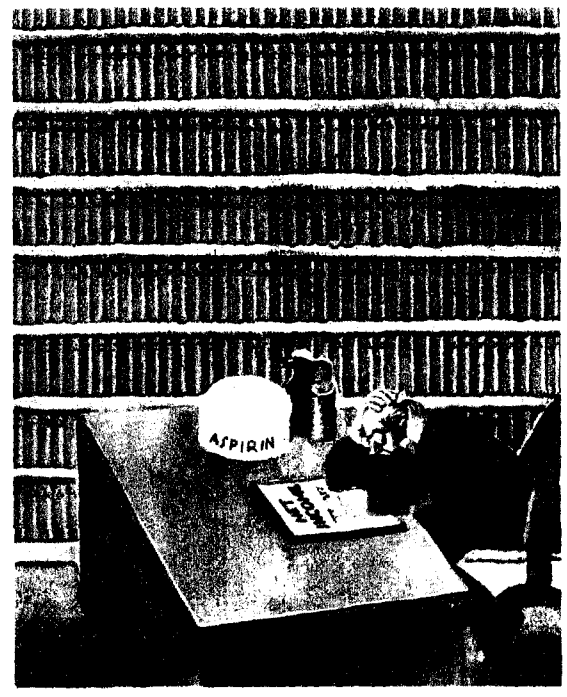
Even when on vacation Welch takes his textbook-making along. Last summer he rented five white cottages on Cape Cod as sleeping-working quarters for a textbook-writing team. A team usually consists of two, three or four educators and one or two editors who work in the most intensive collaboration. The educators have to do their work when school is out; the value of the Cape Cod arrangement was that by working in one place they exchanged ideas and views more easily than by time-consuming mail.

What put the gleam in Welch's eye in 1940 was first, the belief that our children needed a book that would make arithmetic easier, and, second, the knowledge that his firm had not put out an elementary arithmetic in 20 years. The office reaction to his proposal to publish a new arithmetic was: "Let's find out if we should."

To do so, Silver Burdett's researchers first set out to learn what teachers thought of the arithmetics they were already using. They broke down these books into diagrams of content and method, compared them with courses of study laid down by state and local boards, determined in what places courses of study were under revision, made informed guesses as to what the revisions might be, and, finally, analyzed the potential market for a new arithmetic.

In 1940, the new book had to be planned to fit in with the ideas most likely to prevail among teachers in 1950. For whereas an automobile maker tries to anticipate public taste two or three years ahead the slow pace of evolving a textbook compels guessing 10 years in advance.

The research report, a book in itself, told Welch that arithmetic continued to be a major source of trouble for pupils and that teachers wanted a better book. But it did not tell him how to produce such a book. The next step was to assemble a team of authors to see if they could work out an idea.



Maintaining a giant output on a pygmy income is a major headache for textbook publishers

In the nation there are more than 1,000,000 persons engaged in teaching either teachers or children, but only a few handfuls can qualify as authors. Many cannot find the time to write, and many more lack the technique of textbook writing. Many, among them some famous teachers of teachers, simply cannot get down to the child's world.

Because of this some publishers maintain staff writers to write books which are signed by famous educators. This is because many people who select our textbooks spurn those which do not have at least one famous name as author. Yet textbook ghosts can be fine writers. James Michener, author of Tales of the South Pacific used to be one.

Publisher Bans Ghost Writers

Many textbook editors, however, look with disfavor on ghosted books. Welch is one who insists on having only authors who write. For his arithmetic project, his firm already had an international authority under contract. He was Dr. Robert Lee Morton of Ohio University, author of Teaching Arithmetic in the Elementary School, and other books for teachers. The other team members selected were Miss Merle Gray, director of elementary education in the public schools of Hammond, Indiana; Miss Elizabeth Springstun, a trainer of teachers in the National College of Education at Evanston, Illinois; and Dr. William L. Schaaf, a mathematics specialist in the department of education at Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, New York.

A textbook team not only has to write the book, it must first develop an idea and a basic plan which gives some assurance the book will be useful and profitable. This team held its first joint session in Welch's office, lolling in leather chairs around a large desk, while in a corner a stenographer poised fingers over a stenotype, ready to catch the spill of words.

The meeting opened on Welch's keynote: "What is the fundamental point of view from which the development of an arithmetic program is to be approached?" In words like that it went on for 40 intermittent hours spread over a three-day week end. There was another such meeting, and another, and another, until six months had passed; finally the idea evolved. Now the gleam was a year old, and the book still had to be written.

For elementary schools, books are seldom framed in terms of a single volume any more. Instead they are a series of integrated steps, running through a number of grades. An elementary arithmetic consists of eight volumes, one for each of the first eight grades—in reality one book divided into eight separately bound sections of 350 pages each. Among educators this is called an instructional program, and it contains about 2,500 pages, with pictures, diagrams, problems and about half a million words.

Words, strange to say, are the textbook writer's nemesis. The theory is that a first-grade child cannot be expected to absorb more than 200 words, a second grader 400, a third grader 700 and so on. As a result, writers try to stick to a limited word list when preparing a textbook.

If these lists had been in vogue at the time most of our children's classics were written, there would be far fewer classics. Walter M. Mason, of Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago, one of the most expert textbook writers in the business, tells why. Once, while writing a third-grade reader, he decided to include the story of Jack and the Bean-

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TEXTBOOKS Selected?

Up to 60,000 hours of work may go into a book. This one cost $310,000—before it got into print

stalk. He came to the line, "Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman." Neither blood nor Englishman was on his list. He crossed out the line, studied a minute, and wrote: "Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell fresh meat."

Welch's writers used the word list. But because they were writing an arithmetic book, primarily concerned with numbers, they had to be careful to use words the pupil already knew. Otherwise the book would have been both a reader and an arithmetic, thereby adding to the headaches of pupils for whom arithmetic alone is trouble enough.

To meet this problem, the team restricted itself to a mere 56 different words in the first-grade book instead of the 200 or so at their disposal. The book is 144 pages long, but every word in it can be listed in a few short lines, thus: all, and, apples, are, away, balls, bells, birds, boats, boys, brown, cakes, cars, chairs, chickens, color, cows, dishes, dogs, draw, dresses, ducks, first, five, flowers, four, frogs, from, girls, goats, green, horses, how, in, kittens, last, left, many, next, one, pigs, rabbits, red, see, six, take, tell, the, there, three, together, tops, two, wagons, yellow, you. In the second-grade book the team used 166 out of a possible 400 words, and in the third grade 310 out of 700.

But with arithmetic, it is impossible to avoid introducing words not on the lists. This had to be done in such a way that the child would not get confused. For example: "Think, 2 frogs and 3 frogs are 5 frogs. How many frogs are 3 frogs and 2 frogs? You get the same answer when you put 2 and 3 together that you get when you put 3 and 2 together. When you put together things that are alike and find how many there are, you are adding. We call this ADDITION."

Each of the eight sections of the book was presented with fresh words and pictures to fit the child's mental growth, and the tedium taken out. There is not a multiplication table in all eight volumes, nor does a single one say, at any point, "3 times 4 is 12." Instead, they say "three fours *are* twelve." To a child the difference may be enormous.

The writers knew that the attention of today's child can be riveted on a problem if the problem is somehow tied up with an airplane. In the third-grade book, under a picture of an airplane, they wrote an addition problem this way: "Mother, Jane and Helen are traveling by airplane to visit Grandmother. There are 9 people in the plane. Five seats are empty. How many people can the plane carry?"

Flying Problems for Higher Grades

In the fifth-grade book the picture of the plane was practically unchanged. But the words and problem were more complex: "An airplane can travel from San Francisco to Brisbane, Australia, a distance of 7,900 miles in 39 hours of flying time. What is the airplane's average rate of speed?"

In the eighth-grade book this problem was substituted: "A large airport in New York City has four great runways for land planes, as well as a marine terminal hangar for seaplanes. Here the giant clipper ships take off for Europe and Bermuda. From a huge observation deck visitors watch the planes as they fly to and from the field. The airport employs 6,500 persons, with a yearly average payroll of $13,000,000. What is the average annual salary of these employees?"

To illustrate this, the authors chose a new picture, a very complicated one of an airport control tower showing employees at work. The assumption was that an eighth grader would no longer be fascinated by simple pictures but might be interested in the more adult subject of a control tower. Thus, in each of the eight books, the authors shifted language and pictures to match the advancing minds of boys and girls growing up.

Another job for the textbook team was to make sure they were matching the material to the age and grade level they were writing for. On one occasion Welch read a chapter for fifth-graders he thought would be over their heads. His younger daughter, Cynthia, was then in the fifth grade. At his suggestion, Cynthia brought home a dozen of her classmates. Welch made a game of giving each a typewritten copy of the chapter with instructions to each to read it and make marks by anything they could not understand.

Some completely understood passages that baffled others. But every child made a mark by one specific word. It was "litter," which the author had used in the sense of a trash-strewn room. This mystified the children—for them litter had one meaning only, a litter of kittens. Welch had the chapter rewritten and simplified.

The authors worked *(Continued on page 74)*

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BEWITCHED

By MICHAEL FESSIER

For a shy girl Julie was giving an astonishing performance. She arched her beautiful back, purred seductively at George—and sometimes showed her claws

JULIE HATTON stood at the window of the library in her mother's gracious mansion on the banks of the Hudson near Weehawken and watched her cousin, Diane, playing tennis with George Parker. It was late in the year for tennis, but the day was a fine one. Julie clasped her hands together and lifted her blond head heavenward, and her childishly beautiful face was a picture of piety as she murmured, "Please, dear Lord, let her fall flat on her bumpty."

But the tall, dark-haired Diane did not fall on anything. Instead she leaped about the court like a gazelle, making her tall, bronzed opponent fight hard for every point. Mrs. Hatton, a plump little woman with bright blue eyes, came up to the window and stood beside Julie, studying the woebegone look on her daughter's face.

"Why aren't you out there playing, dear?" she asked.

"In the first place," said Julie disconsolately, "I play a perfectly dreadful game. In the second place, Diane would do something horrible to me, like tripping me or accidentally bonking me with a tennis racket."

"Why don't you bonk her right back?" asked Mrs. Hatton.

"I'd probably botch it," said Julie glumly. "I'd probably miss her and hit myself in the brisket and George'd laugh at me. It isn't just the bonking, Mother. It's what Diane's been doing to me ever since we were children. She can make me feel clumsy from a standing start. All she has to do is look at me and I sprout extra thumbs and my two left feet grow three sizes larger."

Julie watched wistfully as a tawny cat flashed across the tennis court, leaped over the net, streaked up the trunk of a tree and disappeared in the foliage.

"I wish," she said, "that I could handle my body like that."

"There's nothing wrong with your body," sniffed Mrs. Hatton, "and I imagine that, if the chips were down, you could handle it as well as the next one. What you need is that cat's disposition; not her physique. I just fed her and she's got a belly full of food. So what do you think she's doing up that tree? Admiring the scenery? I should say not. She's trying to kill a bird that she doesn't want and can't use for food—just for the sheer viciousness of it. That's what Diane's got that you haven't got."

"You mean that's good?" asked Julie.

"You could use some of it," said her mother. "Diane couldn't have more boy friends of her own if she were a stowaway on a submarine and yet when we trap an eligible male to this place as a house guest, she invites herself over and puts the snatch on him—just out of pure avarice."

"I know it," said Julie dolefully, "but I didn't care about the others. The only one I care about is George. I want to wash his back for the rest of his life."

"Well, you aren't getting anywhere just standing at the window mooning at him," said Mrs. Hatton. "Go out there and do something. Attract his attention. Make him realize you're alive."

"How?" asked Julie. "I'll bet if I were to take all my clothes off and set my hair afire he wouldn't give me a second look."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hatton, shoving Julie toward the door. "Men'll run miles to see a fire."

Julie wandered out to that part of the tennis court inhabited by George Parker and stared adoringly at him. She wanted desperately for him to notice her and to speak to her, and yet she was afraid that he would. When men spoke to Julie she became inarticulate and felt clumsy and foolish, or, as Diane put it, "If a man says hello to Julie, she's stuck for an answer."

Finally enough balls went past George to make it necessary for him to retrieve them before the game could go on. He was stooping over picking them up when he bumped into Julie, who stood pressed against the backstop.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, straightening up. "I didn't see you, Julie."

Julie was about to say, "You never do," when she became suddenly *(Continued on page 50)*

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In Los Angeles no defendant is too poor to receive . . .

JUSTICE on the CUFF

By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

OF THE thousands of people who annually run afoul of the law in Los Angeles County, some 60 per cent can't afford to hire a criminal lawyer—which is probably the biggest break they could hope for. Because the attorney who then takes a majority of their cases is a tall, red-haired Irishman named Ellery Cuff, who has one of the finest courtroom records in town and is sometimes considered to rank among the best defense lawyers west of the Mississippi.

With the traditional distrust of Americans for anything that comes free, a lot of people in trouble expect the public defender of Los Angeles County to be a lad fresh from his bar exam who is out to gather courtroom experience at their expense. Instead, they find they are getting a lawyer so wise in the ways of the law that when he appeals a case he is successful seven out of every eight times. Cuff and his predecessors have taken the public defender system out of the field of controversy and have proved that it works and works well.

Los Angeles was the first place in the country to put an attorney for indigents on the public payroll, back in 1914. The move was made, in Cuff's own words, when "the unsatisfactory experiences the courts were having with the assigned counsel system and the evils of the so-called 'jail attorney' became of considerable concern to those interested in the proper administration of justice."

The public defender system wasn't a new idea. Ancient Rome provided for a similar setup. Nevertheless, when Los Angeles adopted the system there was sharp criticism, largely on grounds that no public official would ever defend anyone zealously enough. When he was one of the nation's leading criminal lawyers, Judge Samuel Leibowitz of Brooklyn lent his voice to that chorus; in 1947, however, he visited Los Angeles and after studying the system at firsthand announced:

"I'm now convinced that the public defender is the best answer to the old problem of getting justice for all, regardless of means."

Others have come around as well (although there are still critics), and the system has been adopted in recent years by cities and counties in Connecticut, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Virginia, Rhode Island and Indiana.

In some of these places the office is subject to political appointment; in others the defender merely works at the job part time. In Los Angeles the defender is chosen solely by civil service competition, devotes his full time to the job, is given an adequate staff of assistants and has a skillful investigating team. As a result, when Los Angeles underwent a vice and gambling investigation recently, no one thought for a moment of pointing an accusing finger at the public defender.

Until the defender system was adopted, judges would simply assign some young lawyer hanging around the court to defend an accused person who couldn't afford to hire his own attorney. Drawing from this kind of legal potluck has sent more than one innocent man to jail. Perhaps the best way to show the vast difference between the two methods is to look at two typical cases—one of which occurs almost daily in many of our major cities, the other an actual incident from Cuff's files.

Let J. Edward Lumbard, Jr., a leading New York attorney who was formerly a state Supreme Court justice, describe what happens in the first case:

"The judge, upon receiving Bill Jones's request for counsel, asks a young lawyer, who has just been admitted to the bar, to represent Jones—without compensation as is customary in New York and most other states.

"The lawyer has a hurried talk with the defendant on a bench in the rear of the court. He finds that Bill is accused of trying to break into a store at night. Bill says that he was just passing by the store on his way home and was picked up by the police. He tells of several friends who were with him shortly before his arrest; he tells, too, of places where he had been that night. The lawyer would need funds to investigate these circumstances; of course he has none.

"Thus blocked, the lawyer talks with the district attorney, who tells him that he has a strong case. However, the D.A. is willing to be generous. He says that if Jones will plead guilty to attempted burglary, a lesser offense, he will recommend acceptance of the plea. The lawyer advises Bill to accept. Bill knows he is innocent and protests bitterly. But after a while he realizes he is in a hopeless spot and pleads guilty. Thus, at twenty, Bill Jones acquires a criminal record and goes to jail for perhaps 18 months."

Former Judge Lumbard says that with minor variations this perversion of justice has taken place many times to his personal knowledge.

Jeff Neal was also twenty when he ran into trouble in 1939—but there the parallel ends. Jeff was picked up by the Los Angeles police for the holdup of a telegraph office. He readily admitted his guilt and also confessed to a long string of other unsolved telegraph office holdups. Since he had no money to pay for counsel his case was assigned to the public defender's office.

Ellery Cuff, then deputy public defender, drew the case. Seated in a cell in the county jail, Cuff wondered how such a clean-cut lad as this ever got himself into such a mess. As Jeff Neal repeated the details of the holdups, Cuff's highly developed intuitive sense warned him that something was cockeyed here. After a while he realized what it was: Jeff Neal was coming back time and again to the holdup on the 24th of the month; he merely mentioned the others in passing.

"Look," Cuff said on a hunch, "tell me about that holdup on the 14th, the one at the Fifth Street office."

"Oh, that," Jeff Neal began. "Why, I came in there about four in the afternoon . . ."

Cuff stopped him. "Okay, Jeff, now give me the whole story straight. There wasn't any telegraph office holdup on the 14th, and the Fifth Street branch hasn't been held up in 10 years."

A few minutes later Cuff got the whole story. The name Neal was wrong, of course. The youngster was a junior at a leading Western university, where he starred on the basketball team. About two months before, he had become involved in an affair with a waitress in a downtown hash joint; shortly after, he became convinced that he was sick, that he was being punished for his transgression. Jeff's parents were strait-laced, almost puritanical, and he knew he'd be thrown out of their house if he told them what had happened.

The True Version of the Holdup

Desperate and frightened, he ran away from school and fell in with a tramp on the road. When Jeff's money ran out, the tramp suggested sticking up a telegraph office. On their first attempt the hobo got away and Jeff was nabbed. He felt so contrite and miserable when the police questioned him that he was ready to admit anything. When they asked him if he had anything to do with a long series of similar holdups he readily confessed.

"I thought I'd be helping them out," he told Cuff.

At this point Cuff went to work. First he got copies of the university newspaper, which carried pictures of Jeff in action on the basketball court on those nights when he was charged with holding up telegraph clerks in Los Angeles, a few hundred miles away. Then Cuff got certified and dated copies of exam papers handed in by Jeff on other days when he had confessed he was being a wholesale bandit in Los Angeles. All this, of course, took time and money. (Meanwhile, a county doctor restored some of Jeff's self-confidence by assuring him he was really quite healthy.)

Armed with proof that Jeff had taken part in only one abortive holdup, Cuff went into court and gave the judge the whole story. Jeff got a suspended sentence and returned to the university with no one except two college officials any the wiser. After finishing college Jeff went to medical school and then into the Army Medical Corps. Recently, Cuff got a professional card from him announcing that Dr. Jefferson —— was starting practice as a specialist in a large Western city.

When Cuff tells the story he adds: "Can't you see that kid in court with some assigned counsel ready to give him a big five minutes of his time? Why, that boy would have the book thrown at him for 10 holdups. He'd still be in jail."

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Ellery Cuff, Los Angeles Public Defender, meets with some of his top aides. Left to right, deputy Richard F. Bird, chief deputy Erling J. Hovden, chief investigator Edward N. Bliss, Jr., Cuff, and deputy James P. Nunnelley. This staff is considered tough competition by prosecutors

Cases like this help Cuff in arguments with people who can't understand why the county should put up money to defend criminals who confess or who appear obviously guilty.

But how about those who really *are* guilty?

"In the first place," says Cuff, "more than 60 per cent of the cases that come to us never go to trial. The defendant gives us his story and if he maintains that he's innocent we have an experienced group of investigators attached to our office who can check the facts. If our men come back and report that his story doesn't hold water we present the facts to the defendant and point out how damning they'll look at the trial.

"At this point most defendants will admit that they committed the crime and ask what's the best they can hope for, if they plead guilty. By getting the D.A. to accept these guilty pleas and removing the necessity of a drawn-out trial we estimate that we've saved the county at least $300,000 a year."

As for professional crooks and racketeers, they generally scorn Cuff's services—preferring, when guilty, to find high-priced mouthpieces who may discover holes in the law. Cuff, of course, would just tell them to plead guilty.

Sometimes, however, while the public defender may not believe a man, he still will go to trial if the impoverished defendant maintains his innocence. "He's innocent until proved guilty, regardless of what we think privately," Cuff says.

Not long ago, a young fellow with a long criminal record was accused of killing a cop. A girl who was with the policeman at the time positively identified the man as the killer and the police also had a confession they said he had freely given them. When Cuff interviewed him, however, he insisted that he was being framed and that the confession had been beaten out of him. Furthermore, the defendant swore, he had been in a Mexican jail at the time of the killing—"But which one I don't know."

It looked like a hopeless case until the lad's sister came to Cuff and told him that the day after the cop's killing she had bailed her brother out of jail in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico. Cuff got affidavits from the warden and jailers in Juárez and presented them at the trial, but still his client was convicted.

Now convinced of the man's innocence, Cuff got a continuance of the case; then he, a deputy district attorney and a lieutenant from the homicide squad went to Juárez to check for themselves. On the basis of their findings the D.A. asked for a dismissal of the case.

"Sure, this guy's a bad egg," Cuff said afterward, "and the odds are he'll be in trouble sooner or later. But he wasn't guilty of this murder and that's all we were out to prove. If we started punishing people just for their past record, *(Continued on page 84)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DODGE

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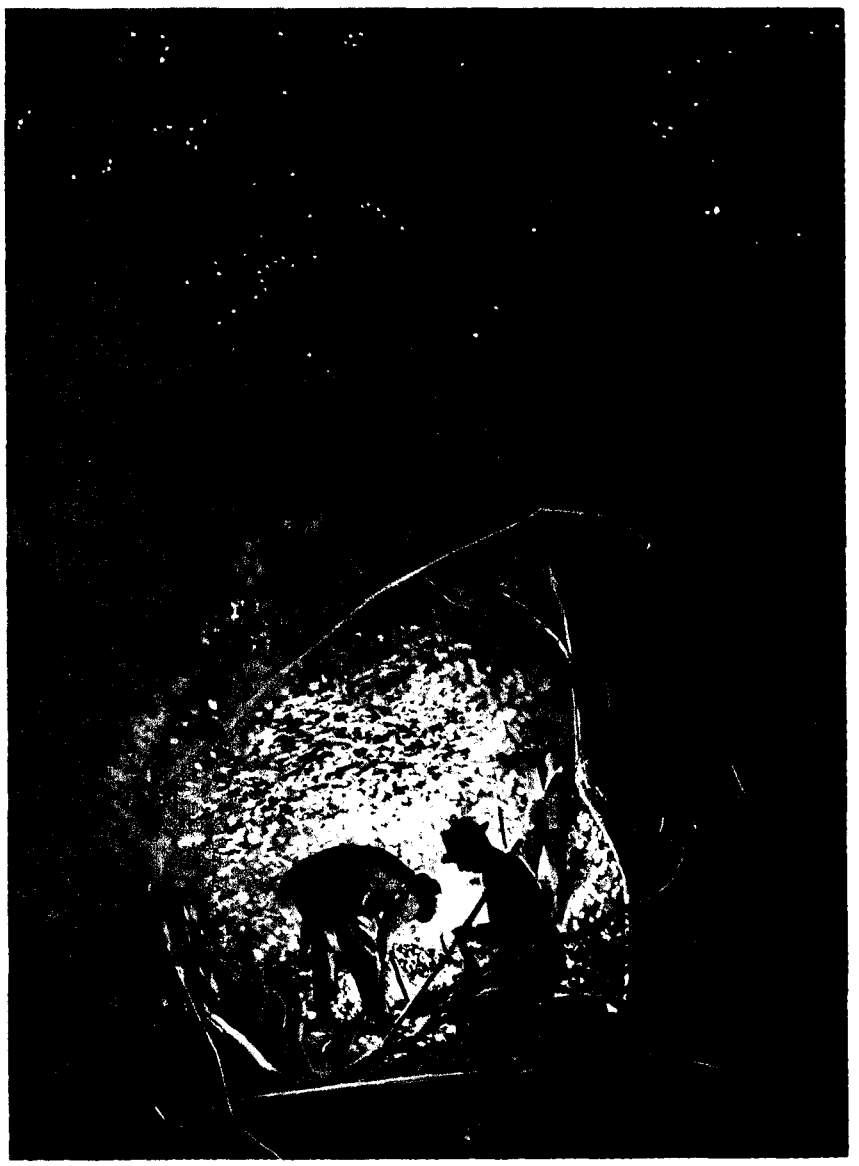


Milton Licht buried diamonds his brother Allen flew from Belgium, later helped U.S. agents find them in New Jersey

SMUGGLERS

Crossing U.S. borders by plane, they

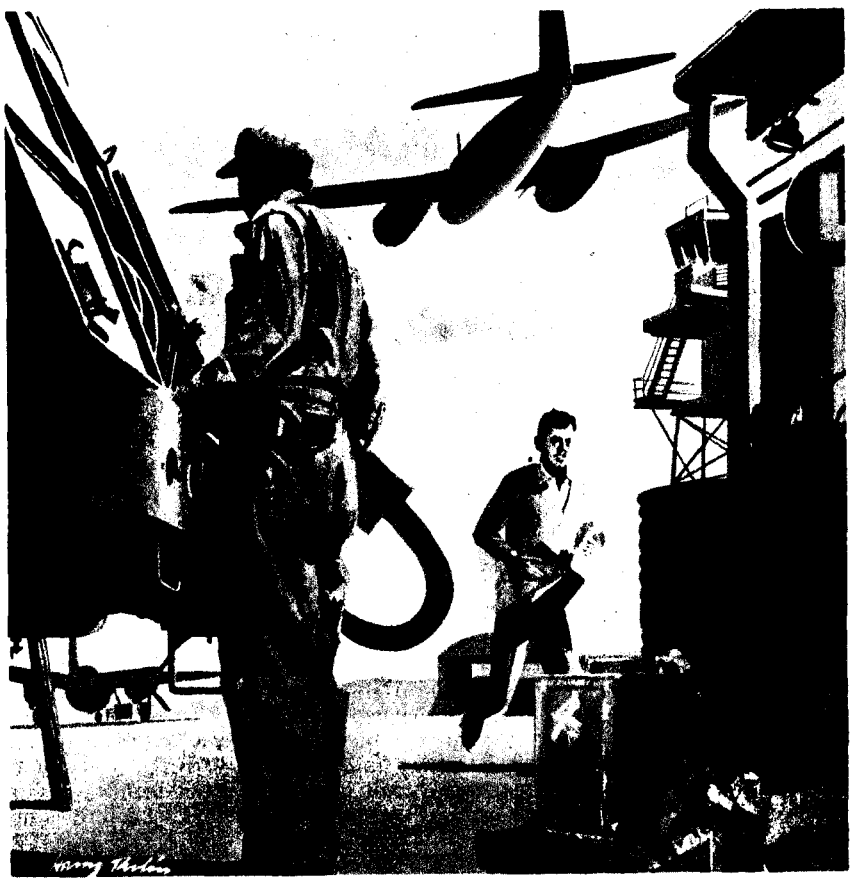
ON AUGUST 1, 1950, a battalion of customs agents, naval intelligence operatives and FBI men swarmed aboard the Finnish freighter Sirius in Boston Harbor. They turned the freighter inside out, looking for atomic bombs capable of blowing Boston off the map; and the Sirius thereupon became the first Iron Curtain vessel to be subjected to the "Trojan ship search" which had recently been authorized by Congress. The same day, however, I spoke to a high-ranking official in Washington who snorted angrily as the news came over the teletype in his office. "Child's play!" he muttered. "We worry about Trojan ships, when it would be much more logical for the enemy to try to fly the stuff in by air at 20,000 feet and land at some unguarded airstrip in the middle of the country!"

Smuggling by air has become increasingly more serious to the United States since V-J day; and it has become downright acute since the war in Korea started. A few months ago, for instance, three Italian aliens were rounded up by U.S. Immigration officers and hastily whisked out of the country via Ellis Island. They were members of the notorious Salvatore Giuliano gang, wanted in Sicily for a collective total of some 17 murders. A former U.S. Air Force pilot had flown them from Havana to a lonely road outside Miami for a fee of $600 per head.

A few weeks after that, two deported members of the "Lucky" Luciano gang named Carmola and Guarneri were picked up in a tourist camp 40 miles north of New Orleans. They had been flown back into the country from Mexico. When you compound these *known* seizures by the number of enemy agents and sabotage equipment that might have used the same entry method, you see why our security officials in Washington have more headaches today than ever before.

This threat to our security can best be combated by the revolutionary new radar screen now being constructed feverishly around our borders and scheduled to begin operation at some secret date in the near future.

As a current official report of the U.S. Bureau of Customs puts it, "When this country completes its radar screen, it no doubt will make it much more difficult to use aircraft in smuggling merchandise and aliens into the United States, if not preventing such use entirely." For the time being, however, we are protected from this danger only by the ingenuity and resourcefulness of two highly skilled groups of government agents —the enforcement officers of the U.S. Bureau of Customs and the U.S.



Airport employees keep an eye out for pilots who refuse to let their fares alight and who speed off after gassing up

Border Patrol agents keep in touch by walkie-talkies at a California transfer point for aliens smuggled from Mexico

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Now Take to the AIR

By BILL DAVIDSON

land contraband at secret fields. A-bombs could be brought in the same way

Immigration and Naturalization Service (with some valuable assists from the FBI and Army and Navy Intelligence).

This ingenuity and resourcefulness were pointed up recently in a case involving Chief Patrol Inspector Richard H. Wells of the Los Angeles district of the Border Patrol (a branch of the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the U.S. Department of Justice). On June 15, 1950, a tip came in from U.S. intelligence agents in Mexico that aliens were being flown across the border to a hidden desert landing field, from which they were taken by truck to O'Connell Bros. Airstrip near Brawley, California, for transshipment by larger plane to safer points inland.

When he received this information, Wells rushed to the O'Connell Airstrip with his men. They arrived just in time to see a plane taxiing about the field. The plane, a Stinson, kept flashing its lights toward the underbrush at a far corner of the strip.

Aliens Hiding in the Tall Grass

Wells watched this strange performance awhile, and then he saw four shadowy figures emerge from the brush and scramble aboard the plane. The plane zoomed into the air before Wells and his men could reach it.

However, six days later Wells got another tip to the effect that there was to be a repeat performance that night at the O'Connell Airstrip. This time Wells was ready. He stationed his officers in the tall grass around the field, arming each man with a walkie-talkie. At 12:00 A.M., the first break came in from one of the walkie-talkie outposts. A car, with headlights turned off, was scouting the field. At 3:00 A.M., another whispered voice came in over the walkie-talkie system. The Border Patrol inspector's voice said: "Car with California license number so-and-so just unloaded three men and one woman. They disappeared into the tall grass 50 yards east of my post."

Ten minutes later the car was surrounded by immigration men at the airfield's administration building and its occupants were arrested. Ten minutes after that, Border Patrol Pilot J. E. Parker climbed into a Stinson airplane that had been rented by one of the occupants of the car. He taxied slowly toward the spot in the tall grass 50 yards east of the walkie-talkie post. As he approached the grass, he flashed his lights in the same signal that the plane had used six nights before. Again, four shadowy figures came out of the grass and rushed to the plane. Parker arrested them as they stepped aboard.

They talked, and within a month the entire smuggling ring had been rounded up by immigration officers, together with the four aliens who had come in on the June 15th trip.

The air smugglers have become so bold that another time they calmly used the facilities of big transatlantic commercial planes—without the knowledge of the planes' crews or owners. This job involved $2,345,000 worth of illegal items, to wit, 81,384 books of Irish Sweepstakes tickets; and it was one of the most ingenious attempts yet uncovered.

On August 14, 1948, Captain Donald C. Zipfel was piloting a DC-4 from Shannon Airport, Eire, to the United States, when the aircraft made its routine stop at Gander Airport in Newfoundland. By chance Zipfel glanced at the instrument panel before the plane took off, and he saw something that made him hurriedly postpone the departure. A gauge indicated the alcohol tank for the deicer equipment was empty. Since it was midsummer it was unlikely he would need the deicers, but he knew leaking alcohol was a fire hazard. He called a mechanic and had him unscrew the 18-square-inch metal plate covering the alcohol tank in the aft belly compartment of the plane. There was no alcohol in the tank. Instead, packed around the tank, the mechanic found $465,744 worth of lottery tickets.

Zipfel immediately notified U.S. Customs and radioed a warning to the captains of other planes leaving Shannon to check *their* alcohol tanks.

Case Turned Over to the FBI

Four of them found more than $1,000,000 worth of additional sweepstakes tickets in the same hiding place aboard their ships. They all signed statements when they arrived at Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut, and soon thereafter the customs officials called in the FBI to work with them.

It was two years before the FBI dug up enough evidence for the government to get an indictment, but when the facts were in, the plot read like detective fiction. The government alleged that the ringleader of the plot was Bernard Tractman, a wartime U.S. Air Force lieutenant and a former navigator for a commercial airline.

Tractman set up a plan whereby he would make between $10 and $15 on each sweepstakes book by selling them to bookmakers. His henchmen, as named in the indictment, were three airline employees named Sam Pratt, Marvin Austin and Colin Austin. Pratt, according to the indictment, hit on the alcohol-tank hiding place, which Zipfel described as being like a secret drawer in that "it was closed by a *(Continued on page 79)*

Swashbuckling ex-Air Force pilots don't stop to think they may be damaging their country by hauling spies, saboteurs

A woman smuggling $200,000 in gems was caught in New York when agents noted metal strips on her luggage didn't match

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

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Play A Lone Hand

By LUKE SHORT

Perhaps Sarita's smoldering hatred could be used to help Giff. He asked too many questions about the big swindle—and Sebree had hired a killer to make sure Giff never found out the answers

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The Story: GIFF DIXON, recovering in Corazon in the Territory of New Mexico from mysterious buckshot wounds, is befriended by CASS MURRAY, who offers him a job as guide to Special Agent VINCENT WELLING and Surveyor BILL FISKE, who are investigating fraudulent homestead claims for the Land Office. After accepting the position, Giff is approached by GRADY SEBREE, controller of the huge Torreon Cattle Company, who promises him a cow hand's job in return for information about the Land Office investigation. A letter from PERRY ALBERS, printer for the town's only newspaper, makes Fiske suspect a land swindle, and Giff is sent to the Free Press office to check the April 17, 1882, issue for the names of five homesteaders—required by law to publish notice of their claims.

After meeting a pretty typesetter named MARY KINCHEON, Giff discovers that that issue is missing from the previous year's file. Fiske then sends Giff out to bring back printer Perry Albers for questioning. As they are returning, they are attacked. Albers is shot and killed instantly, and Giff beaten into unconsciousness.

The following day Fiske explains to the bruised and angry Giff that Albers' letter named Grady Sebree as the organizer of a tremendous land swindle. The letter charged that Sebree had his men file false homestead claims, which were then published in a fake issue of the Free Press, and thus Sebree's company received illegal title to the land. Giff realizes that Sebree's men killed the printer and were responsible for his own beating. At the murder hearing which follows, Giff accuses GUS TRAFF, Sebree's foreman, of ordering Albers' killing, but retracts the accusation under oath.

Later, Traff accuses Giff of being a coward. In answer, Giff clouts the Torreon foreman unconscious with a whisky bottle and almost breaks his jaw. The weak, alcoholic Welling, terrified by Giff's boldness, fires him, but Giff refuses to quit his job. Welling tries to insert an advertisement in the Free Press stripping Giff of all authority, but it is refused by Mary Kincheon. The public wrangling of the two men is overheard by a Torreon eavesdropper, who reports it to Sebree. Sebree implies that Giff Dixon is too dangerous to be allowed to live.

III

TALTAL was a stage stop in the high pines before the last long haul to the pass for Taos. Night was kind to it, for it was a small raffish collection of adobe buildings, pole corrals and log barns beside a creek. The big building was a hotel of sorts; it served meals, and a man could forget those meals in the bar that opened off the dining room. There were half a dozen shoddy rooms above, but sleep was made impossible by the constant rush of the creek whose sound was magnified and thrown back by the steep walls of the narrow canyon in which the hotel was located.

Tonight, as Sebree approached it, he reined in before he crossed the creek, not yet wanting his horse to announce his presence on the noisy planks of the bridge. He saw no horses at the saloon's tie rail, and the up stage had already passed. But he knew that nameless fiddle-footed drifters, and smalltime rustlers often stopped at Taltal for a lone drink or to stay a week. Sid Bentham, who had looked upon the face of trouble and therefore never invited it, seldom asked questions; the Mexican family he employed was not curious and could speak no English.

Sebree had his look through the windows at the dim-lit bar and the almost dark dining room and, satisfied, crossed the bridge, tied his horse at the saloon tie rail and climbed the steps. It had been three months since his last visit, he remembered, and thinking of Sarita, Sid's wife, he thought drearily: She'll be nasty, but it can't be helped.

He entered the dining room where a fat Mexican woman was wiping off the long oilcloth-covered table. "Where's Sid?" he asked her in Spanish without bothering with a greeting.

The woman pointed with her chin to the kitchen. "Get him."

The woman left and Sebree walked through the doorway into the saloon adjoining. It was a comfortable room, low-ceilinged and cool. The bar and two oversized, circular card tables plus their chairs almost filled the room. An overhead kerosene lamp burned dimly. Sebree turned up its wick, then slumped into a chair and idly studied the labels of the whisky bottles on the back bar.

He heard steps crossing the dining room and was relieved that they were not a woman's. Sid Bentham came through the doorway, said, "How are you, Grady?" then halted at the end of the bar. He was a spare, clean-looking man past middle age, dressed in townsman's clothes; his dead-white hair, parted on the side, was combed with a barber's neatness. Bentham's features were sharp and had once been handsome. A cynical weariness was reflected in his dark eyes. "Sarita will be along in a minute," he said.

"It's you I want to see, not her."

Wordlessly Bentham turned and went back in the kitchen.

Sebree wondered if Bentham had ever spoken an unnecessary word. He remembered the night in Henty's saloon two years ago when he had caught Bentham dealing a marked deck of cards. Only the two of them had been playing and the game was blackjack. As Henty's new houseman, Bentham had not yet learned the names and habits of the customers. Sebree had been drinking; Bentham saw it, underestimated his man, and took the chance. When Sebree had said suddenly, "Give me that deck," Bentham settled back in his chair, looked blandly at him without any fear at all, and said, "All right, they're marked. Want me to wake Henty?" That was the night that Sebree found a husband for Sarita, who had been his mistress for a year.

He often wondered how Bentham, a townsman at heart, bore the tedium and isolation of this remote spot. The fact that he was married to another man's woman wouldn't bother him, Sebree knew. It had been an arrangement of convenience and had worked out admirably.

Sid came back now, halted by the bar, and said, "Want a drink?"

"Yes, brandy." Sebree watched Bentham take down two glasses and a bottle and he asked, "How is she?"

"I haven't asked her."

Sebree smiled, but did not comment. Bentham brought the glasses to the table, sat down and poured the brandy. He accepted Sebree's offer of a cigar and both men lighted their cigars in silence. If Bentham was curious as to Sebree's mission, he did not show it. That was a quality Sebree admired in a man—that and the ability to be really secretive, which Bentham also possessed.

When Sebree had sipped the brandy and had his cigar burning evenly, he said, "Sid, you've never told me this, but I took the trouble to find out. You ran with a rough crowd over in Beaver County before you came here, didn't you?"

Sid nodded.

"I want a man for a job. He'll kill a man."

Sid's expression did not change; his level glance held Sebree's and then he asked quietly, "In a fight?"

"No." Even now there was no censure in Bentham's face. Sebree continued, "I don't want a drunken, loudmouthed gun hand. I want a quiet, sober, middle-aged man whose face you'd forget as soon as you looked away from it. Can you get him?"

Bentham looked at his cigar a long moment, then he nodded. "Jim Archer. But he'll come high."

"How high?"

"I can't say, but I can get him."

SEBREE knew Bentham was planning on keeping at least half of the asking price. He didn't mind this harmless blackmail as long as Bentham's man was reliable, and Sebree knew he would be.

Sebree said, "Send for him, then. I don't want to see him. Tell him to register at the Territory House and wait until somebody gets in touch with him. Tell him to stay sober and talk to nobody. Make it plain to him that he's on his own and that I'll probably place a reward on his head afterward."

A flicker of amusement showed in Bentham's eyes and then vanished. "How soon do you want him?"

"Right away." Sebree drew out his wallet and carelessly counted out five hundred dollars in double eagles and shoved them across the table. "Will that be enough?"

Bentham nodded and pocketed the money.

A woman's sullen voice came from the doorway. "From here, that looks like a lot of money." Both Sebree and Bentham glanced up. Sarita, her shoulder against the door frame, was watching them. She was a black-haired, full-bosomed girl, sullen and indolent. From her Mexican mother, she had inherited her dark eyes. From her father—an Irishman, Sebree guessed—she had inherited a white creamy skin that dramatically set off her eyes and hair. She was a beautiful woman who, for reasons Sebree could not understand himself, held no attraction for him any more.

He and Sid exchanged a brief glance and then Sebree said, "How long have you been standing there?"

Sarita didn't answer immediately. She was studying Sebree with a cool dislike. "Not long."

"How long?" Sebree insisted.

"I heard you tell Sid to send for him right away. Who?"

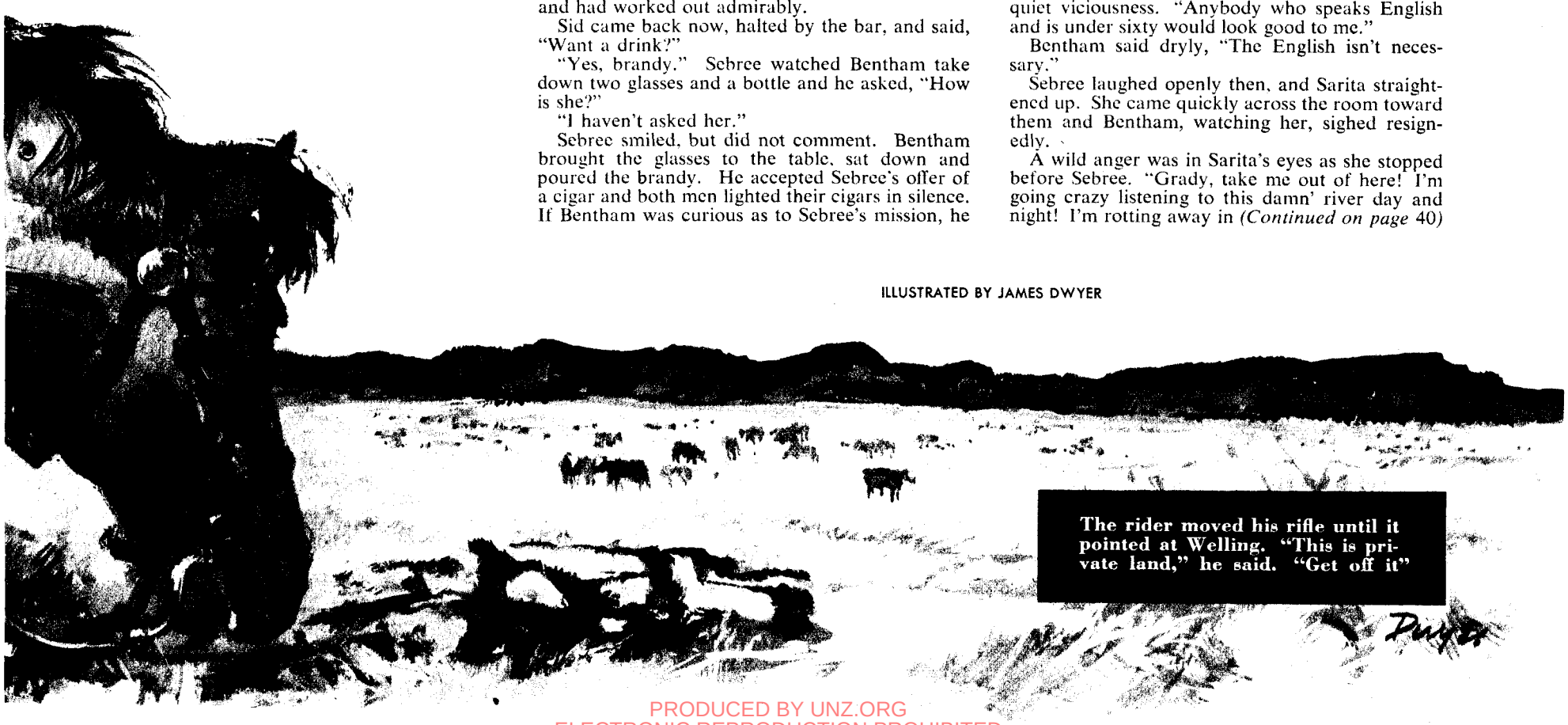
Sebree smiled. "I doubt if he'll be young enough to interest you."

"Don't be too sure about that," Sarita said with quiet viciousness. "Anybody who speaks English and is under sixty would look good to me."

Bentham said dryly, "The English isn't necessary."

Sebree laughed openly then, and Sarita straightened up. She came quickly across the room toward them and Bentham, watching her, sighed resignedly.

A wild anger was in Sarita's eyes as she stopped before Sebree. "Grady, take me out of here! I'm going crazy listening to this damn' river day and night! I'm rotting away in *(Continued on page 40)*



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

The rider moved his rifle until it pointed at Welling. "This is private land," he said. "Get off it"

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Dr. Billington tells his huge congregation that "Akron is the wickedest place this side of hell"

Dr. Billington's FABULOUS

In a multimillion-dollar, air-cooled, neon-lit Akron church, ex-taxi driver and Kentucky preacher boy shouts his "Spectacular Gospel" to the most unembarrassed congregation in the United States

STRANGERS to Akron, Ohio, usually blink when they pass the big new building on Manchester Road. Scanning its modern functional lines, spread over almost a city block, its lavish plate-glass and marble marquee, and the 1,500-car parking lot close by, they judge it, offhand, to be some newfangled factory or supermarket. But about the huge edifice flashing neon signs tell the startling story: "Baptist Temple. Dr. Dallas F. Billington, pastor and founder."

A look inside confirms that this is no ordinary house of religion. Outdoing any splendors the late Aimee Semple McPherson may have dreamed of in her heyday in Los Angeles, Dr. Billington's million-dollar church is air-conditioned, fireproof and wired for sound.

Its main auditorium seats more than 3,000—with additional space for 1,000 folding chairs. Ninety-one loud-speakers carry the services into every room—all rest rooms included. For the hard-of-hearing there are special earphones. The "silent colony" gets the message through a sign-language interpreter. Ailing or old people may attend on stretcher or wheel chair, brought in through two glass doors at the rear of the auditorium wide enough to let an ambulance in. A full-size projection booth permits the showing of religious films.

A "Babyland" makes it possible for 100 mothers with babies to join the service. Infant wails are spared the rest of the congregation by a triple thickness of plate glass. There are also a diaper-changing room and a stainless-steel kitchen for bottle warming—with all necessary materials provided.

"Neither wet diapers, old age, physical handicap nor lack of transportation," to paraphrase a statement in the temple's history, "will keep anyone from the church if Billington can help it." And Billington does help it. Among other glories of his temple, a fleet of free busses, with pickup and delivery service in and around Akron, gathers in the faithful—a total of 10,000 regulars, about 3,000 of whom give 10 per cent of their income to the church.

The man who has dressed the Old Time Religion in a 1950 suit of clothes and brought it to the world's rubber capital is a tall, well-set-up, forty-seven-year-old ex-taxi driver, amateur boxer and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NELSON MORRIS

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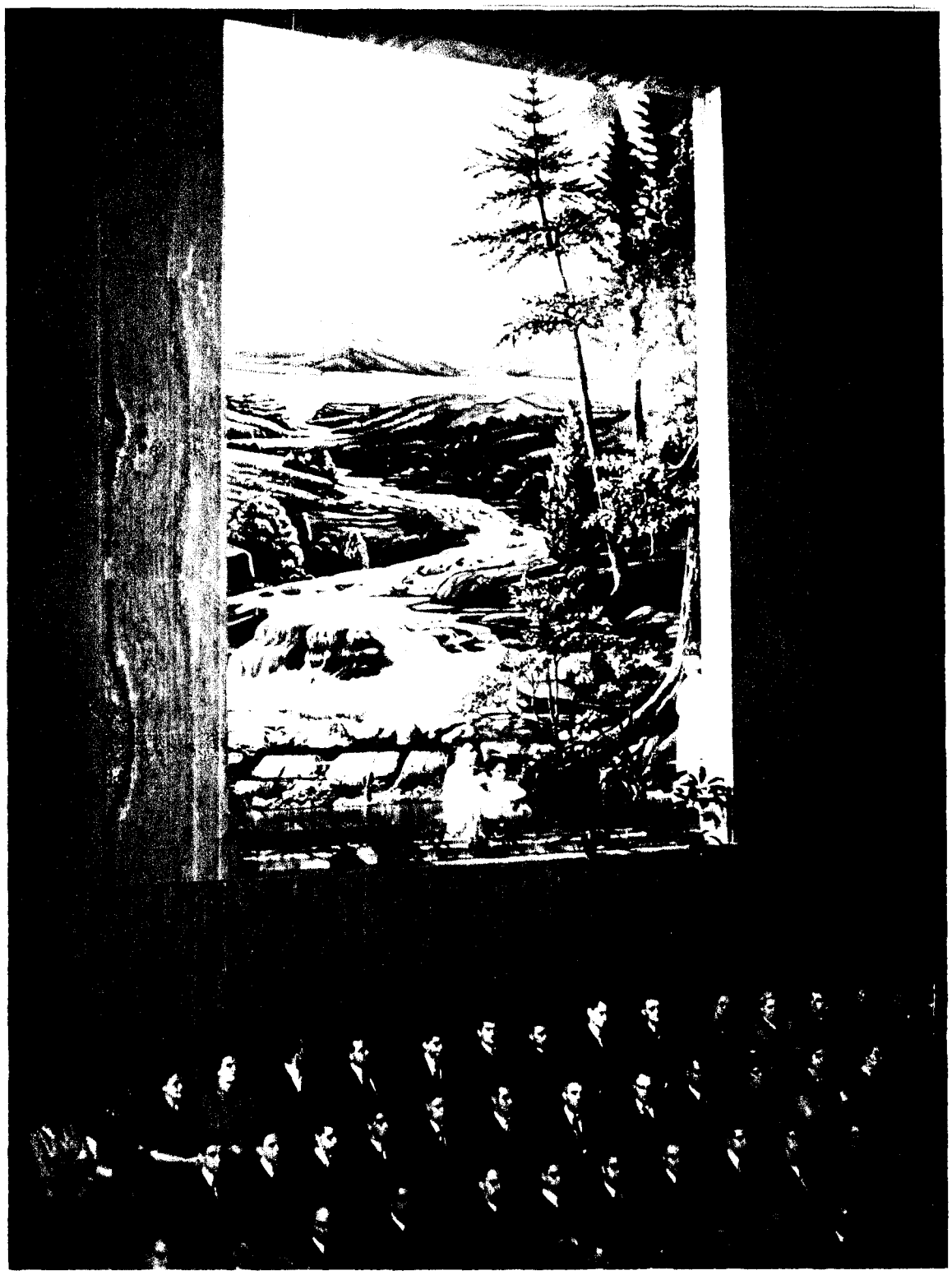

The Rev. James Moore, associate pastor, officiates at a ceremony in the overflowing baptistry

In the Cradle Room Mrs. Thomas Sims leads tots in song

Loud-speakers carry services to 100 mothers in Babyland

TEMPLE

rubber worker who styles himself "just a little ol' Kentucky preacher boy."

Dallas Franklin Billington is a stanch disciple of direct action who believes that "formality has ruined many American churches." Viewing his audiences through rimless glasses, jabbing at them with a forefinger, he preaches his "Spectacular Gospel" with the conviction that "Akron is the wickedest place this side of hell."

Billington did not always think so. Like most of the temple's worshipers, he first came to Akron as one of the great outpouring of Southerners who sought steady jobs in the rubber mills. Born in a two-room Kentucky log cabin, the seventh son of a family of 13, he had grown up on a farm in the dark-tobacco country south of Paducah, attended school through the eighth grade, and smoked big black cigars he hand-rolled himself.

"The farm and I had our differences," Billington recalls in a voice which still retains a native twang. At seventeen he gave up agriculture for good; at twenty-two, after a stretch of factory work, night taxi driving and a little boxing, he was in Akron.

But Billington the rubber worker didn't turn Billington the preacher for several years more. In between, an occasional nip and the clatter of dice weren't unknown to him. "Nobody in Akron ever asked me to go to church," he declares. "It got pretty bad." The change-over came only after he went back home, married Nellie Stokes and brought her to Ohio. Nellie wanted a church affiliation. Her groom suggested the Reverend Bill Denton's Furnace Street Mission, which he had happened to hear about on the radio.

Soon Billington was studying the Bible nights, and buttonholing astonished coworkers at Goodyear about Akron's *sinfulness*. The Reverend Denton gave him a chance to preach at the Mission, a somewhat seedy structure in Akron's depths, mainly frequented by drinkers of bathtub gin. Billington's natural eloquence made three loop-legged converts. "They staggered in and we drug them out," he says.

After six years of poring *(Continued on page 56)*

Dr. Billington was once a cabby and a boxer

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Choice of Target

By JOHN D. WEAVER

BYRD HIGBY, like his father before him, was a hunter, a man so sensitive to the traits of wild game that people said he must be part fox, although it was enough just to be a Higby. He had prowled the hills until he knew every den, every rock and path and hollow. He knew, as if by instinct, just where to turn his hounds loose and where to wait for them, and his gray eyes had taken on the cunning narrowness of an animal that moves by night, with stealth.

"It's something in the Higby blood," people said, and they envied Byrd and Glenna because they lived in comfort, without fear of ever wanting for anything. Glenna wore town dresses and had a piano in the parlor. Byrd, with Bill Baldridge working his land for shares, was free to hunt all night, sleep all day. When he sat in his porch swing cleaning one of his shotguns or counting the money he'd made on hides, he seemed to be a man without a care. Only Glenna knew the pain Byrd lived with, a worrisome longing which had chewed him raw.

"She could send him for summers," Byrd would grumble, his brown hands clenched against the knowledge that his grandson was growing up on city streets where, he had heard, squirrels played like barn kittens and it was against the law to shoot them.

"It ain't for us to tell her what's right," Glenna always said.

"Just summers, that ain't much to ask, enough so's I can learn him to hunt."

The Higbys had had only one child, a son who might, in time, have become even more famous as a hunter than his father, but Little Byrd had been killed in an automobile accident the year after he'd married the prettiest of the Sayre girls, Mary Frances. For weeks after the accident Byrd hadn't left the house.

He'd let his hounds grow fat with kitchen eating, let his guns rust and the foxes take his setting hens. He'd come bouncing back to life only when Glenna had told him Mary Fran was going to have a baby. He'd scared the foxes back to their dens, run the fat off his hounds, and sent the rabbits, skunks, possum, coons, and mink scurrying into the shelter of the national park, where it was forbidden to hunt. For months, until Mary Fran's time had come, he'd lived between insupportable extremes of delight and despair, between the dream of hunting with Little Byrd and the nightmare of having the baby turn out to be a girl.

"No," he said, the more he thought about it being a girl, "the Lord wouldn't do me such a trick."

It nettled him that Mary Fran should name the baby Myron, after her father, who couldn't tell a fox from a beagle, but, as Byrd had explained to Glenna at the time, "At least she can't take the Higby off'n his name." Little Hig—Byrd never used the name Myron—was just learning to walk and Byrd was trying to teach him duck calls when Mary Fran moved to Washington, and from there to California. Byrd, for two years, had kept the baby bed in the child's room, and after it had been carried out to the barn, he had fretted through ten winters with the ragged hope that surely this summer Mary Fran would send Little Hig back to them, but she never had. She sent snapshots, and the boy dutifully wrote his grandparents after every birthday and Christmas present.

"I got straight A's again," he'd write, or, "I'm going out for track."

"He's getting a good schooling," Glenna would say. "He'll maybe turn out a lawyer."

Byrd would bleat with pain, and next morning he'd miss the first couple of squirrels. Because of pride or shame, he never showed his loneliness outside the house. He grumbled a good deal, but mostly about the government, which had, he felt, ruined his land by taking the adjacent hills into its national park, where wild life was safe from guns and hounds. "All the game's left to live on guv'mint land," Byrd complained, and it was true that game was so thick in the park a man couldn't walk through it without stepping over ground hogs too fat to move out of the way. Sometimes, just to bring pain on himself, he would saddle his horse and ride into the park, listening to the foxes bark their insults, watching the coons grin at him.

"A man pays taxes all his life," he'd say when he got back to Cassville, "and this is what the guv'mint does to him."

He fell to brooding about the government, grew indifferent to hunting, and sometimes went a week without taking his dogs out. Flute Figgins skinned him on a hound trade, and foxes began to come to the henhouses in the daytime. People shook their heads and said old Byrd was finally feeling his age, but in April, when Mary Fran wrote that she was moving to a new job in Texas and it would be a considerable favor if they'd keep Myron for the summer, Byrd leaped up and went roaring into the hills with his hounds. Men who *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

Byrd tossed the rifle to Little Hig. He loaded it, and Byrd, watching Flute, sensed what would happen

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The Higbys were all great hunters, and for years Byrd Higby had dreamed of the time when he could teach his young grandson how to hunt. "It's natural to kill things," Byrd said. "They 'spect it of you"

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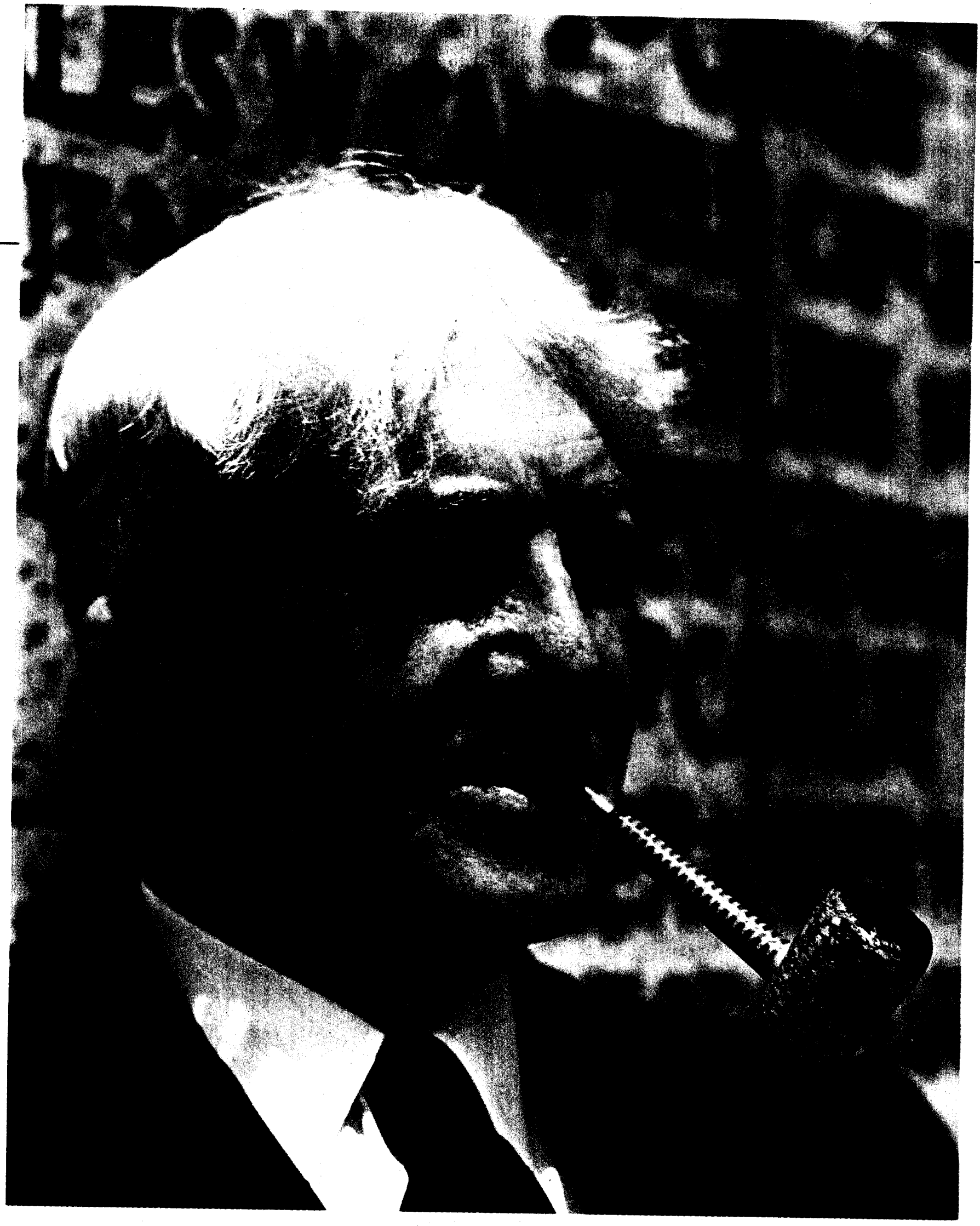

The Old Sergeant smokes reflectively at the Battle Monument, Trophy Point, U.S. Military Academy

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

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The Old Sergeant

By NARDI REEDER CAMPION

During fifty years at West Point, Marty Maher got to know intimately boys who became high Army brass. He remembers when the late — presidents Mac Arthur put a cannon on top of a building

IT IS a better-than-even chance that if General Douglas MacArthur were to be interrupted in the midst of his war councils and asked about an old Irishman named Marty Maher, he would grin, chuckle nostalgically and—preoccupied as he is—take time out to recall an anecdote or two out of an era long since past.

Wherever they are today, West Pointers of this or any other generation would do much the same, for in the hearts of U.S. military men Sergeant Maher holds a unique place.

At seventy-four, Maher (rhymes with car) is the "Mr. Chips" of the United States Military Academy. He came to West Point in 1896, and for half a century until his official retirement in 1946 was successively a mess hall waiter, swimming instructor, gym custodian, general factotum and greeter. He is also an honorary member of the classes of 1912, 1926 and 1928, which is probably some kind of collegiate record, although not undeserved in view of Marty's special expertness in the care and rearing of future generals.

Once encountered, his warm and witty Irish personality and his cold, clear memory make an indelible impression. Returning old grads always go to see Marty. They know he will remember them—and in detail. What's more, he will, with a fine disregard for current rank, remember them as the fledglings they once were. The storehouse of Maher memories about the young manhood of military men now making headlines would astound and delight the historian.

"Cadet Douglas MacArthur," Marty recently told an inquiring visitor, "was a genuwine genius. In his day it was the custom to play pranks, a custom that would be sore frowned on now. MacArthur was highest rankin' man in the corps, first cap'n Class of 1903, when he pulled off his best joke. One night a cannon was missin' from Trophy Point. The nex' day it was found pointin' at General Albert Mills's front door. He was the supe then. He was popular with the cadets and that's why they played this joke on him.

"A while later that cannon was missin' again. It took them officers a week to find it this time. They looked everywhere, and the cadets nearly split laughin'.

"Finally some quick-eyed lieutenant spotted it up on top of the West Academic Buildin'. Such a lot of excitement and investigatin' they had, and it never come to nothin'.

"I could have told 'em there was only one cadet who was engineer enough to get that cannon up on the roof, and he done it in one night, too. It took over a hundred men to get it down, workin' with block and tackles for a week. If somebody'd asked Douglas MacArthur, he could of figgered a way of takin' it down with seven men. Sure that's all he needed to get it up there."

Marty warmed to his subject: "If it warn't for his mother, Douglas MacArthur'd be no general today, that I'm sure. A big tall woman she was, but very nice. Cadet MacArthur's mind was lightnin'-quick and he was very restless. So what did his mother do but move up here to be watchin' him? I think she done our country a service.

"There warn't no afternoon sports in them days so she'd be on the sidewalk waitin' for him at three o'clock. Every evenin' after supper he'd spend half an hour with her, usually walkin' up and down in front of the barracks. She done all this to control him. That's what she had to do—control him. Handsome as a prince he was, and full of divilment.

"He used to get demerits all right. I remember once it was for havin' long hair at inspection and another time for 'swinging arms excessively marching to the front at parade,' but he never done an hour on the area, thanks be to that good woman."

Marty calls Douglas MacArthur by his full name, but he refers to the late General Patton as "Georgie," reflecting an interesting difference in those two flamboyant personalities.

"Now Georgie warn't no man with book work like Douglas MacArthur," Marty recalls. "Had a terrible time with his studies, he did. He took five years, but he finally graduated, though he never did larn to spell. I doubt he could spell C-A-T and I know he didn't give a damn whether he could or not. A track ath-a-lete is what he was. He set the record for the 220-yard dash. He played football, too, but he broke his two arms in a scrimmage when he was a yearlin' and had to give that up. Georgie was rugged, but he used to write poetry, too, and spout Kiplin' by the yard.

"He come back to West Point to a horse show one June Week. He was rollin' in money and had with him an Irish sidecar, a kind of cane basket that rolled on two solid rubber tires. He put six horses in the show, askin' me to drive one of them in the Irish cart. This horse was sixteen and one-fourth hands high and never been between the shafts before. Plenty frisky and beau-tee-ful, he was, a looloo.

"I sat in the middle as driver. We carried five ladies as passengers, three of the lightest on one side and Mrs. Patton and another lovely lady balancin' them. We pranced round the ring several times and showed off very nicely. We was the only one in our class but I knowed we won by the way the cadets clapped. That horse was like Georgie—spirited, did what he damned pleased, was a winner, and once and a while kicked over the traces.

"You know," continued Marty, "Georgie Patton's son was a cadet, graduated in 1946. George III looks like his father and I used to wonder if he'd try to trot in his footsteps. It's a tough job for one human bein' to be like another, specially if the other is Georgie Patton. One day young George showed me a letter his father writ him from Sicily. It said, 'When you graduate and have to carve your own notch in the world, you do what is right in your own way, not aping me, because people who are not themselves are nobody.'

"The boy asked me what I thought of this and I said, 'Your father was a fine cadet, a good ath-a-lete, the best horseman I ever seen, and a great general. You do jist what he says, me bye.' "

When Marty Maher tells his stories he does so dramatically, pacing up and down with gestures and imitations, and always with a twinkle in his Tipperary blue eyes. One of his best imitations is of the thunderous voice of General John J. Pershing, "a holy terror."

When Pershing was a cadet he was also first captain and he was famous for his "sound off" because, as Marty says, "his voice was made to command, like a cannon."

Another favorite imitation is that of an officer on the post who once came upon Marty's brother Dinny, an Army private, having trouble making headway along the main road. The officer wrote on a piece of paper, "Confine this man on my orders." He put the order in an envelope and gave it to Dinny with instructions to present it at the guardhouse. What the officer did not know was that trouble shooter Marty was watching from behind a tree.

"Says I to Dinny, 'What's that, me bye?' Dinny, not knowing whether it's a callin' card or a Chinese laundry ticket, held it out. 'Bad news,' says I. 'You're in no condition to be runnin' errands for officers, Dinny. I'll give this to one of the cavalry soldiers and ask him if he'd mind runnin' up to the guardhouse with it.'

"This I done. It was a week later when somebody at the guardhouse got hold of the officer and wanted to know what to do with the prisoner."

A Long, Long Way from Tipperary

The ebullient Maher personality first broke upon West Point in December, 1896. Born in Roscrea, County Tipperary, Ireland, Marty at twenty was working for a cattle jobber when a fistic encounter with a co-worker brought him to the attention of some British cops (in Marty's stories the police are always British) and made it politic for him to hop the next transatlantic ship from Queenstown. As soon as he landed in New York, he headed for West Point, where his brother Joe was holding down a job for the post quartermaster.

Joe got Marty a job as a civilian waiter in the mess hall. "I didn't know what I was in for," Marty admits. "In Tipperary County the only vegy-tables was potatoes. Here they was hundreds of vegy-tables and the cadets hollerin' bloody murther for more helpin's and me not knowin' the names. Before a servin' dish was empty I'd grab it and run to the cook and say, 'More of that.'

" 'More of what?' he'd say, and how would I know? 'Just more of what's left in that dish,' says I. Once a dish was empty the cadets got no more from Marty, but I couldn't be tellin' them why—I'd of got fired.

"We ended up with four Maher brothers enlisted in the U.S. Army, and all of us at West Point. We liked it so much we sent for our father and he come up here, too."

Marty was married in 1911 to a lass named Mary O'Donnell who was working for one of the officers on the post. But before *(Continued on page 58)*

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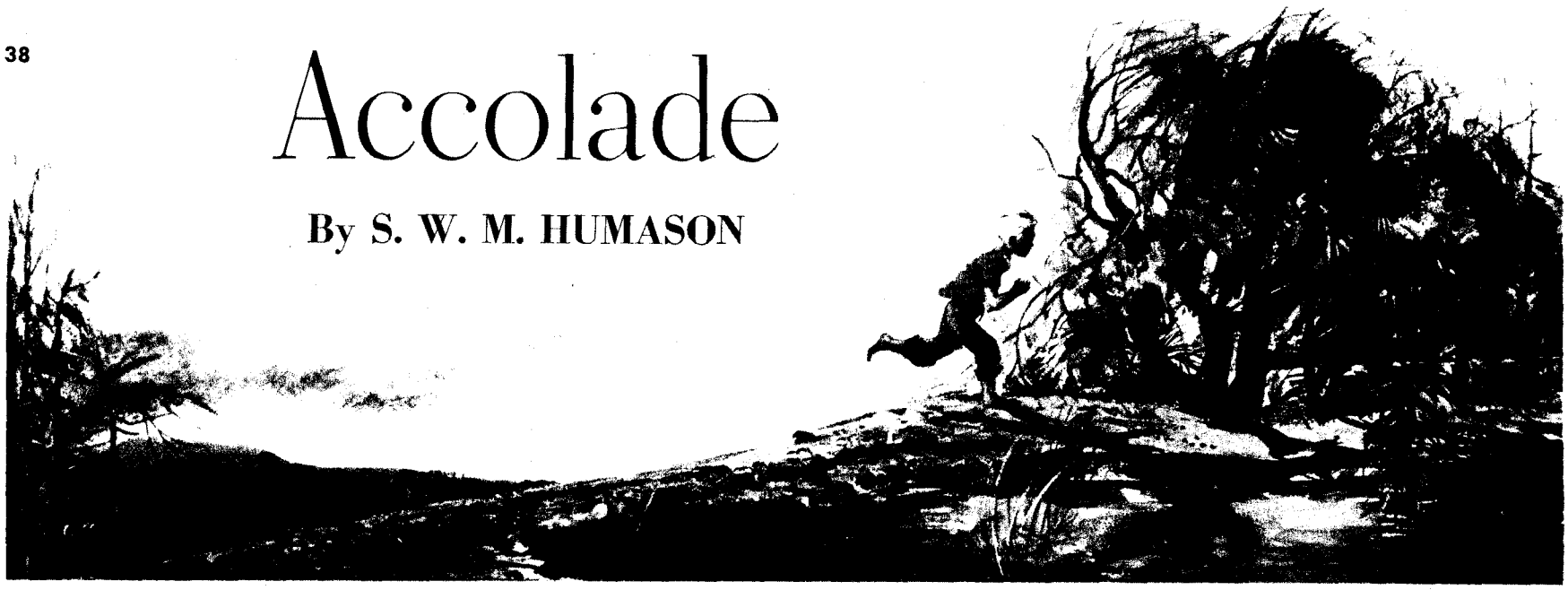
Accolade

By S. W. M. HUMASON



HERB OLSEN

IT HAD all been even better than he had dreamed and seen it ahead of time. Lying awake the night before, he had planned it and thought about it and done it in his head. That morning, as he went down the hill and across the swamp, his rubber boots making the familiar sucking sound, his throat had been tight with realized happiness and he had wanted to shout—but he hadn't shouted. Someone might have heard him and come, and he didn't want anybody to come.

He was seven, and it was the first time he had been allowed to go fishing alone. The family summer cabin lay in a clearing on a wooded hillside and there was no other house within two miles. But the trail from the cabin to the brook was clear, and if he followed the brook up or down he could not get lost. The rules were simple. He was to stick to the brook in either direction he chose—that brook, and no other. Way down in the valley was a turnpike and on the other side of the turnpike was the best trout brook in the country, but he was not to cross the turnpike. If he crossed it, he would not go fishing alone again that summer. Even if he hadn't felt that some unknown presence would see him, and report, he would not have crossed the pike. He had promised, and he didn't cheat. The other rules were the usual ones about not drinking brook water and starting home at the first sound of thunder.

Now he was going home, tired and hot and jubilant. Three trout were in his creel—big ones, too, at least big enough so that when he had held them, with solemn ceremony, along his rod, they had reached way beyond the mark which measured seven inches from the handle end.

He had eaten his lunch on a big flat rock in midstream, and the woods around him, dark with evergreens and oaks, mysterious with great fallen trees and leaf mold and ground pine, and the sound of the water filling the air so that there was no other sound, had combined to give him a funny feeling in his insides. It was a little like fear, but pleasurable, and it had not impaired his enjoyment of his food.

His boots were too big and one of them was making a blister on his heel. He didn't care. He could take them off and walk home barefoot, but they were awkward to carry and he liked the feel of them on his feet and legs, blister or not. The sun had gone. The air was heavy but there was no thunder. "Rain tonight, I betcha," he said aloud to the trees, the rocks, the water. He was as weatherwise as they.

He stopped and climbed the bank under a big old pine where he knew there was a spring, and, lying on his stomach, drank deep and splashed some of the icy water on his face and hair. He looked at his trout again to be sure they were real and his mind ran ahead of his feet to the time when he would get home. Perhaps he would pretend he hadn't caught anything, and then open the creel and laugh at their faces. He would take them up and show them to Margaret, too. She would have been with him except that the day before she had had three puppies under the bed in the north room. He had named her Margaret in honor of a past cook whom he had adored. He didn't think it was a funny name for a dog.

He left the brook where the trail started, and pushed doggedly up the long hill. When he got to the top he would be able to see the house, to stand far off and unseen and look at it lying there in the sun of the clearing, familiar and yet strange with distance. He would stand there a minute watching—perhaps he would see some of them in the yard and they would not know he was watching. Then down the other side of the hill, across the swamp, over the fence bars and up another hill through the apple orchard. Then he would show them the trout, then he would take a swim in the pool, then he would have a glass of ginger ale, then he would play with the puppies, and then it would be almost suppertime and his trout would be frying.

This time the shout in his throat would not be held back. He let it go and laughed at it coming back to him three times over from the hills.

He came over the top of the rise and looked across the valley, across the swamp and the apple orchard. He could scarcely see the house for the cloud of smoke around it. It was on fire. His house was on fire. His mother and father and sister and the baby and Margaret and the puppies might all be in it.

He started to run and his boots tripped him and he fell sprawling against the roots and stones and got up again with a knee that hurt. He didn't mind the hurt. He had to get home. He ran a few yards more and stopped short. Who would get the firemen? There was no telephone, and if everybody was trying to put out the fire and rescue people and children and dogs, who would get the firemen? But he couldn't run the other way—away from that cloud of smoke, away from them all, not knowing what was happening to them, not helping. But they needed the firemen.

He put his creel and rod down and kicked off his boots and ran again, back to the brook. He splashed through it and ran up the hill on the other side, his wet jeans tight against his legs. He hoped he could find the path to the dirt road. It was not used much and was thick with growth. He knew it started near a clump of birches. He found the clump and the beginning of the path. A little farther on, he took a wrong turning and found himself in a laurel thicket. The tangled branches grabbed at him and tripped him. He got up and fought his way back to the path and slowed a little and watched for signs—dim blazes on trees, that his father had made once.

AT LAST he got to the fence along the road. He wriggled under the barbed wire so fast that he left a piece of his shirt on it. The road was stony and hurt his feet but he ran on anyway, on and on, thinking at each bend that it would be the last bend and he would see the turnpike and the Millers' house, where there was a telephone.

At last it *was* the last bend, and there was the Millers' house. It was on the other side of the pike. There wasn't another house for a long way. The trucks and cars were whizzing by with almost no space between them. He could not wait. He slipped fast through a gap between two trucks on his side and got to the middle and looked to his right and dashed on. He heard brakes scream, and an angry voice shouted at him, but he was banging on the Millers' door.

Mrs. Miller was a nice, quiet woman. She just went to the telephone right away and made the call. Then she gave him a drink of water and rang a big bell out the back door to call Mr. Miller. He was quiet too. He said, "Hop in the car, son, and we'll go up there. The boys'll be right along."

Mr. Miller's car was old and slow at hill climbing. He sat beside Mr. Miller with his mind ahead of him again, seeing the cabin a heap of burned logs with only the fieldstone chimney standing. Perhaps they all got out. Perhaps they forgot Margaret and the puppies. Perhaps his father went back to get them and a beam fell on him. When he felt like crying and didn't want to, there was always a point at which he could tell whether he was going to win or lose. This time he wasn't going to make it. But the crying was interrupted by his need to be sick. He told Mr. Miller, and Mr. Miller stopped the car and he got out and was sick in the bushes and got in again. Mr. Miller didn't say anything, just patted his shoulder. Before they got to the place where he had crawled through the fence, they heard the bell of the volunteer firemen's truck behind them. Mr. Miller pulled off the road and let it go by.

YOU couldn't see the house from the road until you came out of the woods just behind it. They were almost there, and he didn't think he would dare look. He looked. The house was standing. The firemen were in the yard, talking to his father and laughing. There wasn't any fire. There was a big pile of brush burning on the upper field and in the heavy still air the smoke hung in a cloud and drifted slowly down around the house.

He got out of Mr. Miller's car quickly and ran around to the back door and inside and upstairs and crawled under the bed with Margaret and the puppies. Margaret thumped her tail and the puppies sniffed and whined. He patted Margaret's head with one hand and laid his head on the other arm. All the bright day lay in pieces around him.

He heard the truck and Mr. Miller's car go away and then his father calling him. He went down stairs and his father said, "Come on up to the study." His father wrote books and had a separate little cabin to work in. It was also used for consultations, scoldings and spankings.

He and his father went into the study and sat down. His father filled a pipe and said, "Tell me."

"And I crossed the turnpike," he said at the end. His father smiled and took the pipe out of his mouth.

"You know," his father said, "I have to go to New York next week on business. I was sort of worried about leaving the family here in the wilds, with no man around. But I don't have to worry. I've *got* a man around. Fellow who uses his head. You did the right thing. All the way it was the right thing. Hey! If you want to cry, you can maybe do it more comfortably here in my lap. There's nobody else around, and I don't mind."

It was after he was in bed, listening to the rain on the roof, that he remembered his rod and creel and trout and boots. He could get them tomorrow. He could oil up the rod. The trout would be past eating but he could catch plenty more the next time he went fishing. THE END

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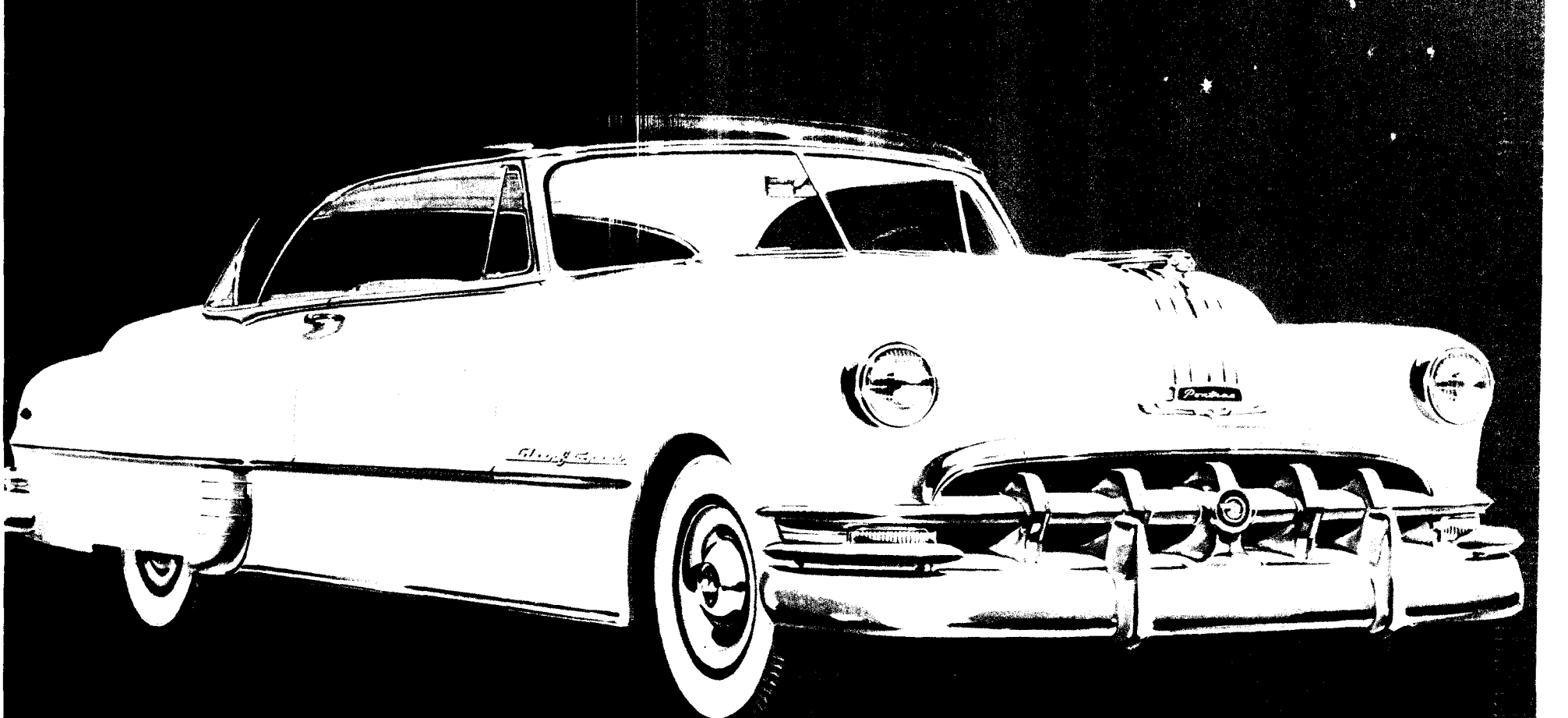

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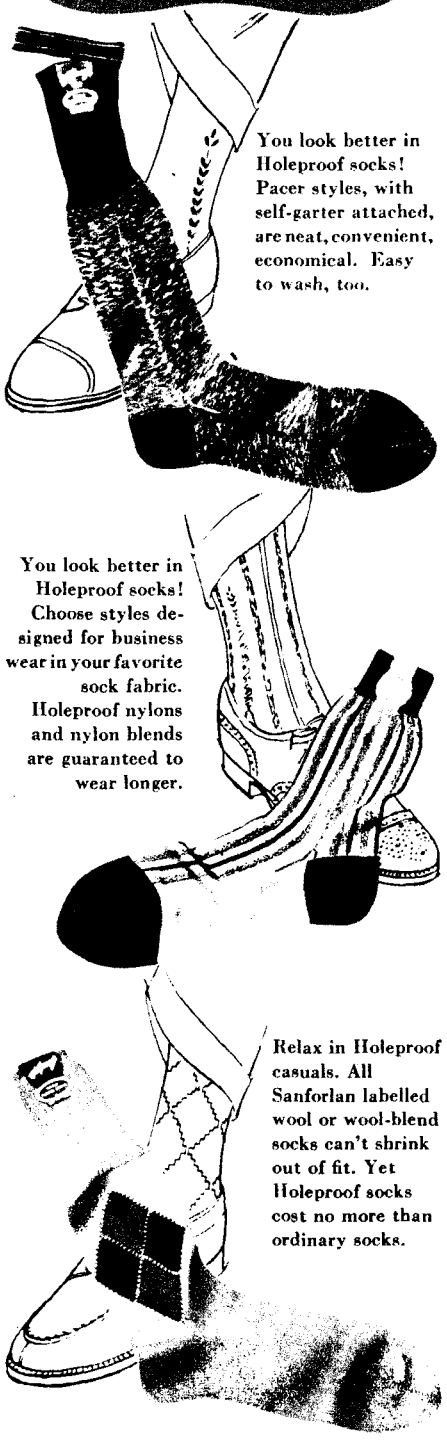

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Play a Lone Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

this hole! Sid won't talk to me and he won't let me talk even to the stage drivers. Take me out of here!"

"Consult your husband," Sebree said.

Sarita asked wrathfully, "Why do I have to stay here? You never come to see me any more! All I do is wait, and for what—my teeth to drop out?"

"I've been busy," Sebree said evasively.

Sarita looked shrewdly at him. "Has your wife found out about me?"

Sebree laughed. "My dear, she knows all about you."

"Then why can't I go back to town?" Sarita demanded angrily. "Why am I shut up in a dirty shack back in the mountains with an old man for a keeper?"

Sebree said coldly, "I always supposed it was for money."

"And where do I spend it?" Sarita countered.

Sebree sighed wearily and reached for his wallet. "I don't know," he said. "I suppose you can write for anything you want—if you can write."

Sarita raised her hand to hit him. Sebree caught her wrist without rising and said harshly, "Stop this damned nonsense, Sarita!"

"I'm leaving!" Sarita said. "There's no way you can keep me here!"

Sebree let go of her wrist and came to his feet. "That's up to your husband."

Sarita turned swiftly to Bentham, "Can I, Sid?"

Bentham regarded her with a total indifference. "No."

Sebree said, "Why don't you take a trip? Catch the stage out tomorrow and go to Santa Fe. Buy some clothes and wear out a couple of pairs of shoes at Fandango's." He picked up his wallet from the table and emptied it of the remaining double eagles. Picking them up, he extended his hand to Sarita. With a vicious swiftness, she knocked the coins from his hand, turned and ran out of the room.

SID sighed and rose to pick up the coins. When he had collected them and handed them back to Sebree, he said, "Shall I let her go?"

"I don't care."

"She won't stop running until she's in Kansas City."

"I don't care about that either," Sebree said. Standing, he finished his brandy in one gulp, wiped his mustaches, and said, "Let me know when Archer gets into Corazon. Good night, Sid," and moved across the room toward the door.

Sarita, from the kitchen door, heard Sebree go out. Whatever hope she had held of an apology from Grady or even a gesture of reconciliation was gone. She turned and walked past the big black iron stove to the pump at the sink. She pumped herself a tumbler of water and drank, then stared blankly at the wall. Grady's casual brutality to her tonight was something new and it signified her total defeat, she knew. With all the bitterness of a perceptive woman, she was aware now that she was simply a piece of goods guarded and sheltered for a man's convenience—and that she was no longer even desirable.

She remembered with a sharp nostalgia how it had been with Grady up until two years ago. Then she was living on Corazon's outskirts in the shabby shack that her father, a railroad fireman, had left her at his death. In those days, she remembered bitterly, Grady had been wildly jealous of her. It had maddened him to know that she went to dances with ranch hands and townmen—functions which his social position would not allow him to attend. She suspected, too, that he believed there was something degrading about her surroundings, her taking in laundry to supplement the pittance her father had left, and her careless association with the Mexicans of her mother's blood.

It was this shame, combined with a fear that their relations might be discovered, that had prompted Grady's suggestion of her marriage to Sid Bentham. It would be a marriage in name only, Grady had assured her. It would give her a certain respectability and his calls on her would have the appearance of a visit to a family. Taltal was a pleasant place, he said, and she would have a woman working for her. The ever-changing stage passengers would keep her amused. And, of course, there was the economic side; she would never know want or have to work again for he had staked Bentham, and the place was making money.

There are worse things than work, she thought bitterly. In this brief moment of self-knowledge she saw herself for what she had been—a vain and fuzzy-minded girl without much character who had been flattered that a rich man desired her, but who had not been shrewd enough to make that desire pay. Grady had wanted her without any risks attached. His jealousy, his pride and his cynical knowledge that he would someday tire of her had dictated her move to Taltal and her marriage to Sid. Even Grady's fear of his wife discovering them had been a lie. And now that it was finished she was married to an old man, a stranger, buried deep in a lonely mountain canyon away from life, from fun, from all affection.

She heard Sid's footsteps in the dining room. She rinsed out the glass and was drying it when Sid came into the kitchen. He had an envelope in his hand and he gave her a sidelong, indifferent glance on his way to the back door. Then, as if remembering, he halted and said, "He says you can go if you want."

Sarita said nothing, and Sid went out. Go where? she thought bitterly. For what? Who with? She realized now that she had long since lost her friends.

Her Mexican relatives were still in Corazon, but she found that she had unconsciously acquired from Grady a contempt for their poverty and their ignorance. She wouldn't go back to them, but she was sadly aware that in spite of her married name of Bentham, she was still a semi-literate Mexican to strangers.

She turned down the lamp over the kitchen table, then glanced curiously at the back door, wondering what business had taken Sid out into the night with an envelope in his hand. What was it Sid was asking Grady when she had halted in the saloon door—*"How soon do you want him?"* And Grady, counting out the money, had answered, *"Right away."* It occurred to her then that Sid's envelope contained a summons for someone.

She moved over to the back door and stepped out into the night. Immediately the ceaseless noise of the river filled the night with sound. The small adobe shack on the downstream side of the corrals should have been dark and unlighted at this hour, for the cook, her hostler-husband and their slow-witted son, Julio, retired not long after dark. There was a lamp lighted in the shack now, however, and she watched it until the chill of the night made her shiver. Then she saw Julio and Sid—the former carrying a lantern—leave the house and head back for the corrals. Quickly she moved back into the kitchen and began to busy herself adjusting the stove for the night.

Sid came in, gave her a civil "Good night," and moved on into the dining room. She heard his footfalls on the stairs and his slow passage up the corridor to his room in front.

FOR a moment she stood undecided. She had never interested herself in Sid's business but she had a conviction, though no proof, that it was not always honest business. On a sudden impulse she blew out the kitchen lamp and stepped outside into the night. She made her way carefully in the dark, skirting the spring wagon which she remembered lay in her path, and halted at the corrals. Julio already had the best horse saddled. He was buckling the flap of his bulging saddlebag as she crossed the corral toward him. At the sound of Sarita's approach he turned his head toward her. She said in quick Spanish, "Mr. Bentham wants to know if you are carrying enough money, Julio."

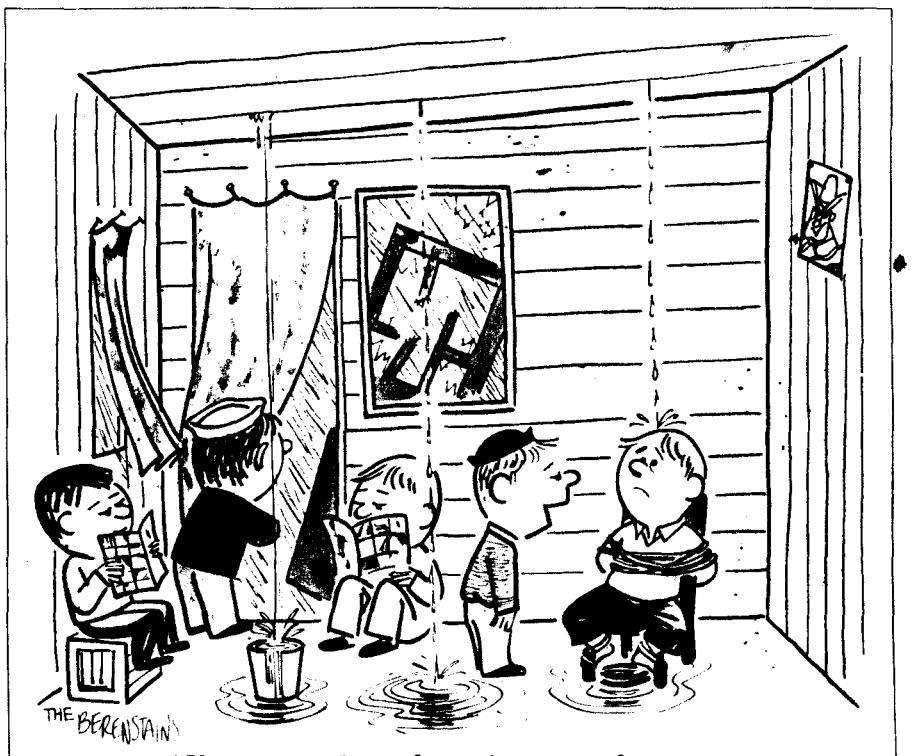
The young man looked at her uncomprehendingly, then said, "Isn't this money good where I'm going?"

This was easier than Sarita had hoped for and she asked quickly, "Where is it you are going?"

"A place called Beaver County, Oklahoma—to the east."

"Of course your money is good there. You have it?"

The young man nodded. Sarita said,



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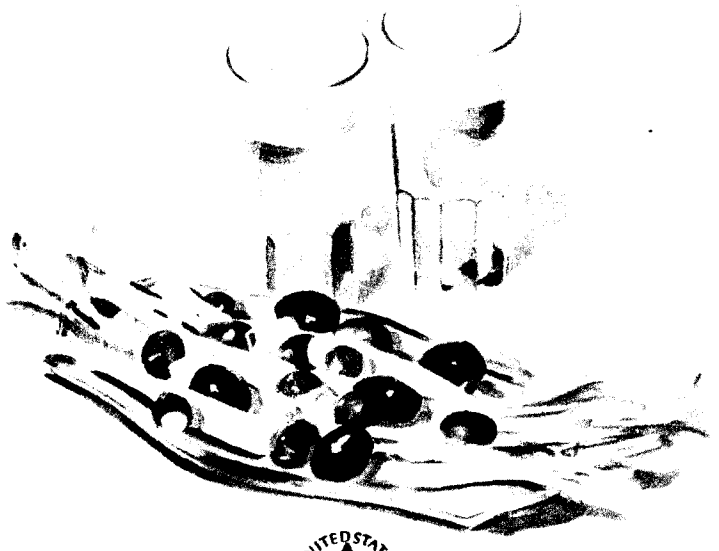

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"Good night," and went back to the big house.

Pausing in the kitchen, she considered what all this could mean. Grady, through Sid, was summoning a man from Beaver County, Oklahoma, and paying him a surprising sum. She could only speculate on the reason, but remembering the scene in the barroom she was sure of one thing. The reason was secret, and it was important, else Grady would not have been so concerned about how much of his conversation with Sid she had overheard.

A deep malice stirred in her then. Tonight, Grady had turned her loose into a world she really didn't want to re-enter. He was finished with her. But I'm not finished with him, she thought narrowly. Maybe, by waiting and watching, she could learn the reason behind Grady's strange summons to a stranger from Oklahoma. Once she knew the reason, perhaps she could use it to hurt him.

GIFF finished the diamond hitch on the pack mule, and as he moved toward the livery he glanced at the three saddled horses tied to the corral pole. The dun horse would be Welling's, he decided; since Welling was paying the bill, he would get the best horse. At the office, he paused in the doorway. Cass Murray had a saddle atop his desk and was reworking the laces on a stirrup.

"Where is he? At the Plains Bar?" Giff asked.

Cass nodded. "He was waiting on the doorstep when Harvey opened up. Have you got anything on the mule that gurgles?"

"That's what he'll be buying now."

Cass straightened up and regarded Giff soberly. "I wish he was starting his resurvey somewhere besides Torreon."

"What's the difference?"

"Plenty, and you know it. You watch yourself, hear me?"

Giff raised his hand in mild salute, said, "See you in a week," and moved out of the runway, heading for the Plains Bar. Welling's sudden decision last night to take to the field for a resurvey of some of Torreon's acquired homesteads still surprised him. He suspected that his own goadings, Fiske's contemptuous silence and a lot of whisky had prodded Welling into this sudden move against Torreon. It was a decision Welling was probably regretting at the moment, but one it was too late to retract now. And it was of small significance in the big fight against Sebree, Giff knew. It was a sort of pecking at the edge of the swindle; a laborious and quibbling routine to find out from reluctant and lying witnesses if homestead requirements had been satisfied. Giff knew it was Welling's tentative show of authority, a kind of timid testing of Sebree's power.

Stepping into the saloon, he saw Welling downing his drink while Fiske watched idly. The saddlebag on the bar had twin bulges that Giff knew would be Welling's carefully rationed supply of whisky for the next few days.

At sight of Giff, the two men pulled away from the bar and the three of them walked in silence to the livery. For the first hour their talk was sparse, and Welling barely spoke at all. He was still brooding, Giff guessed, on his failure to fire his surveyor's chainman, and Giff wondered if he had discussed it with Fiske. Giff was aware that Welling was still smarting from Mary Kincheon's action yesterday.

The country north of Corazon was a gently rolling, almost treeless plain. The wagon road ran string-straight beside the cedar-stippled foothills. Sometime in the middle of the morning they passed a crossroads adobe store and watered their horses at a rusty tank at the base of a clattering windmill. Beyond the store and still north was the beginning of the Torreon fence. They traveled alongside it for four miles before they came to the first gate and turned in. Then they moved across Torreon range, cutting northeast over an ocean of grass that held hundreds of fat cattle.

Past midday they came to a seep where Welling had decided the resurvey was to start. The seep, which was announced from a distance away by the pale green of cottonwood foliage, lay beneath a limestone outcrop thrusting a few feet higher than the surrounding country. Stumpy willows matted the bog created by the small stream as it flowed east for a hundred yards and then vanished; a scattering of old cottonwoods surrounded it.

Fiske unrolled his plat and weighted it with stones before studying it, while Giff unloaded the pack horse, unsaddled the other mounts and turned them loose, and made camp. Afterward, Fiske helped him put up the Sibley tent and stake down a wing of the tarp to serve as a windbreak for the reading of Fiske's maps. Welling rode up to the limestone outcrop to locate the monument that would be the corner for the new survey.

By the time he had returned and turned his horse loose to graze, Giff had broken out the sandwiches the hotel had provided for their midday meal and Fiske had already begun to eat. His mouth full, Fiske nodded to the limestone outcrop and asked Welling, "Did you see any buildings from there, Vince?"

"There's an abandoned dugout over the ridge. The roof's caved in, and it's likely full of snakes," Welling answered.

Fiske snorted, "Value about ten dollars, I suppose," and shook his head. Giff, remembering last night's discussion with Fiske, recalled the surveyor's prediction. It had concerned what Fiske guessed they would find at the beginning of the resurvey of homesteads acquired by Torreon. There was a pattern, Fiske had said, in all these homestead frauds instigated by cattlemen. The required improvements were never made on the property, just as the six-month residence requirement was ignored.

So long as perjury on the part of the entryman's witnesses was a custom accepted by the land office, the pattern still held. One of Sebree's riders had "homesteaded" this water hole, and for his cheerful dishonesty and for the casual perjury of his two witnesses, he was probably rewarded with a bottle of whisky or an extra day in town. Fiske had predicted they would find no improvements and no indication of residence, and Welling's facts seemed to be bearing him out.

WELLING, already sore from the morning's unaccustomed ride, stifled a sigh as he sat down and reached for his sandwich. The three of them heard the riders approaching at the same time.

Giff rose first, sandwich in hand, and saw the two riders who had come up behind the tent. They were moving through the grouped horses grazing around the seep and the first rider had a rifle across his saddle. Giff glanced briefly at Welling. Fiske was watching him too with a mild accusation so that Welling said sullenly, "I didn't see them."

One rider, a Mexican, dropped back so that he was between the tent and the survey party's horses. The man with the rifle reined in by the tarp, contriving to pull in his horse so that the rifle, still resting on the pommel, covered the three men who stood watching.

Welling, sandwich in hand, gestured to the food on the ground and said affably, "Light and eat."

Giff was watching the rider and he didn't like what he saw. The man's clothes were almost tatters and he had the hungry half-mean look of an overworked rider whose staggering amount of labor, whose unwavering loyalty, and whose life were hired for a dollar a day by the big cattle companies.

"Know where you are?" the man asked.

"Torreon, aren't we?" Welling said.

The rider dipped his head briefly in assent. "This is private land. Get off it."

Welling's quick smile seemed not to betray any uneasiness, "We're land-office men on a resurvey."

"Not here you aren't. You're trespassers."

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Welling's voice held a quiet confidence as he said, "My friend, I can bring the sheriff with me, only it's a long ride to get him. Maybe I had better put it this way. If I'm barred from resurveying this land, I'll recommend all patents granted be canceled and the land will revert to the public domain."

The rider moved his rifle until it pointed at Welling. "You take that up with the boss. Now take your left hand—left, I said—and lift your gun out and throw it over the tent."

ONLY then did Welling seem to realize that his authority meant nothing here. He glanced at Fiske in rising anger and bafflement and then shuttled his gaze to the rider.

The man said quietly, "I don't fool," and lifted the rifle slowly to his shoulder.

"All right, all right," Welling said hastily, and did as he was bidden. The rider turned his attention to Fiske then and said, "You do the same."

"I don't pack one," Fiske said.

The rider looked at Giff now, "You, too."

"The hell with you," Giff said quietly.

The rifle began to rise again. Giff looked up and along the barrel into the rider's eye and a wild stubborness was in him.

"Once more. Throw your gun away."

Giff didn't move. It was Welling, prodded by fright, who moved over to Giff, yanked the gun from his holster and threw it hastily over the tent as if it were red-hot.

The rifle slacked back to the pommel and the rider said tonelessly, "There's a gate southwest about six miles. Your horses will be tied to it. Tomorrow you can pick up this stuff there too." He gave Giff a hard, lingering stare of almost respectful curiosity before he turned his head and signaled to the Mexican. Pulling his mount around he gave Welling's horse a cut across the rump with his rope and then, circling the other horses and whistling shrilly, the pair of them pushed the animals up over the rim of the depression and were out of sight.

Fiske and Welling glanced briefly at each other, then both looked at Giff. "I don't know why I didn't let him shoot you," Welling said angrily.

"I know why. You were scared," Giff said thinly. "By a bluff."

The color crept into Welling's loose face and he said, "That's a second guess you can afford, now he's gone."

"He was hazing you and you took it."

Welling glanced at Fiske in appeal. "You think so, Bill?"

Fiske made a wry face and thumbed his derby off his forehead. "I hate to admit it, but I think he was."

Welling considered this under Giff's hot gaze. Giff said, "Sebree put him up to it. You're afoot with a long hike ahead of you. The boys in Henty's will be laughing about it tonight."

Welling's eyes held a deep hatred as he looked at Giff. Fiske, sourly regarding the sandwich he still held in his hand, said, "Did he say six miles?"

Giff said, "It's eight."

"He said six," Welling countered flatly.

Giff turned his head to look at Welling. "I'm talking about the distance to the ranch, not the fence."

Welling didn't answer for a moment. "What are you going to do? Complain to Sebree?" he asked with heavy irony.

"In my own way," Giff agreed quietly. "If you aim to stay in this country even another week, you'll come too."

Welling didn't answer him. He turned and walked around the tent and Giff heard him picking up the guns. Giff surprised Fiske watching him and he said truculently, "Well?"

"Not my department," Fiske said.

With the two guns in his hand, Welling returned to Giff and handed him the battered Colt. Avoiding the questioning look in Giff's eyes Welling glanced down at the gun he was holstering and said, "I think we can settle this another way. When Edwards—"

Giff didn't wait for any more. He turned and headed south, climbing up and out of the depression. He had walked perhaps fifty yards when Welling called, "Hold on! I'll come with you."

Giff waited. When Welling caught up with him, he started on again without speaking. He knew Welling had no heart for this—that Fiske's tacit approval of Giff's move had pushed him to his reluctant decision. Giff's instinct now was to send him back, even though he had taunted him into coming. But he would not do it, he knew; for he had spoken the truth when he told Welling the whole countryside would know before night that the land-office special agent was a sorry man who could be pushed and crowded and eventually neutralized. Oddly, Giff cared about that. He knew that what he was about to do must be done if Welling's investigation were not to collapse.

SINCE they were both wearing cowman's half boots, Giff anticipated complaints from Welling during the long hike. But the wind pressing at their backs, pushing down the grass ahead of them in uneven rhythm across the wide plains, made talk difficult and Welling held stubbornly to silence. By unspoken agreement they gave occasional bands of cattle a wide detour, since a man afoot was considered legitimate game by these half-wild beeves. Once in late afternoon they saw far ahead of them a pair of riders heading in the direction of Torreon. At Giff's command, Welling flattened out alongside him in the grass until the riders were out of sight.

They saw the first trees of Torreon far distant in the early evening. As they drew closer, Giff saw that the Torreon headquarters was built in the shallow timbered valley of a wide stream. The house itself was set

COLLIER'S "I wish they'd hurry and finish building—it's beginning to be badly in need of repairs" DAVID HUFFINE

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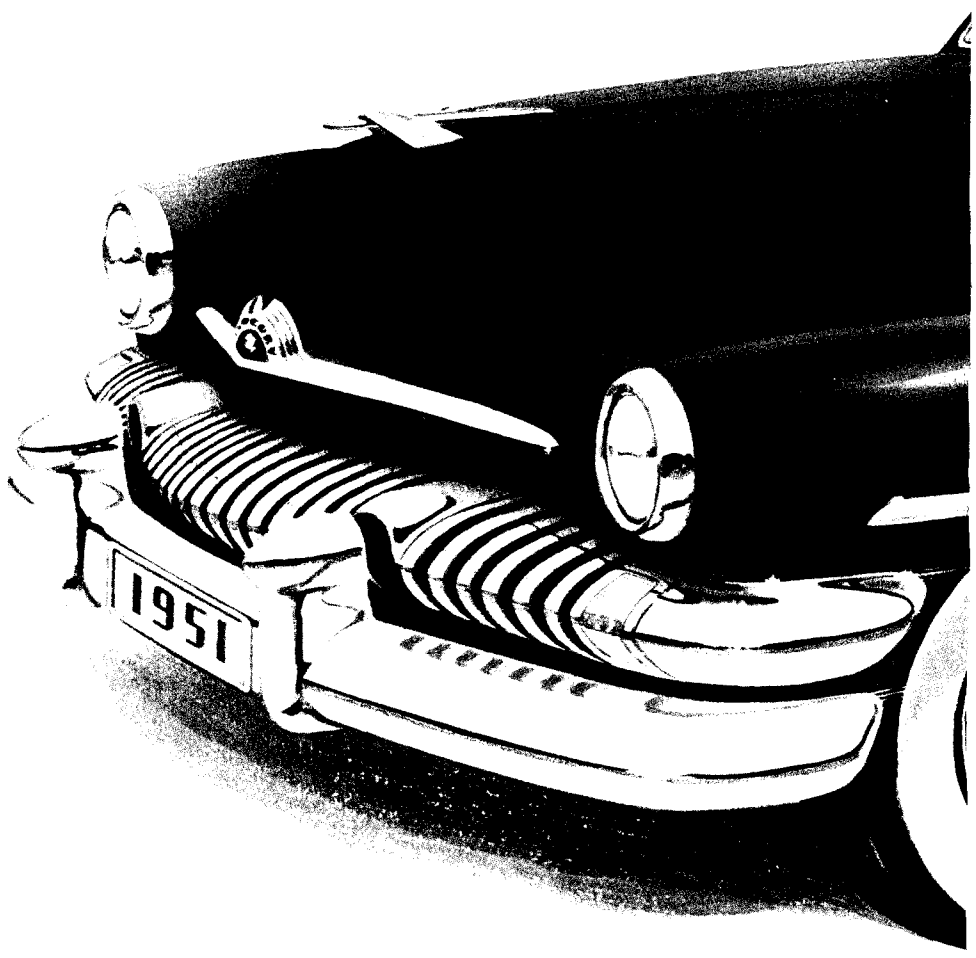

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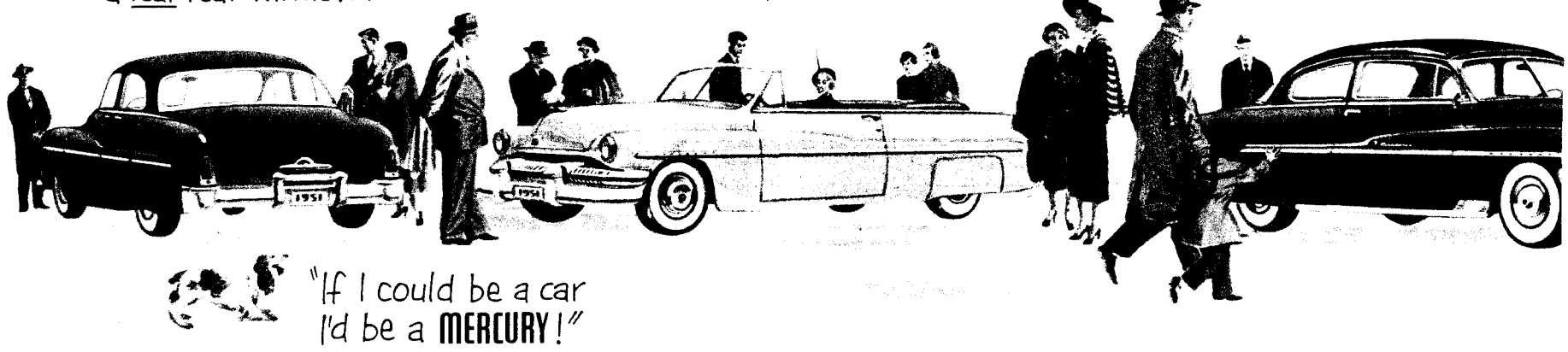

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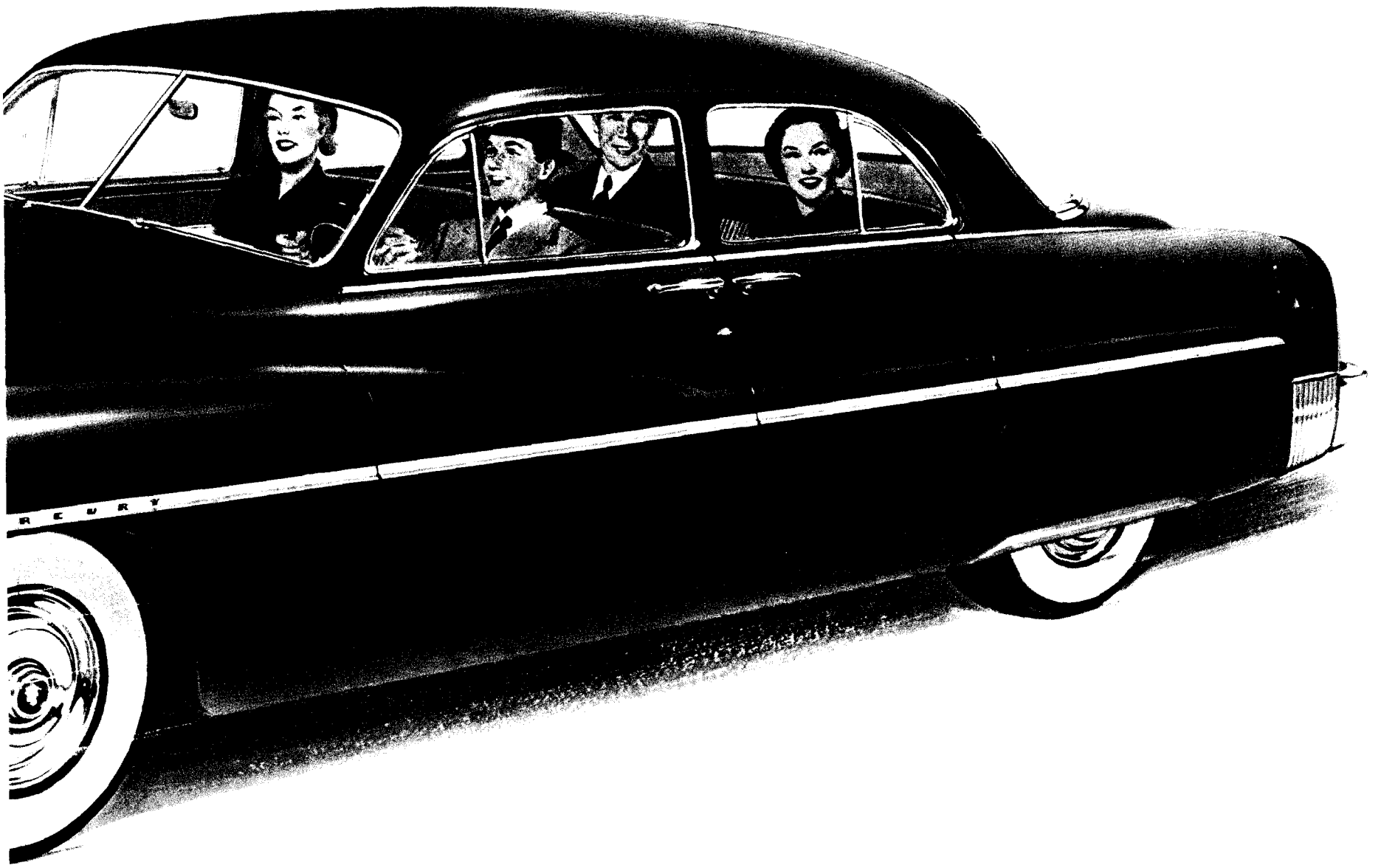

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***3-WAY CHOICE!** *With Mercury for 1951 you have a triple choice for "the drive of your life"—new Merc-O-Matic Drive and thrifty Touch-O-Matic Overdrive are optional at extra cost, and in addition there's the silent-ease synchronized standard transmission.*

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in a park of rolling lawn and tremendous cottonwoods. It was built of huge timbers; the main part, three stories high, was flanked by long wings of stone construction. The carriage house and stables separated the big house from the working part of the ranch.

Beyond the stables was a long single-story adobe which Giff decided was the combination cookshack and bunkhouse. It was set in a grassless area of scuffed and hard-packed ground which stretched to the tangle of barns, sheds and pole corrals to the east. The first lamps, lighted against the twilight, were burning in the big house. As Giff listened he could hear the cook's triangle summoning the ranch hands to supper, and even at this distance he could make out men moving from the barns and corrals toward the isolated cookshack.

He saw that Welling was watching him with an expression of suppressed fear on his face. In order to reach the cookshack without alarming the main house they would have to make a wide half-circle and Giff picked out his point of approach before they started out. A half hour later they halted at the corner of a big wagon shed after crossing the horse pasture to the east of the ranch buildings. Giff was waiting for a ranch dog to spot them in the twilight, but it seemed their coming had gone unnoticed except by a scattering of incurious horses in the pasture.

Ahead of him and across a wide expanse of barn lot, Giff could see the cookshack, its door open. Lamps were lighted inside and he could even see one rider, his back to the door, industriously attacking his supper. He sensed Welling's uneasiness, but he ignored him as he set out for the cookshack.

WELLING caught up with him and said hurriedly in a low voice, "I don't like this. They'll all be in there. What do you want me to do?"

"You've got a gun. Stand them off," Giff said shortly.

As an afterthought he drew his own gun and wordlessly passed it over to Welling. He did not want to look at the man and he had a dismal conviction that Welling wouldn't back up his play.

He took the one step up to the cookshack door, moved across the sill and halted. There were perhaps fifteen men at the big table, which was not nearly full, and only a few of them faced the door; the majority had their backs to the entrance and were seated near the kitchen end of the table.

Almost immediately Giff spotted the tough, hungry-looking rider who had set them afoot; he was seated two places from the kitchen door and had his head inches above his plate, wolfing his food. Giff's brief sidelong glance at Welling revealed him standing in the doorway, both guns leveled, with a kind of scared determination in his posture.

Then one of the riders glanced up and saw them. He half rose as Giff said in an iron voice, "Sit down!"

His sudden command, startling in the silence, turned the head of every crew member toward him. The hungry-looking rider looked up, fork raised halfway to his mouth. Giff took two running steps toward the table, put a foot on the bench, and dived across the table at him. The man already had one leg over the bench and was rising when Giff crashed into him. The rider went over on his side, Giff on top of him, his legs dragging the tin plate of bread off the table. Its clank followed the crash of the two bodies on the floor.

THE men facing Welling scrambled off the bench as Giff and the rider came erect at the same moment.

The rider backed up a step to get set, but Giff was on him. With the tactics of a standard barroom brawler, the man lowered his head, his arms windmilling, and tried to charge. Giff's hook to his face was so swift and vicious that, still moving forward, the man was half turned by the blow and he staggered momentarily against the table.

The rider's hand closed on a heavy stoneware platter and he came off the table with it in his hand, attempting a backhanded sweeping side swipe. Giff saw it too late to evade it; he raised his elbow and ducked his head as the platter hit his forearm and caromed off it onto the wall. He could hear the shouts of the crew now. Since he was still fighting only one man, he supposed that Welling was successfully standing off the others. How long he could continue to do so, Giff didn't know and he thought: Make it quick.

Now that the rider had named his own kind of fight Giff moved in against him, lifting his knee into the rider's belly. The man's grunt could be heard above every sound in the room. He wrapped both arms around Giff's midriff, clinging desperately to him while he fought for breath. Giff stepped back, braced himself, and with a savage wrench of his upper body broke the man's hold. Then he heaved the rider away from him and swung. The blow brought the rider totally erect. Giff got one brief glance at the man's tortured face before he smashed his fist into it. The rider spun wildly through the door leading into the kitchen. He grabbed at the door frame but his momentum tore his hold loose.

Dimly, Giff heard the roar of the crew followed by the crash of a gun shot and Welling's voice in a wild yell, "Stand away from him!"

On the heel of Welling's yell the rider crashed to the floor. Giff leaped, doubling his knees under him, and landed heavily on the rider's chest. He heard the wind driven from the puncher's lungs. Giff scrambled off the rider, balled up the man's shirt in his fist and rose, yanking the rider erect. Balancing him, he swung with all his might at

COLLIER'S "Does this mean we don't get dessert?" FRANK BEAVEN

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the man's face. He saw him teeter backward, hit the corner of the big stove, spin around drunkenly, and fall face first into the wall which held a rack of iron skillets. The force of his body crashing into the wall jarred the skillets off their hooks and they rained down on his unconscious form as it slumped to the floor.

Giff stumbled to the nearest wall and leaned against it, dragging great gusts of air into his heaving lungs. He was aware that his back was exposed and he wheeled as fast as he could, expecting the crew to ignore Welling and rush him. Instead, he saw that Welling had moved around the table and into the kitchen doorway and, back to him, was still holding them off. Unsteadily, Giff shouldered past Welling and confronted the Torreon crew. He reached out and took one of Welling's guns and pointed it at the nearest Torreon hand. "You come out with me and saddle up three horses," Giff panted. "The rest of you stay set."

The rider looked first at the gun, then at Giff's hard face, then turned to go out. The crew made way for him. His gun leveled at the man's back, Giff followed. Suddenly, the man halted so abruptly that Giff bumped into him; he was looking across the room and Giff looked too. In the doorway stood a woman.

She was perhaps forty, Giff judged, although her thin autocratic face held a pain-ravaged sternness that made her seem older. Under her right arm was a crutch on which she leaned, her upper body half twisted onto it. Her dress was dead black and long-sleeved. Her hair, of an auburn color, was so thick as to be almost unruly and she wore it off her neck, coiled carelessly on top of her head. "Who was shooting?" she demanded coldly.

Giff stepped from behind the rider. "I was," he said. "I'll probably shoot again, too."

The woman looked levelly at him and said, "I forbid you to. There is no gunfire allowed at Torreon. Any man who works here should know that."

Giff's voice was dry. "I don't work here, and unless I get three horses saddled right now, you'll likely hear more shooting."

The woman frowned, "Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter," Giff said flatly. "A couple of Torreon hands set three of us afoot this afternoon. I've come for our horses. Since they're not here, I'll take three of yours."

"You're working for the land office." It was a statement, rather than a question and Giff nodded. "I'm Mrs. Sebree. Please come to the house with me."

Giff said quietly, "As soon as I have our horses."

Mrs. Sebree said to the crew, "Where are they?"

There was a moment of silence and then a man cleared his throat and said, "Tied to the west gate."

"Get them. Meanwhile give this man as many of our horses as you drove away."

WITHOUT further words Mrs. Sebree turned and stepped out into the evening. Welling warily circled the table, his gun held at his side, and Giff started after him. He saw his hat on the floor and said flatly to the closest man, "Pick it up." The man obeyed and handed it to him, and afterward he holstered the gun, circled the table and went out.

Mrs. Sebree was waiting outside for them. She asked, "Which of you is the special agent?"

Welling cleared his throat and said, "I am, Mrs. Sebree." Already his voice held its old note of affability.

Mrs. Sebree said, "Then you'll want to stay here and make sure your horses are satisfactory. There won't be any more trouble, I assure you." She turned to Giff. "Please come with me."

It was not quite rudeness, but her point was plain enough. It was Giff she wanted to see; Welling was excused. She turned then and walked toward the carriage house. Surprisingly, she moved at a normal pace in spite of her limp, and Giff walked beside her in silence. Passing the carriage house, they reached a gravel driveway. Here Mrs. Sebree rested a moment and Giff unsuccessfully tried to read her thoughts in the lowering darkness. Mrs. Sebree asked abruptly, "Did I hurt that man's feelings?"

"Everyone hurts his feelings."

Mrs. Sebree laughed quietly and started off up the drive toward the big house. At the wide steps of the main house Giff held out his arm to her. She said, "Thank you, but I do this by myself."

Once on the long veranda she turned toward a cluster of chairs, halted before one, slipped the crutch from under her arm and sat down. She indicated the chair next to her and Giff, removing his hat, also sat down.

She said, "I would offer you supper but I don't think you are in the mood to accept it from Torreon."

"No, ma'am."

Mrs. Sebree leaned forward. "Tell me, what is it you plan for us?"

"No, ma'am."

Mrs. Sebree was silent a long moment. "You're Giff Dixon, the man who clouted Gus Traff with the bottle, aren't you?"

GIFF said he was. He felt a stiff wariness in talking with this woman. His skinned knuckles were smarting now, and the bones in his hands ached. He felt both irritable and impatient, and only an uneasy politeness kept him seated. The woman might have been holding him for Sebree to punish or she might only have an invalid's unspoken need for dominating a well person. Giff didn't know which, but instinct told him that he should be out of here, and soon.

Mrs. Sebree said abruptly, "I have been trying for the last ten days to think how I could help the government trap Grady. I don't think there is any way."

The strangeness of her words held Giff mute. He wondered if he had understood her. She had spoken as casually as if she were discussing the weather. Then he picked the flaw in her statement. "Ten days?" he asked. "The special agent hasn't been here that long."

"Perhaps I should have said, ever since I heard an agent was coming." She hesitated. "Grady's guilty, you know; so is Deyo and so is Kearie. So, too, are all the men behind Torreon, from Senator Warrenrode down through Modesto Salizar to that sniveling old Judge Arnold. It touches some of the biggest names in the Territory."

"Strange you should say so," Giff murmured.

"Why strange? I'm an honest person and no honest person likes Grady."

"Does he discuss business with you?"

"None of it. All I know is what I pick up. Such as, for instance, the reward notice for last year's April 17th issue of the Free Press. I can guess why that is valuable to you."

Giff said nothing.

"You'll never find it, of course. Perry Albers had it, didn't he?"

Still Giff said nothing.

Mrs. Sebree said bitterly, "I suppose it's difficult for you to trust me."

Giff moved uneasily in his chair but did not speak. There was nothing for him to say.

Mrs. Sebree went on, "Maybe there's something I could tell you. I don't know if it's worth anything. There's a stage stop on the way to Taos called Taltal. It's up in the mountains. Grady keeps a girl up there and her name is Mrs. Bentham. Maybe she could help you."

Giff considered this. "But would she?"

"Of course. Any woman who ever had anything to do with Grady turns on him willingly. I think it's time she did."

Giff stood up. "I'll remember that. Thank you. Good night, Mrs. Sebree."

He turned and had taken a step when Mrs. Sebree said, "There's something else you might be interested in. Grady is afraid of Mary Kincheon. Now, good night, Mr. Dixon."

(To be continued next week)

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I Have a SURPLUS HUSBAND

By LOIS WILLIAMS
as told to GURNEY WILLIAMS

VIRGIL PARTCH

My overnight bag is filled with dismantled machinery

IF UNCLE SAM is thinking of buying back some of the last war's *matériel*, the place for two government agents to start is at our house. One agent for the attic, the other for the basement. We have an excess of surplus.

For more than three years now the chief Sunday-afternoon occupation of the man I married has been checking the items advertised in the Surplus Sales by Mail section of the paper. Worse than that, he has been buying them. There's something about a fiendishly complicated "Electrosomatic Wing Flap Compensator" or "Synchronized Bombsight Co-ordinator (Cost the government $789—yours for only $19.95 in original cartons)" he can't resist. Never mind what possible use he could make of them; "look at the materials, the precision work, the saving."

What saving? There are I haven't the faintest notion how many such gizmos in the attic acquired at a cost of a new refrigerator (which we've needed since V-J day), and so far only one of the gadgets—a remote-control machine gun firing dingus—has been dismantled in an effort to find a part that might be good for something around a home. Occasionally I look at all the parts, scrambled in my overnight bag, and wonder if Mother wasn't right after all.

But the guy who promised to cherish me doesn't stop there. Somewhere in the attic is a jumble of tents (two-man mountain, pyramid and jungle), as well as a U.S. Army Klaxon ("gives loud warning growl"), a U.S. Navy brass bell, a dozen jeep cans, and enough high-speed government surplus rotary files to equip an airplane plant or tank factory for the duration.

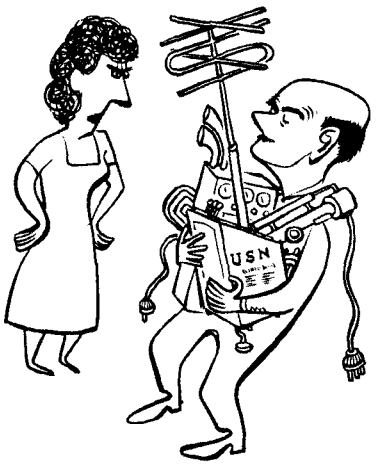
In the cellar are wood foot lockers, a 24-person balsa wood float, approximately half a ton of ammunition boxes and two Navy hospital beds. The latter have been there ever since I vetoed the idea of putting them, equipped with reconditioned U.S. Army blankets, in the guest room.

On hand, too, is a one-cylinder gasoline engine ("How can you go wrong for $19?") which he said was to have been the basis for an auxiliary electrical power plant. I pointed out that our power has never been off for more than an hour even in the worst storm and that anyway the gross of GI flashlights we have stashed away somewhere would afford us ample illumination in an emergency. But he was too busy studying an advertisement for dark brown paint in 50-gallon drums ("minimum order 5 drums") to hear me.

He knows quite well I did my best to tell him we didn't need three dozen quart-size fire extinguishers (we have just four hands between us). However, they were "ridiculously cheap" so the east wall of the kitchen looks like the display room of the Fastout Firegun Corporation.

And the small electric motors. "I'll build you an automatic swing-out breakfast tray and a push-button make-up shelf," he told me. "Also, mixers, fans—all kinds of handy appliances." Fine. But it turns out the motors were of the wrong voltage for our house current—and I refused to permit the installation of storage batteries under my bed or dressing table.

If we live to be 178 years old my provider and I will never run out of compasses, alcohol stoves, collapsible buckets, U.S. Coast Guard cork life vests, Marine Corps utility knives, Air Corps sunglasses and parachutes. And I almost forgot the $17 worth of waxed fishing line, neatly wound on spindles. My erstwhile groom, who doesn't give a hoot for fishing, said he'd use the stuff for kite flying, but he paid no attention to my remark that $17 worth of surplus fishing line would be enough to send a



If we live to be 178 we'll never run out of supplies

kite a long city block beyond the supersonic barrier. . . .

If you'll excuse me now I'll try to find $69.95 for a C.O.D. crate just unloaded at the door from the Quicken Ezy Surplus Sales Company, Chicago 33, Illinois. The "loud warning growl" of that U.S. Army Klaxon can't be a patch on the one I'm going to greet the lug with when he comes home tonight. THE END

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Bewitched

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

emboldened and she said, "There's no need for you to chase these balls, George. I'll stay here and when they go by you I'll pick 'em up, and then when you need 'em I'll have 'em for you."

George stared curiously at Julie, noticed the promise of voluptuousness in her soft body, the half-veiled invitation in her eyes. Then, as usual, Julie began to shrink within herself, the promise of voluptuousness was dispelled, the invitation was withdrawn and Julie stood before him an awkward, embarrassed child.

"Well," said George uncomfortably, "I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble, Julie."

"And neither would I," said Diane as she came walking up to them, smiling with spurious friendliness at her cousin. "Naturally we wouldn't want you shagging balls for us, but if you want to get into the game, why don't you play George a couple of sets?" She extended her racket toward Julie. "Go ahead, darling," she said, "and, for Heaven's sakes, get rid of that absurd self-consciousness of yours, will you? Even if you do fall down a couple of times, George won't laugh at you." She smiled up at George. "Will you, George?"

"I sure wouldn't," said George and he gave Diane a look that, for a moment, was sharply disapproving.

Julie didn't notice that momentary look of disapproval. Knowing what Diane's diabolical power of suggestion would do to her in case she foolishly attempted to play tennis with George, she shrank from the proffered racket, then turned and walked awkwardly away, as usual leaving the field to her cousin.

SHE was wandering disconsolately in the garden when she noticed a gopher caught in a trap. The small creature gazed up at her with such poignantly pleading eyes that her heart went out to it.

"Oh, you poor little thing," said Julie.

She released the creature from the trap and, instead of darting back into its hole, it grew larger and larger and finally assumed the form and character of an elderly, white-haired woman who gazed at Julie out of grateful eyes.

"Heavens!" gasped Julie. "I thought you were a gopher."

"I was," said the elderly woman. "It's a good enough life if it weren't for the gardeners and the traps." Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Still and all," she said, "it's no worse than it was in the days of the Puritans. I got sick and tired of being burned whenever the populace was bored and didn't have anything else to do. I tell you those were rugged days for a witch."

"Do you know," said Julie, vastly impressed, "that you're the very first witch I've ever met in my whole life."

"I dare say," said the witch diffidently. "I'm a good witch, though. Name's Brock. H. K. Brock."

"I'm most awfully glad to know you, Mrs. Brock," said Julie.

"It's really *Miss*," said the witch, "but let it go. Hiram Brock was a wood carver friend of mine near Plymouth Rock. It was perfectly platonic, but, inasmuch as I underwent my fifth and last incineration on account of the affair I kept his name. You may call me Mrs. Brock, if you wish."

"Thank you kindly," said Julie.

"You're a very well-spoken and well-behaved lass for this day and age," said Mrs. Brock approvingly. Then she peered closely at Julie. "You seem sorely upset," she said. "What's the trouble, dear?"

Julie told Mrs. Brock all her troubles, especially those concerning Diane and George.

"I know how it is," said Mrs. Brock sympathetically. "Hiram had eyes only for a blond choir singer and he couldn't see me for a bunch of scuppernong grapes until I changed myself into a cat and ran the simpering little hussy out of town."

"Oh, my," said Julie, remembering her mother's remarks about the tawny cat, "I wish I could do that."

"Be careful," warned Mrs. Brock. "Do you really?"

"Well," said Julie, after some thought, "I wouldn't want to be a really and truly cat; not one with a long tail and whiskers—just *sort* of a cat, with a cat's courage so's I wouldn't be afraid of Diane any more and I could fight her with her own weapons."

"My, my," said Mrs. Brock dubiously. "That's quite an order. I've never changed anyone into a *sort* of an animal before. I may be playing fast and loose with the laws of necromancy, but I'll try." She looked Julie in the eyes and muttered something under her breath. "I don't know just how it'll work out," she commented. "I'm not sure just what kind of a creature you'll be

CLANCY

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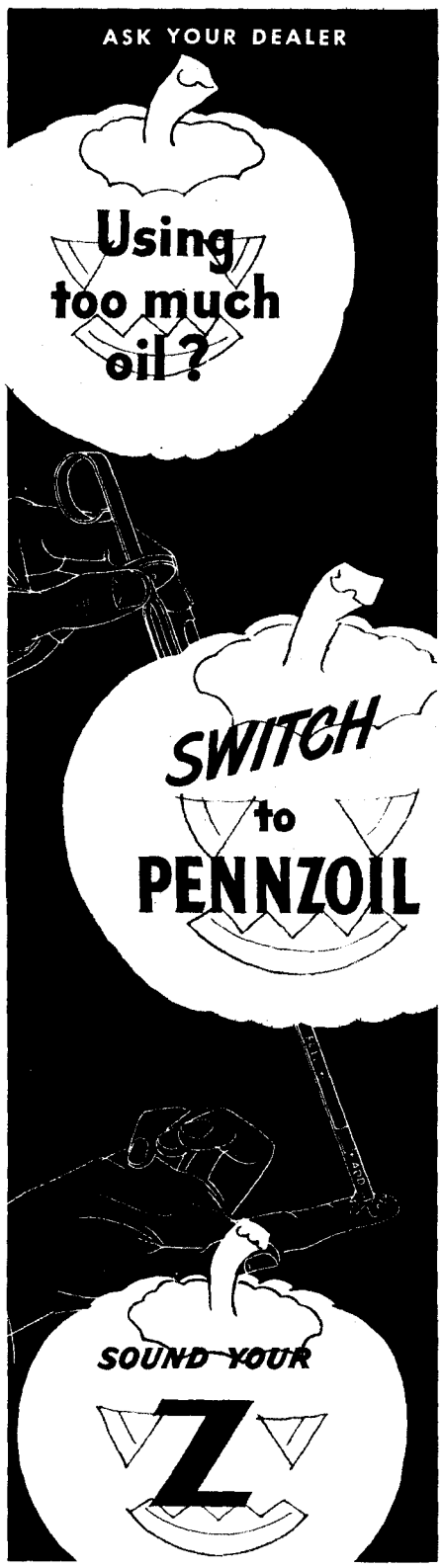

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or for how long. You may fluctuate occasionally. I mean you may be one thing one minute and something else the next and there's no telling just when the changes will take place."

"I'll risk it," said Julie courageously. "When are you going to do whatever you're going to do?"

"It's already done," said Mrs. Brock.

"But," said Julie, "I don't feel a single bit different."

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Brock. "You will."

And she disappeared.

Julie wandered back toward the house and it occurred to her that she must have been daydreaming. It was utterly, preposterously, impossible that she should have just recently been talking to a gopher by the name of H. K. Brock. She walked back to the tennis court and watched a while as George fought to hold his own with Diane.

"What's the matter, George?" said Julie suddenly and much to her own amazement. "Is old knobby-knees giving you trouble? Here, hand me the bat and I'll show you how it's done."

While George stared at her, open-mouthed, she walked up to him, took the racket and two tennis balls from his hand and smacked a screaming service ace past the thunderstruck Diane. To prove that the first serve was no fluke Julie served another ace and then proceeded to give Diane a merciless beating. Finally Diane mendaciously claimed a sprained ankle and tottered off the court, feeling a sudden, chilling fear of her once docile cousin.

Then, all at once, Julie found herself alone with George and he was standing tall and bronzed before her staring down at her with a friendly grin and a light of admiration in his eyes.

"Julie," he said in a voice that thrilled Julie to the core of her being, "I just can't believe it."

And Julie found that she couldn't believe it either. She couldn't believe that she had defeated her cousin at tennis nor that she had had the effrontery to speak familiarly, almost impudently, to George Parker. Suddenly inarticulate, she dropped the tennis racket, placed her hand over her mouth and hurried for the house. Two nondescript cats appeared from the shrubbery and solemnly followed Julie. They would have gone into the house with her had she not shut the door in their faces.

THAT night Julie appeared just in time for dinner. She was in a subdued mood until the fish course was served.

"Goody!" she exclaimed. "Fish! Just what a growing girl needs to put meat on her bones."

She picked a broiled trout up in her hands and began to nibble at it delicately as her mother and George and Diane stared.

"For Pete's sake," snapped Diane, "where are your manners?"

"When fish is on the menu," said Julie complacently, "manners are superfluous. Of course," she went on, eying the trout critically, "this here fish has had the bejeebers cooked out of it. I prefer my fish raw."

"You mean rare," said George, who had been staring hard at Julie.

"I mean raw, Georgie," said Julie. "You'd be surprised at what vitamins you lose when you cook a fish. If you want to get the full food value and flavor out of a trout, eat him while he's still alive and screaming."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Hatton. "We learn something new every day, don't we?"

"Don't pay any attention to her," said Diane, who did not like the way George had been looking at Julie. "She's just showing off and, I might add, in a very disgusting manner."

"And as for you, Diane," said Julie, "if you'd eat more fish, either raw or cooked, you wouldn't have such knobby knees. Which," she went on maliciously, "is one defect of yours that the vulcanizing industry can't cover up."

Taken off balance by this new frontal attack and again feeling a strange fear of her cousin, Diane lost control of her temper.

"I refuse to eat another bite at this table," she said furiously. She rose and looked at George. "Come on, George," she commanded, "it's time we dressed for the Bascombe party."

"I didn't know the Bascombes were having a party," said George, staring with rapt fascination at Julie.

"Well, you do now," said Diane.

George hesitated for a moment and then, from force of habit, he rose and followed Diane out of the room, darting quick backward looks at Julie as he made his exit. Mrs. Hatton was beaming at her daughter.

"Nice going," she said, "but whatever on earth has got into you, child?"

Julie drank a glass of milk, licked her lips with a delicate pink tongue, then stretched and yawned languorously.

"Nothing, Mother," she said. "I'm just sleepy."

GEORGE drove Diane home that night and, as he was helping her out of the car, he glanced up and stared unbelievingly at what he saw. There, precariously perched on the peak of the roof and limned by the moon, was a girl. The girl saw George at the same time and she waved at him.

"Come on up," came Julie's voice. "The moon's fine."

"How on earth did you get up there?" shouted George.

"I climbed the trellis, of course," replied Julie. "Hurry, George, the moon won't last forever."

George glanced at the trellis and shuddered at its fragile, unreliable appearance. Then he looked around and spotted a tall ladder leaning against a tree.

"Don't you dare," hissed Diane, guessing his intentions. "Can't you see that she's only wearing a nightgown?"

"I don't care what she's wearing," said George with determination. "She's in danger. She might fall off there at any moment and break her neck."

"Any girl that'd wear such a *transparent* nightgown deserves to break her neck," said Diane. "George, I forbid you."

George ignored her. He carried the ladder to the house, leaned it against the roof and started to climb. Diane stalked into the house, filled with rage and futility.

Julie watched with composure, occasionally offering a bit of advice, as George climbed the ladder and cautiously made his way up the steep slant of the roof to her side.

"The trellis would have been much quicker," she told him.

"Never mind that," said George severely. "What are you doing up here on the roof?"

"Why, I'm just looking at the moon," said Julie innocently. "What's wrong with that? For Heaven's sakes, what's biting you, Georgie? Can't a girl sit on a roof and watch the moon without being criticized?"

"A girl," said George, "can watch the moon from the ground. And, incidentally, she doesn't have to wear a nightgown for the purpose, either."

"Oh, the nightgown," said Julie indifferently. "Does it bother you, George? Shall I take it off?"

"Heaven forbid!" said George, panic-stricken. "Things are bad enough as they are. Come on, Julie, let me help you down."

"When I decide to get down, I won't need any help," said Julie. "But what's your hurry, Georgie? It's just the shank of the evening. Sit and talk to me."

"About what?" asked George.

"About you, for instance," said Julie. "Or, to be more specific, about your back. You've got a very presentable back, Georgie. Did you know that I've often longed to scrub your back, Georgie?"

"No, I didn't," said George nervously.

"Have you," said Julie, sidling closer to him, "ever wanted to scrub my back?"

"The notion of scrubbing your back," said George, "has never occurred to me."

"Now that it has," asked Julie, "doesn't it appeal to you? Don't be bashful, Georgie. Come right out like a man and admit you'd like to scrub my back."

"I would not," said George vehemently. "I mean I refuse to get involved in the discussion. This is neither the time nor place to discuss your back."

"All right, then," said Julie agreeably and she edged even closer to George. "We won't discuss it. Scratch my back, will you, Georgie. I'd like awfully for you to."

WITHOUT thinking, George started gently stroking Julie's back; her flesh was soft and warm beneath the flimsy nightgown. She placed her head on his shoulder.

"That feels good," she said dreamily. "I could almost purr."

"Really?" said George. Then he pulled away from her and stared at her, aghast. "You *are* purring," he said unbelievingly.

"That's right," said Julie sleepily. "I am, aren't I?"

Again she leaned against his shoulder and sighed with contentment. George stared down at her; perhaps it was a trick of the moonlight, but her ears seemed, ever so slightly, pointed and tufted delicately with blond hair, and her eyes seemed just a bit slanted. The purring, however, was no trick of the moonlight. It was a low, throbbing, melodious sound that made George's spine tingle and caused his blood to race intoxicatingly through his veins.

George sensed his danger; but it was a delicious danger, and he was too immersed in beauty, too drunk with desire to be afraid. He didn't understand what her being on the

"I do hope it isn't an omen. The electric bulb inside our world globe just burned out"

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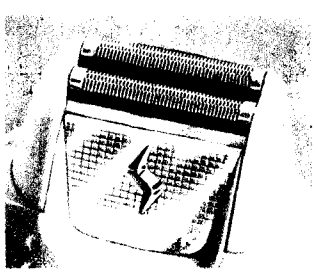

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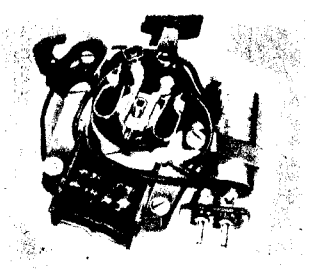

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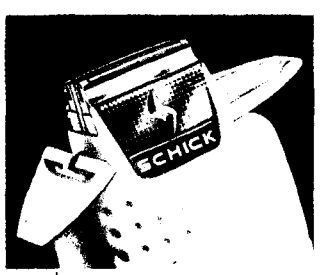

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rooftop had to do with it and he didn't try to explain the purring, but he knew that suddenly Julie had ceased to be a child and was now a whole woman and he had to have her for the rest of his life.

"I love you," he murmured.

"Oh, do you, darling?" gasped Julie, and the purring sound grew soft.

Then George was conscious of a sharp pain in his right ear and he realized that Julie had bitten him. She was facing him, her teeth white in the moonlight and her eyes glowing with greenish fire.

"That," she said ominously, "is what you get for horsing around with Diane."

"It was you I always loved," said George defensively as he massaged his wounded ear, "but I didn't realize it. I—"

But Julie wasn't listening to him. She was staring at something in the distance.

"Holy smoke!" she exclaimed. "Look at that, will you?"

"Look at what?" asked George, slowly coming out of his delicious daze.

"At that cat with the whopping big fishbone," said Julie excitedly.

A LARGE piebald tomcat was coming toward them across the rooftop. Upon seeing the two human intruders, he paused, dropped the fishbone he carried in his mouth, crouched over the treasure and snarled defiantly.

"What's so exciting about a cat with a fishbone?" George asked Julie.

"What's so exciting about it?" demanded Julie. "Why, I want it, of course, and if you were half a man, Georgie, you'd get it for me."

This shocked George back to a normal state of mind.

"I refuse," he said indignantly, "to become involved with a cat in a brawl over a fishbone."

"Then I will," said Julie with determination. "And don't be squeamish over that cat's property rights. Up here, it's the law of the jungle."

Before George could restrain her, Julie rose to her feet and started stealthily toward the tomcat. The cat snarled ferociously in warning and, when that did not dissuade Julie, he picked up the fishbone and scurried back into the shadows. Running with incredible swiftness and assurance, Julie followed her quarry out of sight. There was a brief, snarling argument and presently Julie appeared, strutting triumphantly over the rooftop, holding the fishbone.

"He put up a game fight," she said proudly, "but he was no match for me."

"And now that you stole the fishbone from the cat," said George, "what are you going to do with it?"

Julie sat down and stared dubiously at the fishbone. Suddenly she made a face and threw it away from her. Then she shivered and gazed dubiously at George.

"Is that you, George?" she asked. She stared about her and then looked back to George. "What are we doing up on the roof, George?" she asked petulantly. "I don't know how you did it, but I don't think it's very nice of you to bring me up here, George. Don't you realize that you could kill a girl that way? I'm afraid that I'll never be able to trust you again as long as I live, George."

"But you climbed up here yourself," said George incredulously, "by way of the trellis. Don't you remember?"

"Of course not," said Julie. "How could I ever have climbed the trellis? I'm a coward."

As he stared at Julie, George was convinced that the pointed ears and the slanted eyes had, after all, only been a trick of the moonlight. Julie was the same as always, except that she was more frightened than usual.

"I think you've been sick," said George gently. "Come on, I'll help you down."

Slowly and carefully, George led Julie down the ladder into the house and to her room. He closed the door after her and then went down to the sitting room to brood over the night's adventure. Mrs. Hatton came into the room attired in a kimono. "What are you doing up so late, George?" she asked. "And what was all that howling and yelling and spitting on the roof?"

"That," said George, turning a haggard face to her, "was Julie."

"What on earth was Julie doing on the roof?" asked Mrs. Hatton.

"She was fighting a cat over a fishbone," said George.

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Hatton. "Did she get it?"

"She did," said George.

"Well, what do you know?" said Mrs. Hatton. Then she thought for a while. "What did Julie want with a fishbone?"

"I don't know," said George. "There's something mighty peculiar about Julie, Mrs. Hatton. I don't know how to explain it, but, for a while up there, your daughter seemed to have certain characteristics of a cat."

"Really?" asked Mrs. Hatton interestedly. "What kind of a cat?"

"What difference does it make?" demanded George irritably.

"Well, she's *my* daughter, isn't she?" demanded Mrs. Hatton defensively.

Suddenly there was a terrified scream from the vicinity of Diane's room and then a great hissing and meowing and caterwauling and a swelling sound as if all the cats in creation were joining in one mighty cacophony. George and Mrs. Hatton rushed through the living room and to the stairway. Diane's door burst open and, attired in a fur coat thrown over her pajamas, the dark-haired girl came running down the stairs, followed by a countless horde of cats, seemingly demented and filled with a lust for blood.

"Diane, darling," said Mrs. Hatton calmly as Diane came flying toward her, "what on earth were you doing with all those cats in your room?"

Diane leaped upon a chair and the cats all gathered around her, spitting and growling and making unintelligible, but nonetheless gruesome threats.

"Cats!" she gasped. "I woke up and there were hundreds of them, thousands of them in my room. The window was open and thousands more were coming in. They were all over the bed, on the dresser, on the mantel—everywhere—staring at me. And then I screamed and they screamed and then one of them—a great big one, the largest cat I've ever seen—bit me." She paused and touched a reddened spot on her throat. "There's something hellishly peculiar going on around here, Aunt Alice," she said.

"How so?" asked Mrs. Hatton.

"Because," said Diane, "that big cat that bit me looked strangely like Julie."

"What's all the ruckus?" came Julie's voice.

THEY all looked up to see Julie standing in her nightgown at the head of the stairs. "Did you," asked Mrs. Hatton mildly, "bite your cousin Diane on the neck?"

"Why, how absurd," said Julie, starting down the stairs. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Don't let her come close to me," cried Diane, almost hysterically. "She intends to kill me." She turned beseechingly to George. "George," she said, "I can't spend another minute in this house. I'm going home. Will you drive me there, darling?"

George tossed her some keys.

"I think," he said, "that I'd better stick around."

"I think," said Diane venomously, "that you're in cahoots with Julie and I'll get you both for it. I'll—"

The cats set up a more bloodthirsty yowling and a few of them stood on tiptoe and clawed at Diane's legs. She shrieked, leaped from the chair, sped across the living room and out the door. The animals followed her and soon there was the sound of a car speeding down the driveway trailed by a chorus of frustrated catcalls.

"Julie," said Mrs. Hatton reprovingly as her daughter reached the landing, "did you sick those cats onto your cousin Diane?"

"I might have," said Julie.

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"How did you manage to coax so many of them into the room?" asked Mrs. Hatton. "I never saw so many cats in all my born days."

"I don't remember exactly," said Julie, "but it might have had something to do with H. K. Brock."

"Who," asked George, "is H. K. Brock?"

"A witch," said Julie simply.

"A witch?" said Mrs. Hatton. "I *knew* there was some reasonable explanation for all this."

THEN Julie told them the story of her experience with H. K. Brock. After she finished her story there was a long silence. Finally George shifted his feet, cleared his throat and spoke.

"I hate to admit it," he said, "but it all seems to make sense. You must have been bewitched, Julie, or else you wouldn't have bitten me on the ear up there on the roof."

"Did I?" asked Julie, blushing demurely. "Did I bite your ear, George?"

"You sure did," said George and then it seemed that the spell of the rooftop hadn't entirely left him. "And," he went on recklessly, "that sort of stuff's got to stop if we're to be married."

"Did you say married?" gasped Julie. "Is that what you said, George?"

"Providing," said George sternly, "that you go dig up that witch and call this whole absurd deal off."

"Must I?" wailed Julie. "From what I remember, it all seemed so strange and wonderful and exhilarating and I felt so brave and free and—"

"I refuse to marry a girl who chases stray tomcats over the rooftops," said George firmly.

"Well," said Julie docilely, "in that case, I guess I'll just have to go have a talk with H. K. Brock."

The next morning George and Mrs. Hatton watched as Julie walked across the lawn in quest of H. K. Brock. She seemed an inch taller as she strode lithely away from them, her steps so light that they hardly appeared to bend a blade of grass; her voluptuous body was such a symphony of curves, controlled and in motion, that George felt a catch in his throat.

"Are you sure," inquired Mrs. Hatton, "that you aren't making a mistake?"

George wavered for a moment, felt the impulse to call Julie back to his arms; and then he remembered the episode of the fishbone.

"No," he said emphatically.

Julie went on to the spot where she had last seen H. K. Brock, and the good witch appeared and listened attentively to what Julie had to say.

"Men," said H. K. Brock crossly after Julie had concluded her story, "never know what they want or when they're well off!" Then she shrugged. "All right," she went on, "if he thinks his ideas are better than mine, I'll just let him have his way."

Then she mumbled a few words and disappeared. As Julie turned away she caught her foot in a gopher hole and fell flat on her face. . . .

Three weeks later, George stood with Julie at the altar and, in response to a question which rolled from the preacher's lips like so many loaded dice, he answered, "I do." Then because it was expected of him he took an unresponsive, frightened child-woman in his arms and, after a perfunctory kiss, his eyes wandered over the wedding guests, many of whom were filing down the aisle after what they considered a rather uninspired performance.

Finally George spotted Diane standing to one side of the church. She was tall and vibrantly beautiful and her look was both an invitation and a promise and George disconsolately decided that he had bartered an available actuality for the memory of an illusion. As the thought formed in his mind, an elderly, white-haired woman materialized at the altar, took Julie's hand as if to congratulate her and mumbled a few words.

George was not conscious of the departure of the strange woman. Too many other things were happening. First he felt a stabbing pain in his left ear and then he watched, stupefied, as Julie cleared the altar rail in one graceful bound, slapped Diane's face and then left the church, running swiftly and lightly over the tops of the pews.

After searching the town unavailingly for his missing bride, George made his way to the honeymoon cottage late that night. As he entered the yard he looked up and saw Julie, attired in a diaphanous nightgown, sitting on the peak of the roof.

"Hi, Georgie," she called gaily. "Come on up and take a gander at the moon. I wouldn't be surprised but what it'll give you all sorts of ideas . . ."

GEORGE, attired in a dressing gown, sat on the bed and watched as the first rays of a dawning sun fell on the adorable features of his sleeping bride. There was a contented smile on her lips and from there issued an ever so soft purring sound.

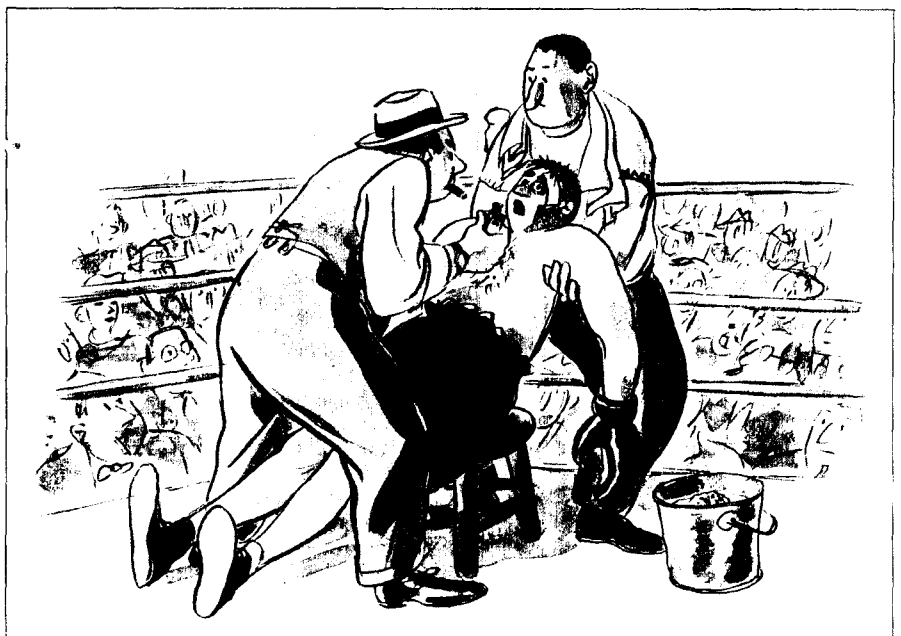
"At least," George told himself, "her ears definitely are not pointed." Then he yawned and lay down beside Julie.

"I suppose," he mused, "that there is a little cat in the best of women and they'll all snatch fishbones from life in one way or another, but they'll make up for biting and scratching when they're displeased by purring when they're happy and a man'd be a fool to want it otherwise—"

Then he remembered the strange, elderly woman who had appeared in the church and he addressed his last waking thought to her.

"But, please, H. K. Brock," he murmured, "don't overdo it."

THE END



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Dr. Billington's Fabulous Temple

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

over the Bible, books on the Bible, and a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, he was ordained in 1934 at a Southern Baptist seminary at Murray, Kentucky. Thereafter he became a roving evangelist, eventually wound up back in Akron, and began broadcasting as "the Southern Evangelist."

For his first sermon to a congregation, only 12 persons were on hand. Counting the preacher, that made an ill-omened 13. A few words with the janitor of the rented schoolhouse in which the service was held raised the assemblage to a happier 14.

Billington launched this tiny group on Easter Sunday, 1935. On Easter Sunday, 1950, he was able to preach to 22,000 people at four services amid church holdings valued at $2,000,000—debt only $200,000—including a 30-acre recreation area and not one, but two temples. For in the intervening decade and a half his congregation had outgrown a temple seating a paltry 2,000, in which things got so jammed that a shift system was needed, with newcomers dropping into still-warm pews vacated by previous worshipers. That temple is now used for young people's services.

The grand opening of the new temple shortly before Easter of 1949 brought out a special detail of police presiding over a welter of cars, baby buggies, wheel chairs and people. Overhead one airplane dropped a wreath, and two others swooped low to take pictures. The strains of The Star-Spangled Banner could be heard, the colors were raised, and television cameras peered. In 10 hectic hours of "open church," 38,000 people passed through the temple's doors.

The whole building, in fact, is done in the grand manner, the result of Billington's admonition to the architect: "Design a temple halfway between a church and a theater and throw in a little of the factory for size." Exactly that happened.

In place of the traditional steeple are two huge square towers, and on them a 32-inch-high neon inscription, alternating the words BAPTIST (pause) TEMPLE, flashes for miles in three directions. "If anyone hollers 'Fire' in this temple, you can tell him to go down where it is hot, because he is telling a lie," Billington told his congregation one Sunday. "This building is fireproof." He was not only stating a fact, but revealing the successful homespun touch which helped build the building in the first place.

Panorama of River Jordan

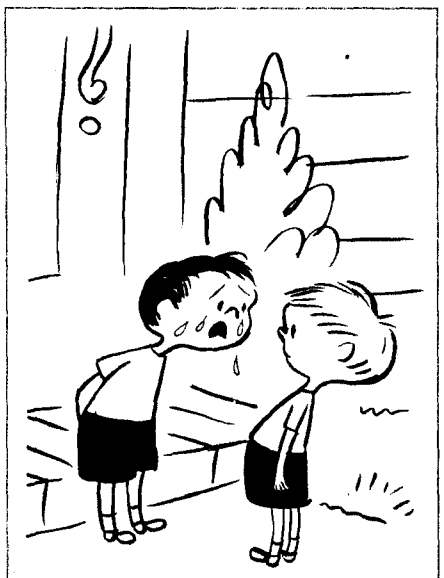
Covering the greater part of the west end of the auditorium a gigantic mural of the River Jordan flows from the Sea of Galilee and in mid-course turns into real water. This feeds an overflowing baptismal pool decorated with real water lilies and large enough to contain the preacher and 16 candidates at a time.

It is not uncommon for as many as 50 persons to be immersed during a single service, with two preachers, one right-handed and the other left-handed, baptizing married couples simultaneously. The baptismal words are brought to the congregation and occasionally the radio audience by two microphones suspended a few inches above the brink. Concealed floodlights play on the scene, crimson as the candidate enters the water, blue as he is submerged, and white to signify his new state as he emerges. These color changes are arranged from a switchboard in the men's dressing room. Candidates wear baptismal robes inscribed "Akron Baptist Temple" on the back.

Billington's cradle-to-grave philosophy of religion commands strong loyalty from its followers. About 70 per cent of them are of Southern stock, with a healthy leavening of white-collar workers, businessmen and farmers. From their outspoken preacher they get the same creed they learned at their mother's knee in Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky. It is a hell-fire and brimstone religion which takes a dim view of secular movies, dancing, smoking and drinking. Above all, it avoids ceremonial formality.

Billington's preaching likewise is devoid of formality. An opening-day high spot was a speech by Mayor Charles E. Slusser of Akron. At the end of His Honor's remarks, Billington strode to the mike. "The only difference between the mayor and me," he boomed through all 91 loud-speakers and over the radio, "is that he is a Methodist and he's been dry-cleaned. I'm a Baptist and I've been wet-washed."

Sometimes he will set the oversized-platform stage for a sermon by using tables and chairs, and taking several different parts in order to get across a point. "Some preachers act like they don't believe what they are saying themselves," he comments. The Reverend Charles F. Billington,



"I found out I'm at the age where I should know better"
COLLIER'S — LEO GAREL

the pastor's twenty-three-year-old son, an associate pastor of the temple, agrees.

Dr. Billington is undoubtedly the most controversial figure in Akron, a city of 275,000 people and some 260 congregations. For one thing, there is some discussion about his Doctor of Bibliology degree, conferred upon him by the Bible Baptist Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas. Some critics contend that a doctor's degree should not be obtained by a correspondence course. Billington retorts that the correspondence course had little to do with the degree because he had already studied the Bible so thoroughly.

He is no stranger to the newspapers—either the advertising department or the news desk. Once, in 1940, he was haled into municipal court on a charge of disorderly conduct by reason of clamor and noise. The noise emanated from the loud-speakers surrounding his temple. They remain today, toned down just a wee bit, because a jury decided that it was not disorderly conduct to broadcast sermons over a loud-speaker system. Then and there in the courtroom Billington led his people in a prayer of thanksgiving.

Still another court citation came when Dr. Billington was observed going 70 miles an hour. That gave the papers a chance to use the headline "Baptist Preacher Drives Winged Chariot," a news story which has its place in the Baptist Temple scrapbook.

Another celebrated incident developed when his special out-of-town bus service was cut off in wartime because of government rulings about such worldly matters as tires and gasoline. Dr. Billington immediately launched a vigorous campaign against beer trucks, and personally flagged down and stopped a few just for the moral effect. Then he preached against the federal order thus:

"As long as beer trucks roll the streets to haul beer and wine to doom and damn the daddies of the children, and I am not permitted to run my church busses to bring them to church, I'll cry it on all my radio programs and publish it throughout the country, even to stand on the White House steps and cry 'Unjust' to God!"

Urgent Plea Brings Results

His lawyer took this thunderous message to Washington. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was visited by a Kentucky senator, a friend of the preacher's named Alben W. Barkley. The general consensus in Washington was that one fine morning the President would awake to find Dr. Billington on his front porch, doing just exactly what he had threatened. Bus service was restored by official telegram.

Few preachers have been able in a five-minute prayer session to get a suspected murderer to sign a confession and disclose the hiding place of the murder weapon after hours of police questioning have failed. Billington accomplished this feat in the Akron City jail one day. Another time he appeared in the House of Representatives in Washington to invoke a blessing on the nation's wartime leaders. Later he gave Biblical reasons for not revealing the secret of the atom bomb to Russia, and his sermon was read into the Congressional Record. All this activity adds up to a great deal of interest, not to mention concern, in Akron. The preacher is a steady subject of rumor and conjecture as to what he will do next.

In answer to some critics, the amount of the temple collection is announced weekly, an annual statement of finances is published, and the books of the church—which differs from many another church in the important respect that it was nearly three-quarters paid for when it opened its doors—are open at any time. On dedication day the collection was $15,102. The preacher's salary is $7,500, his son receives $100 a week, and the entire administrative payroll runs to about $1,000 a week.

There are those who recoil from what they call the commercialism of the temple. Annoyed by the neon lights, the lettering on the baptismal robes, the loud-speakers and general aura of star-spangled evangelism, they call it a "supermarket for religion." When you relay this complaint to Dr. Billington, he quotes some impressive passage from Scripture, saying, "That is the Spectacular Gospel."

One Sunday he preached a sermon on the subject:

"It was spectacular when Moses stretched out his rod over the Red Sea and the waters rolled back. It was spectacular when Daniel was put in the lions' den and God locked their jaws. It was Spectacular Gospel that Paul preached at midnight and the prison gates were opened and they walked out free men. Even Jesus Christ did a spectacular thing when they placed His body in a Roman tomb and sealed it with the king's ring. But on Resurrection morning He came out of the tomb, shook the keys in the devil's face and said, 'I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.'

"Jesus said, 'Let the light shine,' so we have the neon on top. He said, 'Let us compel men everywhere,' but He did not mean to arrest them and bring them in. I believe that He meant to compel by building beautiful temples, having overflowing baptistries, living flowers in the baptistries, glass doors or anything that is legitimate and godly to get them to the house of God to hear the word of God.

"That's how spectacular our God wants men to be." THE END

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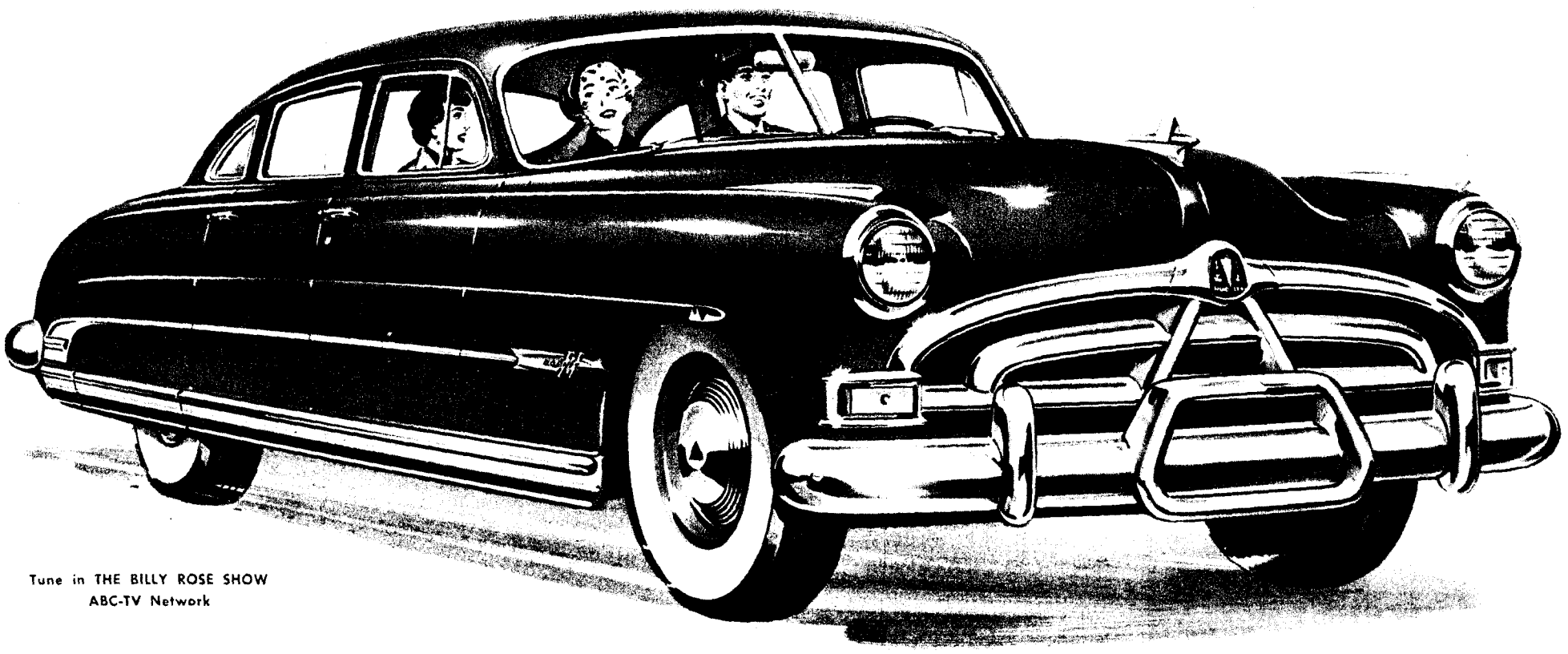

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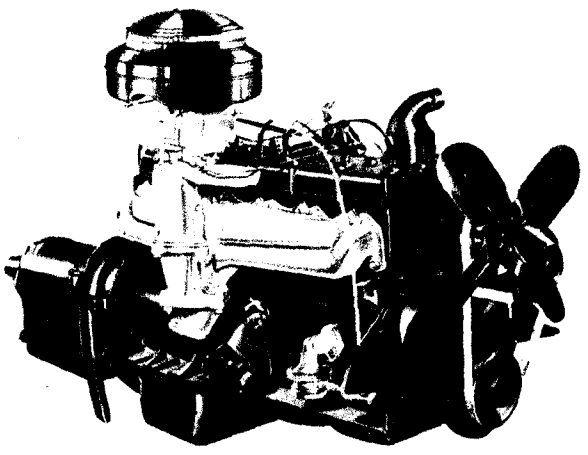

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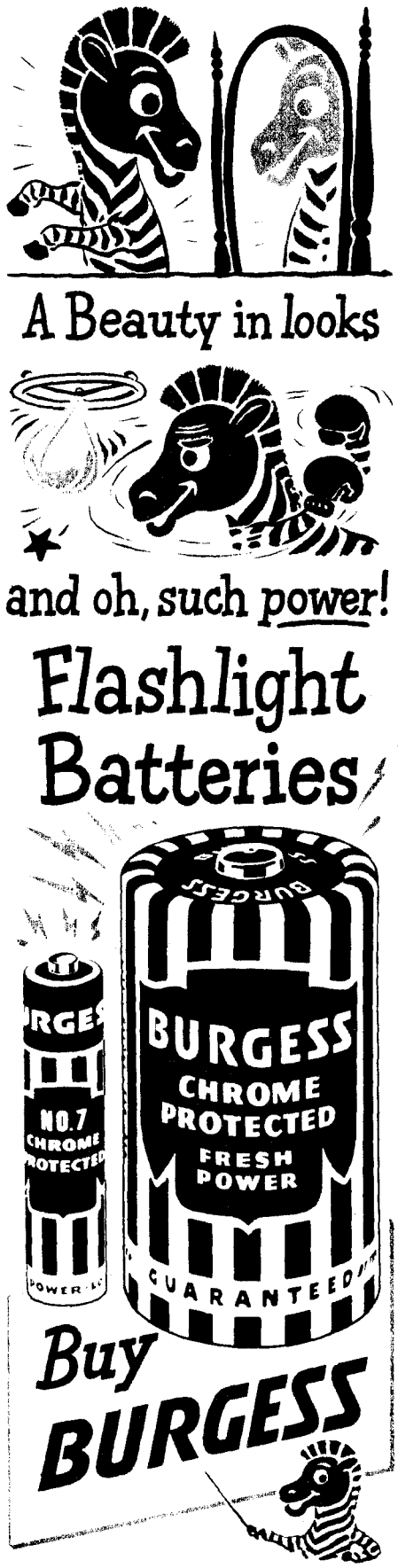

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The Old Sergeant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

that time his jaunty bachelorhood very nearly got him out of West Point.

"One time in '98 I was takin' two girls to an Irish dance—not waltzin', jiggin'," Marty discloses. "I went to a captain's house where the two girls worked. They warn't ready and put me in their room to wait. I fell asleep. The captain come in and found me sleepin'. The girls got scared and disowned me. He called the guard and told 'em to arrest me.

"I was kept in the guardhouse for 18 days, just waitin' for the charges to be writ up. That couldn't happen nowadays, but the old Army was treacherous. The old Army and the new Army are as different as chalk and cheese. Now they get decent pay and don't have to work on Sundays, except in emergencies like Pearl Harbor, and everyone gets promoted at the drop of a hat. Officers seem to start in as lieutenant colonels, and work down in some cases. As for enlisted men, I haven't seen a genuwine buck private since the end of the war.

"When I finally was brought up before the summary courts-martial after bein' so long in the guardhouse, Colonel Charles Hall, who was tryin' me, said, 'Private Maher, do you have any witnesses?'

"I said, 'Only yourself, sir.'

"He was surprised and amazed. He waited and then said, 'Private Maher, did you have written permission to be in that captain's house?'

"I said, 'No, sir, and I often call at your house and I do not be havin' permission to go in there, either, and I thought if I was needin' permission, sure you would be lettin' me know about it.' Old Colonel Hall was stopped cold. That was the end of that courts-martial.

"I had some revenge on that mean captain and his family. It was *his* son who asked me to have a drink with him on graduation day, in front of a crowd in Highland Falls, he sayin', 'You know, Maher, I am not in the habit of drinkin' with enlisted men.' After I took the drink I let loose on him. 'To tell the truth, sir, you are the lowest-rankin' officer I ever drank with.' "

Likes a Drop o' the Craythur

Marty is a man who enjoys "a few drinks of Irish whisky," and he is fond of repeating the old saying, "I was born below par to the extent of two whiskies." One day Colonel Clayton Wheat, then chaplain at the Academy, told a group of cadets that he had seen more Army-Navy games than any man in this country. One cadet asked what about Marty Maher. Chaplain Wheat replied, "Marty went to more, but I saw the most."

Marty once picked an All-Time West Point team for the alumni magazine. A former star who had been left off wrote him a chiding letter. Marty replied:

"Dear Friend,

Thank you very much for your letter. I was glad to hear from you. The reason you was on Walter Camp's team and not on my team is that was Walter Camp's team and this is my team.

Yours truly,
Marty Maher

P.S. How is your bad knee?"

One of the famous "generals" who figures in Marty's stories is the late Knute Rockne. "He was a five-star field general," says Marty. "To my mind one of the greatest chaps you ever could meet. A grand little ballplayer. I remember when he come up here in 1913 to play his last game. I made money that day. It was afore the Ath-a-letic Association started proper, and I rented things for folks to stand on to watch the game. At that Army-Notre Dame game I got $10, even, for an old empty barrel with a lid on it, and $25 for two stepladders with a plank between them—and today people kick about their seats!"

One reason Marty takes a special interest in Notre Dame is that he is a good Catholic. He goes to Mass every Sunday of his life. One Sunday he astonished the post by appearing at the Cadet Chapel. The superintendent, Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, asked, "Marty, what in the world are you doing here?"

Marty said, "Sir, I am spying on you Protestants."

For 35 years Marty taught the cadets swimming, although he could not swim a stroke himself.

Swimming Skill Put to Test

At one time Tom ("There ain't no holt what can't be broke") Jenkins, West Point's wrestling coach, wanted Marty's job for a friend of his, so he went to Lieutenant Philip Matthews, then Marty's boss, and told him that Marty could not swim. "I was sittin' by the pool," says Marty, "when in walks Matthews. 'Take off them clothes,' says he.

" 'What for?' says I, too surprised for sir.

" 'Never mind what for,' says he, 'take 'em off.'

"I knew what he wanted all right. I went in the ladies' dressing room and sat with me head in me hands for twenty minutes, all set to cry because I loved me job.

" 'Are you ready?' he calls. 'No, sir.'

" 'Well, get ready,' he barks, mean as could be.

"I come out shakin'. It took all me guts to go down the ladder. I went in the deep end at the southeast corner, didn't go down too far on the ladder—about breast-high. I was standin' there shiverin' when all of a sudden it dawned on me—if I do what I tell the cadets to do, I can swim. I pushed out and counted to meself, 'Wan-n-n, two-tree, wan-n-n, two-tree.' The next thing I knowed I was doin' the breast stroke.

"I swam across the deep end, me hair standin' right up on me head. Then come the crisis. How to make a column left? I kicked one leg shorter than the other and made it. Then I swam the length of the pool.

"Mathews said, 'Get out.'

"He turned to Jenkins and said, 'Hell, he can swim better than you can.' It was the happiest day of me life.

"The first time I ever saw Al Wedemeyer he was in that pool strugglin' to keep his feet up. He may be a three-star general now, but in 1917 he was a Nebraska farm boy with no meat on him, about six feet tall and weighed 147 pounds. To qualify, cadets had to swim for three minutes or three hundred and twenty feet. Wedemeyer couldn't float himself a-tall, if you know what I mean. But there was no trouble with his brain. He learned, and he always reminds me of this when he sees me. When I retired he cabled me from China, 'Thank you for teaching me how to swim, Marty.' Just 'cause a man's a million miles away don't mean he forgets about the Point.

"Omar Bradley was good at both football and baseball when he was a cadet. Could he hit! Back in 1914 his battin' average was .383. His throwing arm was one of the best I ever seen on an outfielder. He threw a man out one time after fielding a ball way over by the Officers' Club. It was some throw, all right, but by now some people have Bradley standin' across the river in Garrison when he threw that man out.

"Somebody might think that Dwight Eisenhower only got to be such a good football player after he was a famous general, but that ain't so. He was the best back in Eastern football when he broke his knee playing against Tufts. I worked on that knee for two years but never could get it in shape again. He was so good they made him an assistant football coach even while he was a cadet."

All these men were Marty's friends when they were cadets. That they afterward became famous generals is neither surprising nor impressive to Marty, who seems to be insulated against rank. Marty's primary interest for 50 years has been cadets, let the stars fall where they may.

In the Class of 1904 one of his favorites was "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. "There was an iron man," says Marty. "Captain of the cross-country team, he was. Used to get up before reveille and run through the hills to keep in shape. He liked runnin' and hikin' and it didn't surprise me none to hear of him walkin' out of Burma.

"Once when Joe Stilwell come back to West Point as a three-star general he sent for me and I got to shake his hand and thank him for what he done for our country. After he talked to the cadets they asked him questions. One cadet asked what the horses were good for out there in Burma and my friend said, 'They was very good to eat.' "

Marty retired from the Army as a technical sergeant in November, 1928, and on the same day reported in civilian clothes for duty as custodian of the cadet gymnasium. When he reached the age of seventy, four years ago, he retired from the civil service.

His wife is now dead, and he lives in New City, New York, with his niece Margaret. (Marty had no children of his own.)

Two Dozen Scattered Pipes

His "headquarters" are at Al Cohen's Tavern in Highland Falls, although, on the chance that he may drop by, he has about two dozen pipes distributed in various hostelries between New City and West Point. To children living in these towns, Marty's appearance, with his astonishing shock of silver hair and militarily immaculate dress, is a signal to come running for a story about fairies, elves and leprechauns. Marty rarely disappoints them.

He has a contagious, rollicking laugh, and when he laughs is apt to rap anyone within striking distance of his hands. They are big hands, badly beaten up as a result of his long period as handball champion at the Point. On his right hand are tattooed four aces, and, as he does everything, Marty explains this with a story.

"It was a draw poker game in 1909. I picked up four natural aces. The man next to me put down three cards and drew three cards. I bet everything I had in this world—or the next—and put down me four aces. That man next to me, who had not dealt, mind you, had drawn to the four and six of hearts, and he caught in the deuce, tray and five of hearts. When he put down that damned straight flush I went right out and had them four aces tattooed on me hand so's I'd remember never to play poker again."

Every day the old sergeant goes 50 miles from New City to West Point and back to see his friends and watch the cadet athletes. In the gym hangs a portrait of Marty which the Academy had commissioned and painted last year.

This is not the only honor West Point has bestowed upon Marty. When he retired in 1946, the Corps of Cadets presented him with a gold watch and chain, and a review was held in his honor. At least 500 cadets went to Marty's office to tell him that for once they were not cursing the person who caused them to endure a full-dress parade. Lieutenant General George Stratemeyer flew from Chicago for the occasion, and went to Highland Falls in an official car to escort Marty to the review.

When they rounded the clock tower, Marty saw the great crowd that had gathered to pay him tribute. It is characteristic of him that he was agreeably surprised to receive the honor. In a voice tinged with awe, he exclaimed: "Holy cow! I've outdrawed the New York Giants!" THE END

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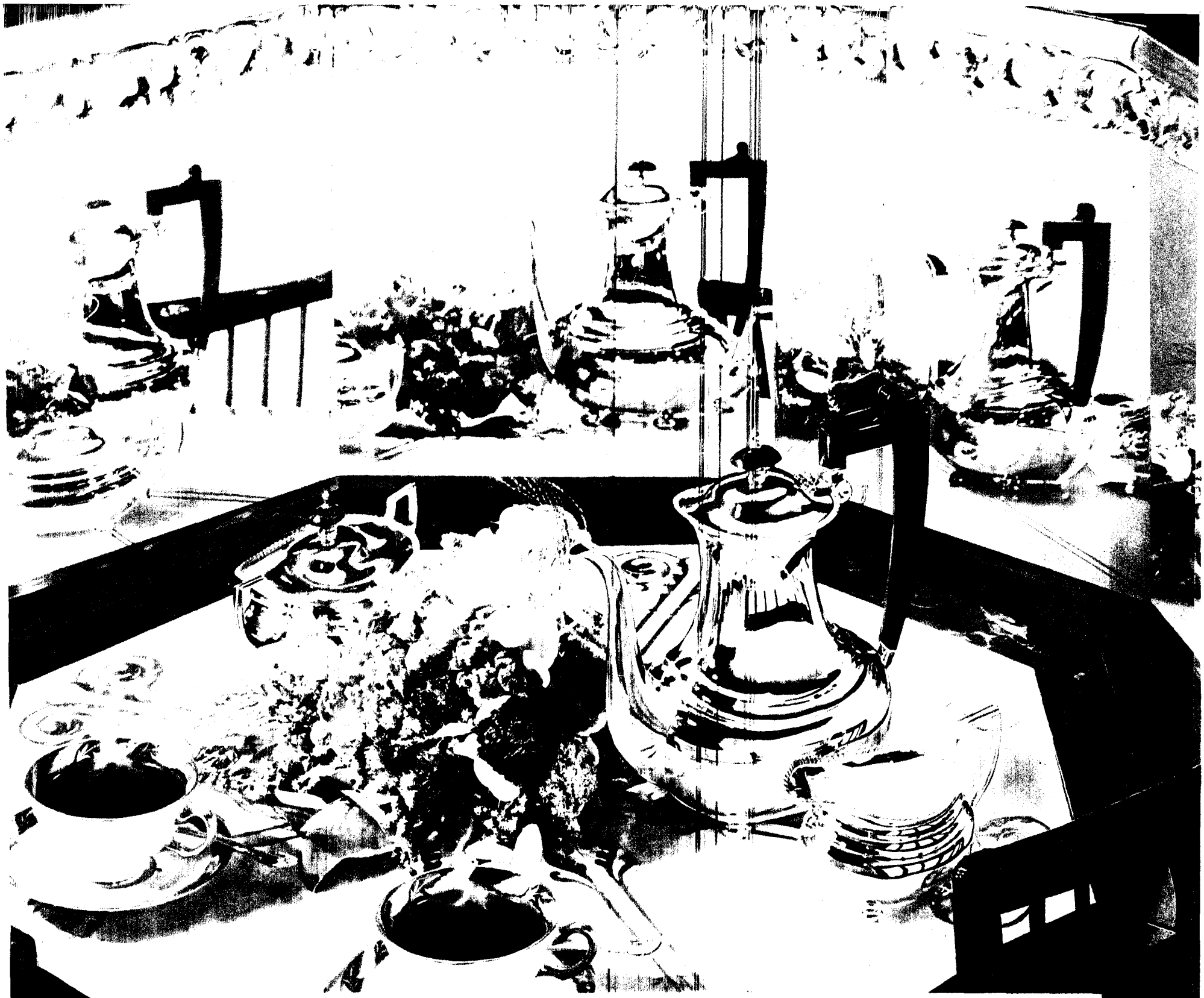

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

heard him cussing the dogs, said it was a kind of music to hear, because of the wild laughing behind it. The foxes, darting back to the park, cut red streaks of terror through the green thickets, and people realized how much Byrd had missed the boy all these years.

"It's another month yet 'fore he comes," Glenna kept saying as Byrd scurried about the house, fussing because she hadn't made the boy's bed or finished the new curtains for his room. He picked over his guns, deciding to start Little Hig with a sixteen-gauge double-barrel. "I'd ruther have a twelve-gauge myself," he'd say, "but the sixteen don't kick." He worked out with his dogs every day, and sometimes in the middle of the night he'd wake Glenna up. "Maybe I'd best break him in with a twenty-two," he'd say, or, "The almanac says we're gonna have a rainy summer. Squirrel weather."

Glenna painted the boy's room, bought a little radio to put by his bed. Byrd got him a pony.

"He'll need hunting clothes," Byrd said one night, and was about to order two catalogue pages of shirts and jackets when Glenna reminded him they didn't know the boy's size.

"We'll get 'em in town," Glenna said, but Byrd didn't hear her. He'd trotted upstairs to put new springs in Little Hig's bed.

"He'll be used to sleeping soft," he said, and later he woke Glenna up to tell her he'd decided to have the car painted, so Little Hig would have no cause to feel ashamed of them. Glenna bought two cotton dresses in town and Byrd got a new suit and a new leather jacket.

The night before the boy was to come from Washington by bus, Byrd was pacing restlessly around the parlor, sure they'd overlooked something. "Soap!" he suddenly shouted, because Little Hig would naturally want city soap.

"I got some," Glenna said. "Green."

"It smell good?"

She nodded and Byrd went to frowning and pacing again. "He maybe eats different than us," he said. "City things."

"Meat's meat."

"Mary Fran should of wrote us what to feed him." Byrd began to cuss. That made him feel better.

HE WAS up before dawn, washing and shaving and slicking down his hair. He put on a white shirt and a blue string tie. He wore his new suit and low-cut black shoes. When Glenna called him in to his breakfast, he sat picking at his food, worrying about missing the bus.

"We got nearly four hours," Glenna said.

"It might come early."

"It never comes early."

"They're contrary things, them busses."

He almost got in a fight with the ticket man at the bus depot. "A man's got a right to ask is the bus late," he said, and Glenna took him outside, bought him a bottle of grape pop. "You asked him once too many times," she said. She glanced uneasily around the waiting platform above the driveway, eying the town women whose dresses had come from the same store as hers, but somehow looked different, more stylish. She was conscious of the weathered roughness of her skin, the color of an old hoe handle. Byrd, with a clumsy tenderness, patted her arm.

"We'll get along good," he said. "Hig and us."

They stood to one side of the town people as the red and yellow bus lumbered up to the platform. The bus door swung open and rumpled people with tired eyes spilled out, moving with a cramped stiffness. Byrd began to twitch and crane, frowning because he didn't see Little Hig.

"They've lost him," he said, and started cussing the bus people, but then Little Hig came to the door, carrying a small canvas duffel bag, and even without the pictures Mary Fran had sent there was no mistaking the gray eyes and the thin, pointed nose, Higby features. He might, they both felt, be Little Byrd, except for the city clothes and something in his manner. Byrd shouted to him, and Glenna waved. The boy smiled, nodded, and stepped down, threading easily through the hedge of people, without the defensive feeling of difference which his father would have had in a town crowd. Byrd and Glenna pressed against the red brick wall, waiting.

"Hello, Gran." The boy dropped his bag, stood on tiptoe to kiss Glenna. Byrd felt the sweat ooze through his new shirt. It's gonna be all right, he told himself.

Little Hig, all the way out from town, sat between Byrd and Glenna, answering and asking questions. He said no, he wasn't tired, and he asked if there was any place to swim—he liked swimming. "We got a whole creek," Byrd said, and Glenna asked about Mary Fran. "Mother's fine." He had a city way of talking. He was wearing long pants and a checked coat, and his shoes, Byrd noticed, didn't have any strings, just slipped on someway.

"We don't live fancy," Glenna said. "It's country, you know."

"But we've got plenty of what we've got," Byrd said.

The car moved slowly uphill, past pine clumps and small yellow houses, past rail fences, cornfields, and apple orchards. Little Hig was taking everything in, but it was hard to tell what he was thinking. They came within sight of old man Henry Haskins' log hovel, where the windows were covered with cardboard and plaster chinks lay on the ground like dirty snow. Little Hig turned to stare back at it.

"I 'spect it was a mighty long trip," Glenna said, to draw him away.

"Oh, no. Not by plane."

Byrd and Glenna tightened. They had both taken it for granted the boy would get on a bus in California and ride it straight across the country into Royalton.

"Mother didn't tell you I was flying," Little Hig said, smiling like a grownup who'd been teased out of a secret by children. "She was afraid you'd worry."

"I wouldn't of slept," Glenna said.

"But, Gran, once you tried it—"

"I wouldn't ever try it."

They laughed nervously, and it was another wedge between them.

Bill Baldridge was waiting for them in front of the house, with the pony saddled and bridled. Little Hig gasped, a sudden shine in his eyes. Glenna opened the car door, and he scrambled out, hurrying across the yard. When he came near the pony, he slowed down, held out his hand, and, for the first time, seemed unsure of himself. Byrd settled back in the car, with his fox grin. He felt that with the pony, which had been his idea, he'd got ahead of the boy.

"He's a nice li'l fellow," Glenna said, trying to shake off the frightening picture of the airship.

Byrd frowned. "He's mounting from the wrong side."

"What's it matter, long's he gets on?"

"It's like anything else, a right way and a wrong way."

"But I don't see—"

"I've always made it a point to do things right."

GLENNA, by the end of the week, had stopped setting the dining-room table, except for Sunday dinner. The three of them ate together in the kitchen, like family, and after each meal Little Hig helped with the dishes while Byrd picked and sucked his teeth. The boy made his own bed every morning, and Glenna told Byrd she'd always thought that was something nobody could train a Higby to do. Byrd was surprised and pained. "But I ain't company," he said, and wondered what had come over Glenna to act so contrary. He blamed it on the government.

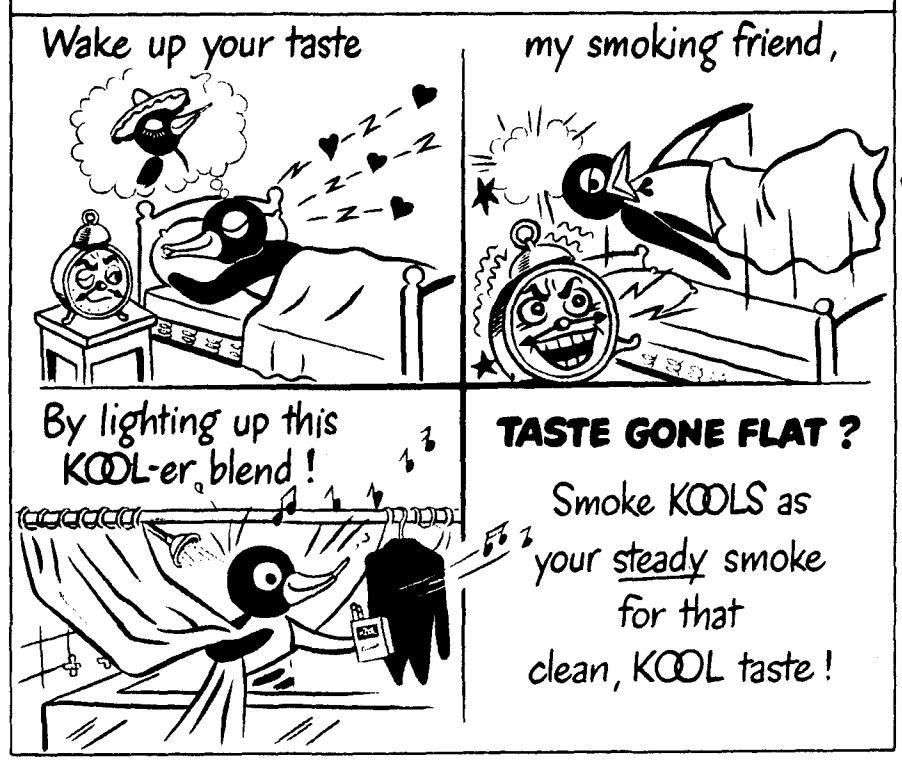
"The Democrats have always stood for freethinking," he said, the park having long ago turned him Republican.

Little Hig's face filled out and turned pink from the sun, then red, and finally a rich walnut brown. His blue denim shirt and his overall pants gradually lost their shiny newness, and he got so he could sit down of an evening after riding the pony all afternoon. Byrd started him on the twenty-two, taught him how to clean and care for the rifle, how to carry it, how to draw a bead quickly. He set up a target back of the barn and ran through three boxes of cartridges before the boy began to hit the bull's-eye with any consistency.

"He's got the Higby eye," Byrd said, showing the punctured bull's-eyes all around Cassville.

In the afternoon Little Hig would saddle

WILLIE the penguin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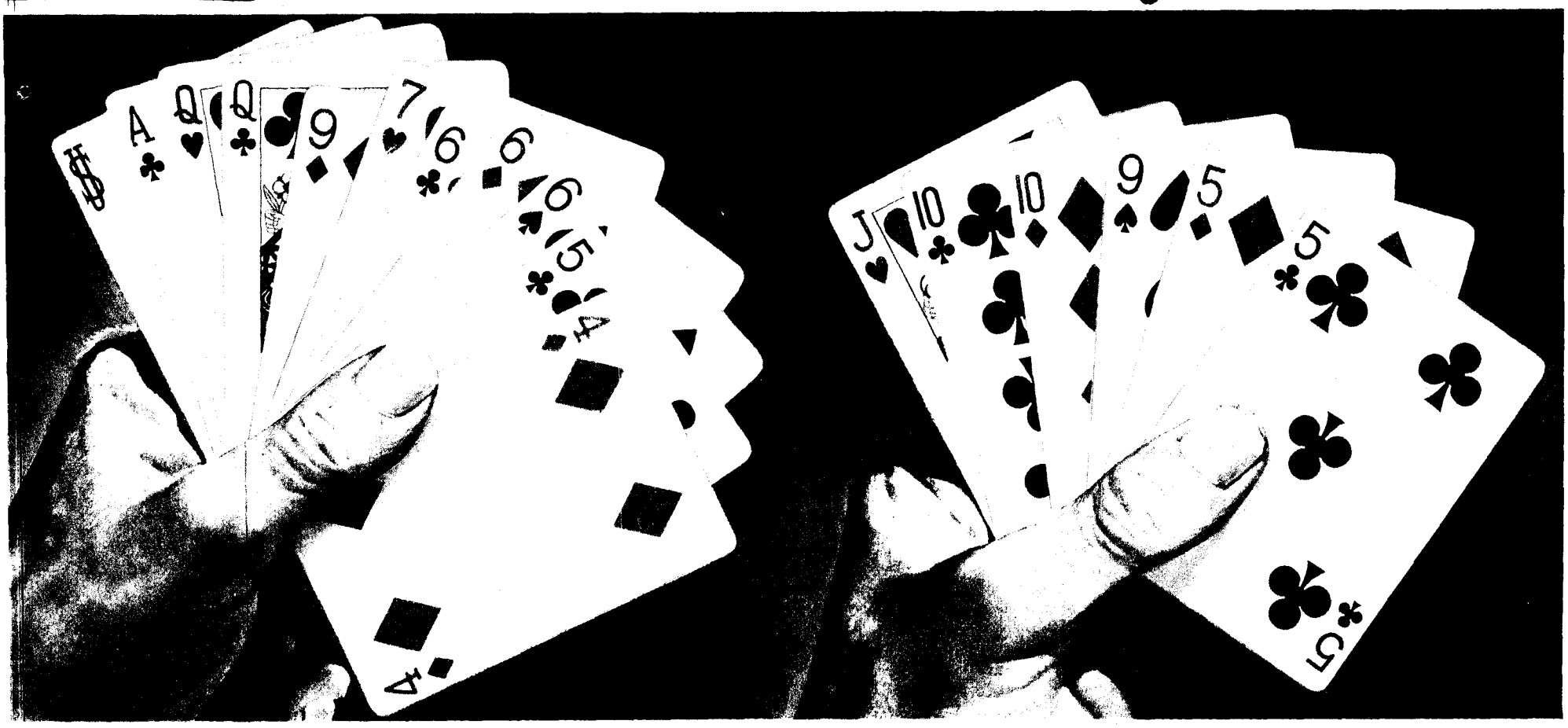

1. Your CANASTA score is 1500. Dealt this hand (first up-card a 6) you should....

Don't meld: would leave only 5 cards, a bad hand. Draw from the stock and discard a 6 to induce a later 6 discard. Then you may be able to meld and take a big pack.

2. From this CRIBBAGE hand, you should give your opponent's crib the..... and.....

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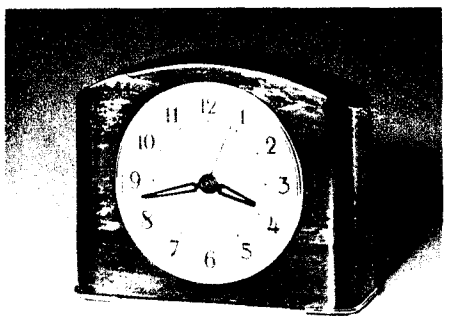

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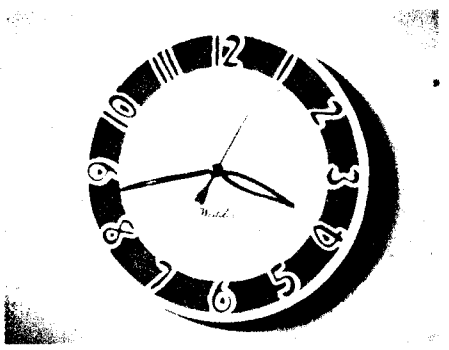

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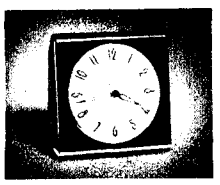

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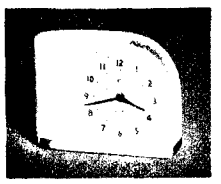

Moonbeam Electric Alarm. Two-way call. "First he blinks . . . then he rings." Comes in plain or luminous dials.

his pony and ride with Byrd through the hills. Usually they'd strike out through the park, so Byrd could point out wild game growing hog-fat with government living. Byrd showed the boy a hollow hidden behind a steep cliff where coons lived as though it were a hotel. "If a man was to crawl up that cliff," Byrd said, "and then was to fall on the other side, he'd squash a dozen coons. They're that thick in there." Nothing upset Byrd so much as seeing a coon grinning down at him from a tree crotch. "They don't even run from me," he said. "It ain't natural," and he claimed the government was trying to change the order of nature.

At night Byrd and Little Hig would walk the hills with the hounds, and Byrd would test the sharpness of the boy's ear. "Which way the dogs running now?" he'd ask, or, "Where'd they lose the scent?" Little Hig learned quickly, and when Glenna complained that Byrd was trying to cram more into the boy's head than it could hold, Byrd just laughed. "My head holds it," he said, and went around telling everybody the boy was a natural hunter.

Little Hig, of course, made mistakes. He overfed his pony. He gave the cats so many kitchen scraps they began to lie in the sun and let the field mice have free run of the house. Worst of all, he played with the foxhounds as though they were house pets. "It's a sure way to spoil a good dog," Byrd told the boy, and Glenna got him a mongrel pup, the first Higby dog that had done nothing but eat and sleep and wag its tail.

"I never seen such a useless thing as that," Byrd said, and it hurt him to watch the boy wasting his time teaching the dog to roll over dead and sit up and beg.

"Mary Fran's raised him friendly," Glenna said. "Like how he helps me with the dishes."

Byrd snorted. "It ain't like a Higby to keep a dog that takes from the table and don't add to it." He started out of the room, mumbling, then stopped abruptly and snapped, "And dishes is woman's work."

ONE Saturday afternoon, when Byrd felt the boy was ready, he said he thought he'd ride up to Cassville, and maybe Little Hig would like to go with him. The boy brought out his pony, and Byrd sent him back to the house for the twenty-two, "just in case we see a snake." They rode up to Gus Falk's store, hitched the horse and pony out front, then loafed in the porch shade with Flute Figgins, Bettem Curry and Link Taylor. The men were talking bass fishing. Little Hig sat on the end of the porch, sucking on a bottle of pop. Nobody paid any attention to him for a while, and then Flute Figgins turned to him. "Well, son, can you out-shoot the old man yet?" Little Hig grinned.

Byrd, as though he'd just remembered the rifle, lifted it from his lap and glanced around for a target. Flute picked up a bottle cap. Byrd nodded, and Bettem Curry took out a fifty-cent piece, but nobody wanted to bet against Byrd. Flute stood up, threw the bottle cap as high as he could and Byrd, without even getting up, sighted the rifle and fired. The bullet broke the clean arc of the cap's fall, sent it whizzing through the air.

"Here," Byrd said, and tossed the rifle to Little Hig.

Bettem Curry laid his fifty-cent piece on the porch where it would catch the sun. Little Hig loaded the rifle, and Byrd said he'd best stand up, but the boy shook his head. Link Taylor brought out two quarters, put them on top of the fifty-cent piece. Byrd, watching Flute, sensed what was going to happen. Flute intended to throw the cap at an angle, setting up an impossible shot. Byrd was right about Flute, but not about the shot. Little Hig hit the cap without seeming to try. Link Taylor scraped up the three coins from the porch.

"The boy's learning," Byrd said quietly.

He waited for a good rain, because it was time now to take Little Hig out after squirrels. He fretted at the almanac, fidgeted while clouds drifted in and out over the valley. Little Hig would ride his pony down to the creek and go swimming, the mongrel pup sleeping on a rock in the sun until the boy had dressed and started home again. Byrd grew restless, irritable, complained of arthritis in his legs, and Glenna said he was working himself up to something, she didn't know what. "We're maybe having a drought," Byrd groaned, and that Sunday he stared right through the collection plate, not moving. Finally, on Wednesday, a rain came in the night, and Byrd nudged Glenna awake to listen to it.

"I knowed it was coming," Byrd said. "I lost faith in that damned almanac, but when my 'ritis says rain, it rains."

SHORTLY after sunup he and Little Hig struck out, the boy disappointed that they were walking instead of riding. "You take that pony up in the woods," Byrd said, "and you wouldn't find a squirrel showing for two miles around." They followed a footpath through a green hollow, rain dripping on them from low branches. Little Hig stepped in Byrd's bootprints, the two of them moving without a sound in the soft ground. Byrd looked back once, saw that the boy was taking care of his rifle, protecting the muzzle from the dripping leaves.

They came to the edge of a small clearing and Byrd stopped, motioning Little Hig to ease up alongside him. Byrd pointed to a blackheart cherry tree off to his right. Little Hig could see one of the upper branches moving, and could hear the rustle of wet leaves. Byrd nodded to the boy.

Little Hig pressed the safety catch, lifted the rifle slowly. The squirrel was in plain sight now, a ball of gray fur hunched on the dark, glittering branch, with daylight behind him. It was, Byrd said afterward, as perfect a shot as a man was ever likely to get at a squirrel, waiting to see it drop. He heard the rifle go off, but the squirrel didn't fall. It scampered away.

"You shot over him," Byrd said, and later, when he got to studying back, he remembered the boy hadn't said anything.

It was nearly half an hour before they got another shot, and this one came after Byrd had picked a good place to sit and wait. They were on a rock ledge, screened by brush, looking down on another cherry tree. A squirrel came toward the cherries, leaping from branch to branch. They could hear the rustle of his path, and then they saw the leaves shaking on one of the upper branches of the cherry tree. "Get him in the clear," Byrd whispered, and the boy sat with upraised rifle. The squirrel worked away from the leaves, paused for a moment full-length on the branch.

"I could of got him with a rock," Byrd told Glenna later, but the boy missed.

"I'm sorry," Little Hig said, and when Byrd offered him the shotgun, the boy shook his head. "I just can't kill one." Byrd frowned, still not understanding until the boy said again, "I just can't kill one."

Byrd sat for a moment, staring through the trees, then he pushed up from the ledge. "We'd best get on back to the house."

Glenna, from the garden, saw them coming, and her troubled glance darted from Little Hig, who seemed unhurt, to the empty gunny sack, and then to Byrd. She thought at first he'd been shot—he was limping badly—and then she saw it was just the hobble of a very old man.

She dropped her hoe, hurried toward them. "What's went wrong?"

Byrd walked past her, his body slumped, his face twisted with pain.

"It's my fault, Gran," Little Hig said.

Glenna nodded. "I was afraid you couldn't."

"I like the targets, that's fun, but—"

"I know."

She told the boy to go for a ride on his pony, and then she went to the house. Byrd was sitting in his big chair, his head in his hands, with the look of a man who has built his life around some one thing, then lost it.

"You like some coffee?" Glenna said, and he shook his head. "All I gotta do is hotten it up."

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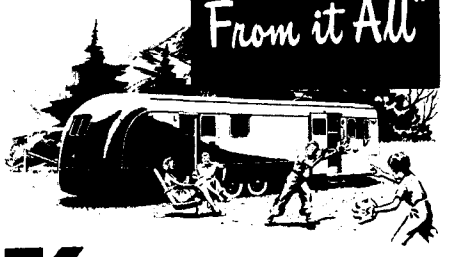

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"Don't nag at me."

She warmed the coffee, brought him a cup, and he drank it. She took off his hunting boots. "It's a feeling some people have," she said. "I've had it myself."

"It's natural to kill things. They 'spect it of you."

"Nothing ever likes to get killed. I reckon if I stopped and give it a li'l thought, I'd have trouble even killing a chicken."

"The Lord never meant for a chicken to live like house company."

Glenna poured him a glass of white whisky to take the dampness and the chill off him. "You ain't being fair," she said.

"Tha's something I've always been. Fair."

"He don't *necessarily have* to be like you."

Byrd nodded, admitting in all fairness the difficulty of such a goal. "But," he said, "he oughta try."

Byrd, for the rest of the summer, would get up from the breakfast table and stalk out of the house with his gun and his favorite dog. He'd come home for dinner, then disappear again until suppertime. "It's the same like I'd never had a grandbaby," he told Glenna. Little Hig would stay in his room, reading paper picture books, or he'd sit on the front porch with his mongrel pup, staring out over the valley, and when Glenna asked him why he didn't saddle his pony, he'd say, "I don't feel like it." Then he'd see Byrd coming home with dead possum and he'd go off somewhere alone.

"I give him his chance," Byrd would say when Glenna fell to worrying.

WHILE Byrd was taking his ease on the porch after supper one evening, Link Taylor came by with about the biggest ground hog Byrd had ever seen. Byrd asked where he'd got it, and Link said he'd found it. Byrd grinned. "I reckon I know where." Link shrugged. "I tell you what's a fact, Byrd. Them guv'mint men got a nice warm place to set of an evening, and they ain't gonna go climbing through the hills looking for a man on accounta one old ground hog. It don't stand to reason."

Glenna and Little Hig were in the parlor, listening, and when Link had gone, Glenna marched out to the porch. "Now don't go getting any crazy-fool notions, Byrd Higby."

Byrd scratched his chin. "It's some sense in what Link says."

"I won't pay no fine for you," Glenna told him.

"Them damn' coons been setting up there laughing at me for a mighty long time now."

Byrd got up, shuffled on back of the house toward the kennel. Glenna began to knot her handkerchief, tightening with the knowledge the government men were just waiting to get their hands on Byrd Higby, so they could make an example of him.

"They'd have a hard time catching him," Little Hig said, moving quietly out to the porch now that Byrd had gone.

"It'd be the death of him, not so much the fine as getting caught. It'd kill his pride and tha's what he lives by." . . .

Byrd waited for a three-quarter moon, enough light for him to do without a lantern, but not enough to be easily spotted. He sneaked out of the house while Glenna was sleeping, and headed for the little hollow back of the rock cliff, where the coons had set up their government boarding-house. He carried a gun, a flashlight and two gunny sacks. The cup-shaped hollow was just below the ridge of the Hogback, and the only way a man could get into it was to climb the slippery, moss-splotched cliff.

"No guv'mint man's gonna try to get up it," Byrd assured himself, "and even if he tried, he couldn't make it to the top."

BYRD kept well outside the park until he came to the base of the Hogback, and crossed into government land where the woods were thickest. The nearest park lookout post was over two miles away, and Byrd was warmed with the certainty that the government man, in his fine uniform and polished boots, would be sitting back in his chair, reading a magazine or listening to the radio.

A guv'mint man's like a coon or anything else, Byrd thought. All you gotta do is be smarter'n him.

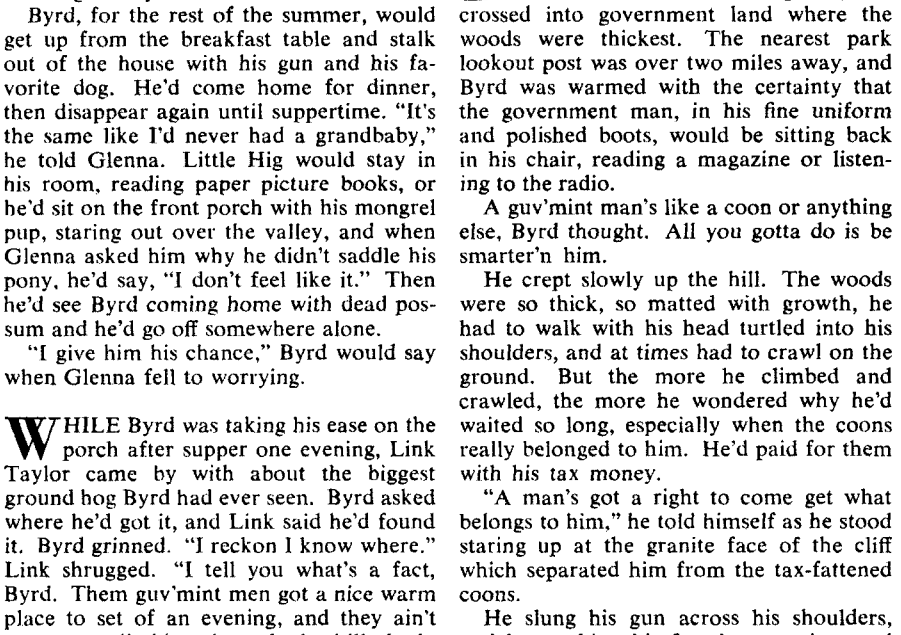
He crept slowly up the hill. The woods were so thick, so matted with growth, he had to walk with his head turtled into his shoulders, and at times had to crawl on the ground. But the more he climbed and crawled, the more he wondered why he'd waited so long, especially when the coons really belonged to him. He'd paid for them with his tax money.

"A man's got a right to come get what belongs to him," he told himself as he stood staring up at the granite face of the cliff which separated him from the tax-fattened coons.

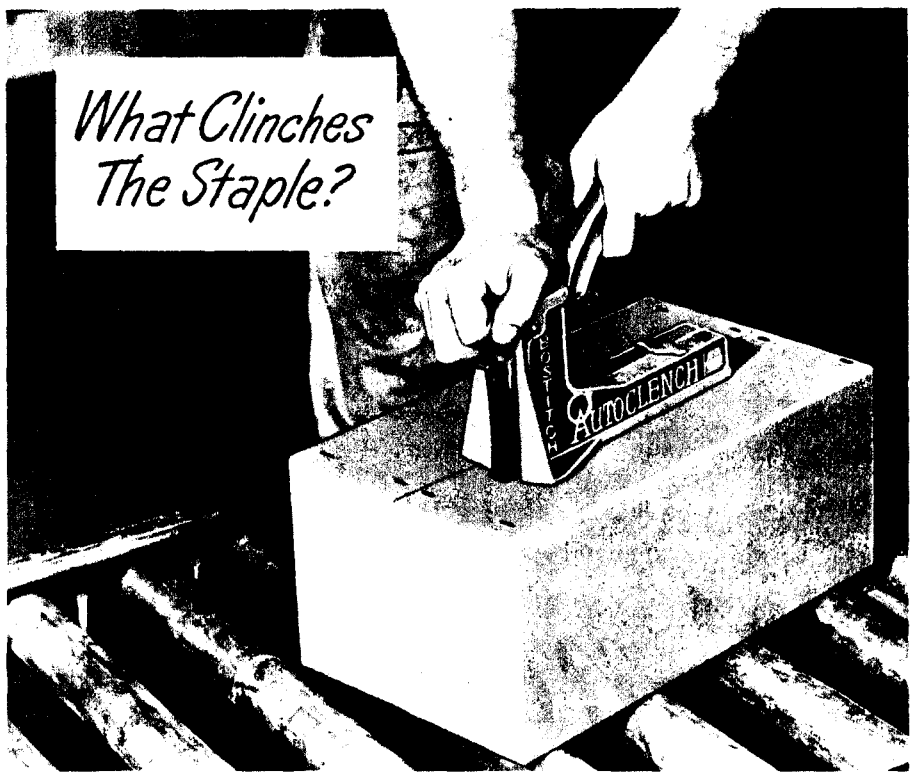
He slung his gun across his shoulders, and by working his feet into crevices and grabbing at tufts of weeds growing from cracks in the cliff, he managed to crawl about five feet from the ground, and then he fell. He started up a second time, and got almost halfway to the top before he slipped and tumbled back, cracking his knee and ripping his hunting pants. He cussed and studied the cliff, finally tackling it from a different point, with hands skinned raw and burning with pain.

He was clawing at a clump of damp moss on the ground above the cliff, only inches from his goal, when his feet fell out from under him, and he came crashing down. His chin struck a granite bump on the face of the cliff, clamping his jaws shut against his tongue. He bellowed with pain, and lay on the ground, writhing and bleeding, helplessly pounding the earth with angry fists which were painful to clench. He thought he heard the coons in the hollow, laughing.

He staggered toward the cliff, climbing more slowly, cautiously testing his footing,



COLLIER'S "It makes ya stop an' try an' think, don't it?" JOHN RUGE



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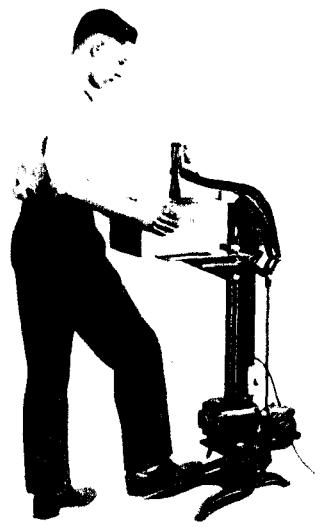

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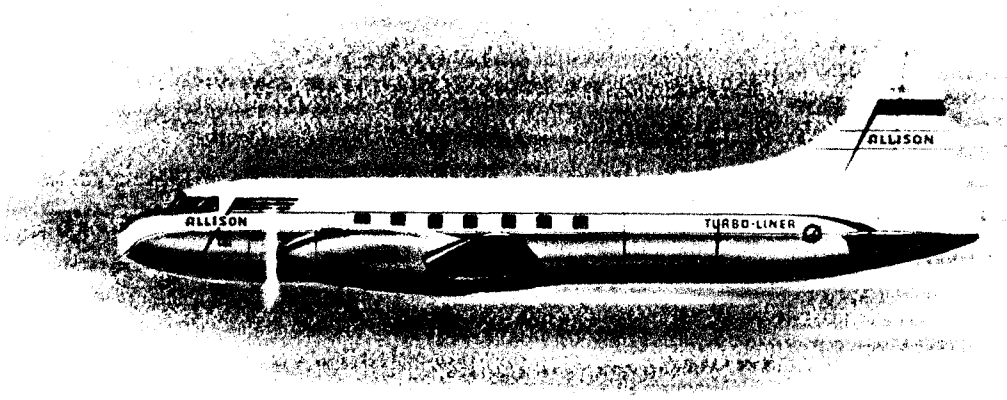
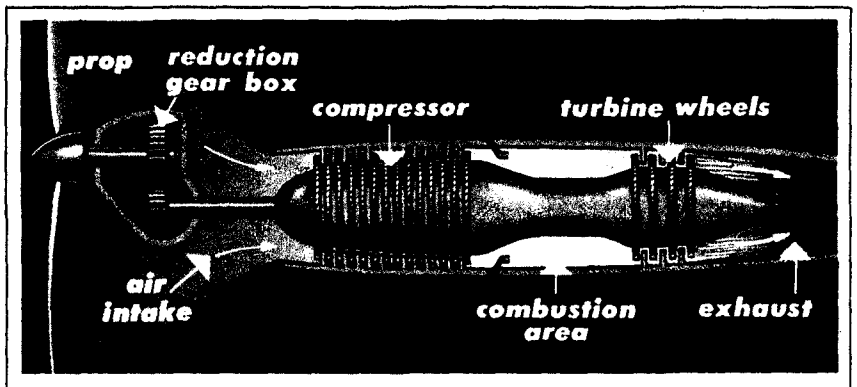


A new kind of Air Travel is in the making

New military engine—soon to undergo first tests in civilian transport—promises smoother, faster, quieter, more pleasant air travel



HOW THE TURBO-PROP ENGINE OPERATES

The Turbo-Prop Engine is a gas turbine engine, like the well-known Turbo-Jet.

But in the Turbo-Prop, as the diagram shows, the turbine is connected through a drive shaft and reduction gears to a special type Aeroprop propeller. Air enters the compressor, which feeds it under high pressure into the combustion chamber, where it is mixed with fuel and ignited. The thrust of this hot gas drives the turbine which generates the power to operate both compressor and propeller. The small amount of energy remaining in the exhaust gas is used as jet thrust.

The Allison T38 Turbo-Prop Engine develops 2,750 horsepower, yet weighs only 1,250 pounds—2.2 horsepower for every pound of weight. This is more than twice the power per pound of weight developed by the best reciprocating type aviation engines used in World War II.

Allison also produces the J33 and J35 Turbo-Jet Engines that power today's Shooting Stars, Thunderjets, Panthers, Scorpions and other near-sonic-speed jet fighters.

WITHIN a short time the first American commercial airliner ever to be powered by turbine engines will be delivered to the Allison Division of General Motors.

The power plants in this Convair are new Allison Model "501" Turbo-Props—commercial version of the Navy T38. They are geared to a new high-performance propeller especially designed and built for high-engine-power characteristics by the Aeroproducts Division of General Motors.

The "501" is lighter, smaller, smoother and quieter than any other propeller-type engine of equal horsepower—and much more efficient than a jet, up to near-sonic speeds.

Developed for military use, the Allison Turbo-Prop engine with Aeroproducts Propellers has already set new performance targets in multi-engine aircraft as large as the Navy's giant 60-ton Convair XP5Y flying boat and also in a high-performance, carrier-based Navy attack plane, the XA2D. So the next step is to adapt this new type of power to commercial use.

No one is better fitted to do this than General Motors with its great technical ability and long experience in all types of engine and propeller development.

As soon as this experimental Turbo-Prop transport is delivered, General Motors-Allison engineers will start putting it through a long and comprehensive series of flight tests.

In cooperation with the airlines it will be flown under all types of operating conditions—in all kinds of weather. It will be given the works, checked and rechecked many times over, until all its performance characteristics are definitely evaluated.

This is in accordance with General Motors' policy of sponsoring to the public only products that have been thoroughly proved in advance. It is GM's task to demonstrate for airplane manufacturers, airline operators

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Allison "501" Turbo-Prop engines fit in nacelles of present commercial transports.

and the Civil Aeronautics Authority that Turbo-Prop power is as safe and practical as it is economical and comfortable.

Such an all-out test program may take a year or more. But it will be well worth it, in view of the fact that present military experience indicates that Turbo-Prop power should bring the following benefits to commercial aviation:

Ability to use low-cost, low-octane fuels, without increased consumption.

Faster speed—up to maximum limit permitted by airframe design.

Very low engine weight—less than half—increasing range or pay load.

Much improved take-off and climb—permitting use of shorter runways, with greater safety and better schedules.

Smoother operation—for passenger comfort; also lower maintenance and overhaul costs.

Quieter operation—more restful and pleasant travel.

Usable in present aircraft—no costly modifications in changing over to turbine power.

When General Motors is satisfied with its tests of these engines and they are approved for commercial use by the C.A.A., it will be possible to convert present airliners to smoother turbine power without further delay—giving America very high-speed, low-cost, regular airline service.

The development of the Allison Turbo-Prop engine, America's first axial flow propeller-type turbine engine, together with Aeroproducts Propellers, is another example of General Motors progress—and who serves progress, serves the nation.

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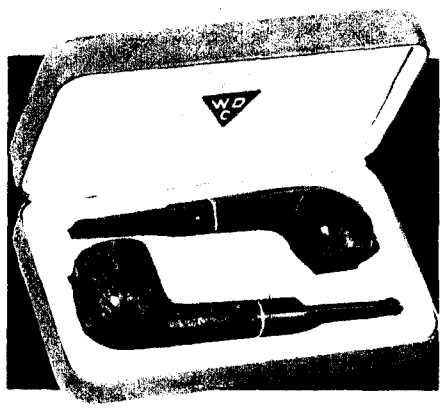
...each containing 2 Demuth changeable filter pipes



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and avoiding treacherous growths which had betrayed him before. He wriggled up toward a sapling which grew near the rim of the cliff, and was strong enough to hold him if he could ever get his hands on it and pull himself up and over the rocky edge.

He climbed past previous pitfalls, his bruised and bleeding hands pawing the rock, fumbling for a grip, and with his breath almost gone, he slapped out into the darkness and felt the smooth sapling trunk. He strained higher, his fingers closing around the base of the trunk. He lay for a moment against the rock, panting, sweating, fired with hatred for the granite wall as though it were a living thing. Slowly, grunting, he pulled himself up and flopped like a fish over onto the ground which was blessedly soft and flat.

Ain't another man alive could of did it, he thought as he peered down into the dark

AL RAMEE

Masher

I like to meet people—
But not of my choosing
Are those who grab hands and
Shake well before bruising.

—MARY ALKUS

hollow crawling with coons. He sat up, sliding the gun from his shoulders. He wiped the blood from his mouth. Then he gasped. A light had flashed from the depths of the hollow. He groaned. The light flashed a second time and began moving toward him. He twisted around, half climbed, half fell to the ground. He had run almost to the edge of the park before he realized *he'd left his gun on top of the cliff.* He stumbled past the park fence out onto free land. He felt for a soft place to lie down.

"He couldn't of got in there," he told himself, sick with the knowledge that by noon the story would be all over the hills, and there'd be no denying it.

THE gun was proof. Fifty years of hunting, the like of which no one had ever seen or heard tell of, would be forgotten, and people would link Byrd Higby with this one shameful thing, the time the government man outfoxed him.

It's what the guv'mint's been working up to the last twenty years, he thought, and, lying on the ground, with his life suddenly come to nothing, he was overwhelmed by the unfairness of it all, like the time his Cousin Jack had got into trouble. Jack had worked hard all his life, raised four children, helped put up the Salvationist Church, and had never touched tobacco or alcohol, but during the war, when cars were running on the rims, the sheriff had caught Jack with two new tires. Nobody, not even Jack's kin, spoke to him now, because he'd served time.

"I'm gonna have Jack to dinner some Sunday," Byrd decided, and he realized it was likely true, as Jack had claimed, that he'd found the tires. . . .

The sky was lightening when Byrd came hobbling home, tiptoeing through the back door like a smokehouse thief. He crept softly upstairs, shucking off his shirt. He opened the bedroom door part way, saw that Glenna was still sleeping on her side of the bed. He undressed and lay down beside her, with the feeling that death would come as a great kindness.

"How come you to be so scratched?" Glenna said when she woke up.

"I don't feel so good."

"You been up to the park."

"I took sick sudden in the night."

"They catch you?"

Byrd whimpered. "It's a terrible thing when a man can't be sick in his own bed."

Glenna flung on her housedress and stalked out of the room.

Forty years I've fed'n clothed her, Byrd thought, and this is the thanks I get. He blamed it on Mrs. Roosevelt.

HE CRAWLED out of bed, figuring he might as well straighten things out with Glenna; she'd hear the story anyway, probably from Mrs. Mark Cass. He washed the dirt and dried blood from his face and hands, then put on fresh everyday clothes. He limped into the kitchen, where Glenna and Little Hig were fixing breakfast. He sat down at the head of the table.

"It don't come outta my house money," Glenna said.

"Huh?" He was staring at the whitewashed wall above the door to the springhouse. He blinked.

"Your fine. You can sell off a couple hounds and pay it, but don't come wheedling at me."

His gun was hanging in its regular place above the door, the stock waxed, the barrel oiled and shiny. He knew it couldn't be there, but it was.

"What's the matter?" Glenna, turning suddenly, had seen his face. He looked sick, really sick.

"Nothing."

"You wanta get back in the bed? I'll make you some milk toast."

"I feel some better now."

He began to blow his coffee, his eyes narrowing. Little Hig, he noticed, wasn't eating anything. He was just sitting there, with his hands hidden under the table. Byrd asked him to please pass the fried potatoes. Little Hig hesitated, then reached for the plate and Byrd saw fresh scabs dotting his knuckles. I knowed it, Byrd thought. No guv'mint man could of did it.

He leaned back, lighting his pipe. The boy, he realized, knew he'd head straight for the coon hollow, because they'd ridden up there together a dozen times, but how he'd managed to climb that cliff was something Byrd couldn't figure out, except he was younger. *It took some knowing,* Byrd thought, and he decided not to ask Cousin Jack to Sunday dinner. It would be a bad example to put before the boy, a common sneak thief.

"No," Glenna said when Little Hig started to help her with the dishes. "Not with your sore hands." She turned, smiling across the boy's head to Byrd, who got up quickly.

"I better go feed my dogs," he said.

Glenna sat down opposite Little Hig, listening to the sound of Byrd's footsteps. *She knew him so well that just from the slow, thoughtful way of his walking,* she could figure out what was taking shape in his mind. "He's telling hisself he set a trap for you," she said, "just to see how you'd make out against him."

"If I'd left his gun up there, he wouldn't have known it was me."

Glenna shook her head. "No. It's best he knowed the straight of things, just once in his life." She laughed, struck by the contrary wonder of the man she'd lived with so many years. "Now I tell you what's the truth about him. In his thinking he's made hisself something nobody could ever live up to, but I 'spect he comes closer'n most."

She sent Little Hig down to the kennel, where, she knew, Byrd would be waiting for him. The boy moved uneasily past the springhouse, the mongrel pup trotting at his heels. Byrd fed his hounds and then, swallowing hard, fed the mongrel. Afterward he and Little Hig rode up to Cassville and shot at bottle caps. Byrd outshot the boy, but, as he told Gus Falk, "He's coming to measure up to me." THE END

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If Red China Strikes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

company level. Such preparations as these are not carried out for practice purposes.

It has been thoroughly confirmed that troops in this area are well supplied with arms. The Russians have equipped them with captured Japanese- and Russian-manufactured small arms, tanks, self-propelled artillery, mortars, antiaircraft rifles, and all other weapons needed by a modern army. The two big airdromes at Canton have been repaired and are capable of basing from 100 to 200 planes.

The Chinese Communists here have built and seized hundreds of big junks and sampans, in addition to scores of small and medium-size steamships. There is no reason whatever for this huge force except to occupy Hong Kong and Macao.

Hong Kong and the leased territories constitute a rich economic prize, aside from any other considerations which might influence the Red Chinese to attack. The Chinese Communists might, on the other hand, strike in revenge for British help to the United Nations troops in the Korean war. Furthermore, any attack on Hong Kong would compel the British to call back to that area troops otherwise available to fight Chinese Communist advances elsewhere in Asia.

For months, Chinese Communists occupying islands in the Pearl River estuary have harassed water-borne traffic. They have fired on merchant vessels of all sorts, including one American and several British freighters. This practice seems thus far a war-of-nerves operation, rather than any real attempt to blockade Hong Kong. The strong Chinese Communist forces in the Hong Kong area can change this harassment to an effective blockade any time they choose.

Unquestionably, Chinese Communist units around Hong Kong can close in whenever they decide the time has come for such action. They might well take over so fast that conquest of the city would be accomplished too quickly for any outsiders to send aid to the British. Nevertheless, American and British associations being what they are, dangerous aspects of the Hong Kong-Canton sector, with relation to a U.S.-China war, may not be ignored.

Mao's Armies Ready to Fight

The four Chinese Communist armies massed at what I call the danger points in China today are ready to go into action instantly. Mao can send all four, or any one of these forces, into battle whenever he desires. The Red Chinese military setup is unlike that of most other nations. It is so organized that the boss—Mao Tse-tung—can order any single unit to fight, and leave all others completely unaffected by warfare. It is just as if, in the United States, the President might order Texas, or California, for example, to make war on Mexico, leaving the rest of the country at peace.

Overall, the Red Chinese have between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 troops under arms inside China, with no external enemy in sight. Directing this force, Mao has three top, four-star field generals; and they're fine strategists and fighters, all three of them. Don't let anybody tell you they aren't. General Lin Piao, who conquered Manchuria, south and southwest China, and Hainan Island, is the No. 1 Chinese Communist military commander. He controls the forces around Mukden in Manchuria, the Hong Kong-Canton troops, and the units encamped against the Indo-Chinese border in the southwest.

General Chen-Yi, who conquered east China, Nanking, Shanghai, Hangchow and Fukien Province, is now in charge of the tremendous forces based on the seacoast facing Formosa. General Liu Po-cheng, the one-eyed general who took northwest China for the Communists, is the third of President Mao's top military triumvirate. He is now in charge of Chinese Communist armies threatening Tibet.

During the past six months, the Chinese Communists have acquired from the Russians a sizable air force composed of fighters and fighter-bombers. I have information that their total air strength is now about 600 airplanes, including trainers and a few transports. These consist largely of single- and twin-engine fighter-bombers. I am advised that they have about 100 jets, but I would doubt, at the time of this writing, whether Chinese pilots have completed flight training for jet planes. Still, they have them.

They have installed antiaircraft artillery at all airfields and in all of China's big cities. There is now a small Red Chinese navy, acquired by taking over Nationalist boats and raising and repairing sunken craft in and around Chinese waters. The $64 question, of course, is: What are they going to do with all this military power? Nobody is even threatening to invade China, and the Communists know it.

A Menace to World Peace

There is some internal disorder in China, but nothing that requires maintenance of 5,000,000 men under arms. Half a million troops could easily control internal troubles. Potentially, the huge Chinese Communist armies of Mao and his generals constitute a very dangerous military force in the world today. Obviously, such an enormous armed force as that which Mao and his generals maintain is capable of taking the offensive whenever orders are issued.

In my opinion, the fact that the Communists suffered defeat in South Korea is very likely to influence them to start trouble in some other Asiatic area—and soon. A successful Communist campaign anywhere in Asia would restore the tremendous amount of "face" lost by the Reds in the South Korean war. Their best troublemaking weapon in the East—short of a Russian army—consists of the Chinese Communist armies poised at the borders of Korea and Indo-China, surrounding the Hong Kong-Canton area, and facing Formosa.

An aggressive move by any of these forces is almost certain to bring a war between the United States—or the United Nations, with U.S. men and equipment in the vanguard—and Communist China. I have been in the Orient now for 13 years. I have fought the Oriental. I have led him into battle, and I have studied him. It is my profound belief that, unless the United States takes firm steps to prevent it, such a move is coming.

There is, in my opinion, a way to prevent such a catastrophe. It is a way based on a realistic approach to the Oriental; a way which recognizes one fundamental fact: The Oriental admires strength and firmness. He can never be won by ideology alone, or by a combination of ideology and American liberality.

It is my firm belief that, in order to maintain peace in Asia, America must publicly proclaim that it will resist Communist aggression against any non-Communist state, wherever it occurs. We must at the same time announce that the U.S. is building its military strength fast and steadily to the end that such resistance will be not only effective but devastating to the enemy. If we do this, and back it up with action, in my opinion the Communists in China may keep within their borders, and war between the United States and China thus will be avoided.

Action to back up our announced policy of firmness must be definite, sustained, and must come with reasonable speed. We must strengthen, and keep strong, a designated Pacific defense line: Alaska, the Aleutians, Japan, the Ryukyu Islands—including Okinawa—Formosa and the Philippines. Defending this line, and at all times ready to

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strike effectually against new Communist aggression, there must be a combined air, ground and naval force based in this defense chain. Personnel in this force should be regularly rotated. Fighting men composing its ranks should never be allowed to go stale or become careless.

At the same time, in my view, we should encourage anti-Communist guerrilla warfare on the mainland of China. Why not? This country is the open and avowed enemy of Communist imperialism. A Communist China nagged by internal trouble is unlikely to set off on ambitious excursions of war.

If no uprisings develop in China, Mao and his Chinese Communists will continue their process of regimenting the people by mass killings, torture and the use of fear, until complete subjugation is accomplished. The Communists do not yet have control of the people of China. They control towns, and lines of communications. The people are still struggling, under the increasing pressures of the Communist yoke.

If the Communists in China remain unmolested, the growing generation of Chinese will mature as real Communists. The Red Chinese rulers right now are indoctrinating the children in Marxist-Stalin dogma. If they are peacefully permitted to continue this process, children growing up now will know nothing else.

Not a Far East Yugoslavia

There is no chance whatever, in my opinion, that the Chinese Communists, left alone, will become independent of Russia as Yugoslavia did. Mao has consistently stated that he looks only to Russia for assistance and leadership.

There are literally millions of Chinese who now, given the means, will fight the Chinese Communists and their Russian advisers. Internal uprisings, moreover, constitute the only kind of anti-Communist offensive we can wage on the continent of Asia at the present time. An internal trouble campaign would liberate many areas of China from Red control. Not only would it tie down Red Chinese military resources, and thus lessen the likelihood of their invading other territory in Asia; it could well demand so much attention and equipment from Russia that even European Communist aggression would be materially weakened.

Anti-Communist guerrilla warfare on the China mainland can easily be activated through the anti-Red Chinese grouped on Formosa. On the island today are leaders from every province and district in China. They have relatives and friends on the mainland. Many of them still have underground contact with their local districts and provinces.

A program of military aid to anti-Communist Chinese guerrillas is practicable. It would not cost very many American dollars. It would cost no American lives. It would lessen, not increase, the prospects of Red Chinese aggression in Asia.

It is my personal belief that establishment on Formosa of an International Air Force, enlisting membership from fliers of all nations could render impossible any successful attack on the island. Such a force might well be recruited under the banner of the United Nations. It would serve a compelling purpose. If the Chinese Communists cannot take Formosa, they cannot successfully attack either the Philippines or Okinawa.

Formosa constitutes the apex of the most important salient in our Pacific defense line. It must be held.

Unfortunately, we gave Russia the Kuril Islands for joining the war against Japan during its last week. This cut, or at least bent, our defense chain between the Aleutians and Japan. If the Red Chinese should occupy Formosa also, the defense line is again cut, this time between Okinawa and the Philippines. In that case, instead of a line or chain of defense, we would have only a series of outposts—each of which could be attacked by Red Chinese forces at very short range.

Finally—and I am thoroughly aware that I shall be criticized for this again, as I have been in the past—I believe that the United States, if it is to muster any important and active opposition to Communism in China, and perhaps in all Asia, must support the leadership and government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. I am keenly conscious of the innumerable official statements, rumors and reports about corruption among the men around the generalissimo. They have been dinned into my ears for years. I am equally cognizant of the fact that no one has ever questioned the personal integrity and honesty of Chiang Kai-shek.

Aside from rumors, reports and gossip about the generalissimo, certain cold, hard facts stand out. He has fought the Communists for about 20 years. He will not compromise with them, and he will not appease them. He heads the only force in the East with a powerful anti-Communist army. He commands a great popular following which, he long since demonstrated, he could inspire with the will to fight.

We have made mistakes aplenty in our Far East policies of the past. We spent a year during 1946-'47 trying to include Communists in the Chinese government. We gave a great amount of material aid to Nationalist China without providing American supervision over its distribution and use. We smashed down Chinese morale with crushing official American governmental attacks at the most critical periods in Chiang's desperate fight against the Communists.

The time is now here to wipe out our Far East mistakes of the past. We see the Communist forces as clearly imperialistic, in the very act of their campaign to overrun all Asia. We cannot hesitate to use every weapon at hand to stop them. To do otherwise would court world disaster.

The program which I recommend is put forward as a pro-American policy. It is not pro-Chinese, or pro anything else. I am an American—first, last and always. I believe we must fight Communism everywhere, with every weapon, every leader that can be joined with us in the battle for human freedom. THE END

What do we DO?

By JOHN DENSON

The accompanying article by General Claire L. Chennault is more than an authoritative military report. To this correspondent, who covered the Korean war after its outbreak and was in the Far East not long ago, it is an impressive warning to the anti-Red world that we must never let down in vigilance, nor gamble on the chance that some kind of Titoism *might* emerge in China.

Most military observers in the Orient are convinced that Soviet Russia is constantly plotting a way to involve Red China in a large-scale war with the United States.

The Kremlin believes that such a war would drain the military power of this country, and thus leave us weak and exposed to Russian attack in Europe and elsewhere in Asia—Japan, for example.

A big question naturally follows:

What do we do if attacked by Red China?

First, of course, military men agree, the United States must not walk into Soviet Russia's trap by weakening its military forces in other parts of the world. This would exclude, in the early stages of a war with Red China, any large invasion of the Chinese mainland. Any such operation would require millions of troops highly trained in amphibious warfare.

What, then, *do* we do?

This correspondent talked to a top military man in Japan who explained our strategic thinking this way:

"I think we should invoke air and sea power first.

"Our air forces, if unmolested on Okinawa and in Formosa and Japan, could strike at the Communist Chinese port cities—and mash them down. We should use the atom bomb, if necessary. We could make Red China's coastal cities—and that means their lines of communication—untenable for any kind of military retaliation against us and our bases.

"I think our sea forces could erect a blockade which would prevent even a junk from carrying on commerce, or effecting any kind of military operation anywhere in the seas which border the Chinese mainland. I think we could completely paralyze Red China from its Pacific side.

"Once the great port cities were immobilized, we could carry our strategic bombing campaign into the interior and knock out any industry or transportation facility which might be contributing to the Communist war effort. We could, if our air is as effective as I think it could be, cut communications and supply lines in nearly every populous area of Red China."

The result of such air-sea tactics, according to informed military men, would be to turn Red China to Soviet Russia for help—for supplies and, to some extent, for food to keep Red China's millions alive. "Thus," my informant said, "strategic bombing and a sea blockade of Red China might have the effect of weakening Russia—that is, if the Kremlin really wants to help the Chinese, something that remains to be seen."

Military men in Japan believe with General Chennault that any eventual invasion of the Chinese mainland would necessitate the use of the Nationalist armies on Formosa—and that is why most of them say that Formosa and these armies must never be allowed to fall into the hands of the Communists.

Also, and most important, they say that Formosa would provide a natural propaganda post which would serve to arouse Chinese still on the mainland to greater guerrilla warfare. And effective guerrilla armies could pave the way for invasion forces.

Whatever strategy is finally undertaken in event of war with Red China, military opinion seems almost unanimous in the belief that what General Chennault says in his article is a last-chance warning that Red China is prepared for attack, not defense.

Next Week

Sober Facts About SEX CRIMES

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The Wrong Dog

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

turned out he was looking for work, so I said, "Come and see me about a job in the morning."

And he did, and I give him a job on the combine. At first he couldn't sew a grain sack worth two cents, but I never seen anybody so quick to learn. His fingers was already nimble from the fiddling, and that helped.

Lowell Mason was his name, and he played his music for us a little bit every night. Seemed a very happy kind of boy, mostly, but as I got to know him better, I found out something was bothering him.

I DIDN'T learn what it was until one day in October. He'd just got back from taking Ma over to Clifton to do her shopping, and I walked out to the henhouse with him to show him some carpenter work that wanted doing. Just as we got there, my dog Roaver showed up, and Lowell tried to pet him. That dog backed off as if Lowell was the meanest man in the world.

"Even Roaver thinks I'm some kind of a freak," Lowell said. He was smiling, but I could tell his feelings was hurt.

I tried to explain how Roaver was. "In some ways that's one of the best dogs in the world," I said, "but he's a dog that when he don't like you, it's a compliment."

Lowell didn't feel any better for that, though, and him and me had quite a talk. Come to find out that boy did feel like he was some kind of a freak. Or not exactly a freak, but different, somehow. It come from being sort of funny-looking, you see, and being an orphan and all. He felt he was set apart from everybody else. Different.

"Well," says I, trying to help, "you're sure one jim-dandy of a fiddler."

"That makes it worse," says he.

But except for that one afternoon, he was always real cheerful and pleasant. Got along fine with everybody. Everybody, that is, except Jim Beaufils, who was still hanging around my daughter Judy, much as she hated him.

Lowell begun spending some time around Judy himself, but that was something I didn't notice right at first.

He stayed on to help me with winter plowing, for he had no folks, and he liked the country better than the city. Liked Ma and me, too, which naturally tickled us. By the time the big robbery happened in November, Ma and me knew young Lowell right well. We knew he couldn't have had anything to do with the robbery, no matter where the evidence pointed.

The money that was stolen was the Children's Thanksgiving Fund, and if you're not from our part of the country, you may not know just what that means. Out our way there's a custom, and the custom is this: For a couple of weeks in the middle of November there's a collection taken to put on a Thanksgiving dinner for the poorer kids of the town of Clifton, which isn't a big town, and starts right at the edge of my northern half section. Ma and me consider ourselves part of the town, as much as anybody.

This year, two days before Thanksgiving, somebody up and stole the collection money. And an hour after the committee reported the theft, the constable of Clifton found Lowell Mason's fiddle case down by the creek, with five dollars in dimes and quarters inside. The rest of the money, $184 in bills, wasn't there.

It wasn't only the fiddle case that made folks suspect Lowell. For several days before, somebody had been spreading a pack of dirty lies about Lowell, in and around town. I knew pretty well who started the lies, because just two days before the robbery, I happened to see Jim Beaufils and Lowell have their fight.

It was out in my wood lot, where I'd been showing Lowell some brush I wanted him to burn. Jim Beaufils come up to us out of the woods and begun chaffing Lowell about being funny-looking. I guess Jim didn't think Lowell had the nerve to fight him. Lowell took the insults quiet for a while, and maybe there wouldn't have been no fight, except for one thing: Jim started talking about Judy. Just like lightning Lowell popped Jim Beaufils in the mouth with his right fist, and they went to fighting.

Lowell was smaller, but he was solid and in good shape from all the work he'd been doing—where that no-account loafer, Beaufils, never worked when he could get out of it. After a lively fight, Jim Beaufils ended up flat on his back. He come awake right away and reached for a big rock, but I kicked him in the hand and he let go. Finally he stood up, his mouth bleeding some, and walked home without a word.

Next time I got Judy alone, I asked her about Lowell, for I'd never suspected they was sweet on each other before. "Judy," says I, "is there anything your daddy ought to know about you and Lowell Mason?"

"Only that we're in love," says she, right happy about it.

"What's his intentions, do you think?"

"We might get married some time, as soon as he gets some more money saved. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

"Judy," I says, "I'd be tickled to death." And I would.

But even Lowell's plans about Judy worked against him with some of the townspeople—those that didn't know him, and believed Jim Beaufils. It was said he'd stole the children's money to get married on. And naturally that made some folks pretty mad.

There was a good big gang of them come out to my place on the afternoon the fiddle case was found, and they were looking for Lowell. Walking at the front of the group was Emery Jenks, a man I never liked. Stuffed-shirt sort of a fellow, always trying to boss other people around. He was running this posse, or whatever you want to call it, just because he wanted to run it worse than anybody else. The constable wasn't with them at all.

I seen them coming, about thirty people, lots of them with guns. They walked into my yard, and Jenks come right up on my porch and banged on the door. I opened it and said, "Howdy."

"Where's Lowell Mason?"

I said, "I got him painting my basement," which was true.

"We want him," says Jenks.

"So do I," I says, "and I seen him first."

"He's a thief," says Jenks.

"No he ain't," says I.

ABOUT this time, here come Roaver out of the house to see what was going on. He trotted up to Emery Jenks and licked his hand.

Jenks give the dog a push with his foot and then wiped his hand on his pants. "Don't like dogs," says he. "Now you looka here, Cal Harper; if you're hiding Lowell Mason in your basement, get him out. Right now."

Meanwhile, Roaver was trying to coax Emery Jenks to romp with him. That fool dog was down on his elbows, with his hind end up in the air and his tail wagging, trying to get up a game with Emery Jenks.

I seen the constable's car drive up, and then Lowell Mason come out of the house in his painting clothes. The crowd give way to let the constable through.

"Good morning, folks," says Lowell.

"That's him," says Jenks. "How about it, Constable?"

Constable Frick says, "Well, now, I—" Then he cleared his throat. "Lowell, there's some folks think you taken the Thanksgiving fund. Did you?"

Lowell blushed all the way out to the ends of his ears, which is no little distance. "I didn't," he says. "I certainly didn't."

"Would you be willing to come with me anyway, to—uh—to town?"

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"To jail, you mean?" Lowell looked as if he'd been slapped in the face, and I sure felt sorry for him. That boy must have figured he was born into a world that had no place for him at all.

"Well," says the constable, "there's some folks would like to have some assurance you ain't going to run away. It'll just be until we can gather a little more evidence."

"There won't be no more evidence," mutters Emery Jenks. "Don't need none."

"Could I take my violin?"

"Sure," says the constable. "Glad to have it."

"Where's your violin case?" snorts Emery Jenks.

LOWELL was starting to get mad. "It was stolen off of my bunk in the barn," he says. Then he turns to the constable. "All right. Let's go."

This was still Tuesday, two days before Thanksgiving.

Well sir, a lot of things happened before morning. More than I knew at the time. All I knew at the time was this: Along about midnight that night my dog Roaver woke me up. Whining, howling, scratching at the door to get out. I let him out, and I didn't see him for the rest of the night.

"All right, Harold, I'll marry you. I suppose no girl gets just what she wants"
COLLIER'S BILL KING

After breakfast the next morning, here come the constable and Lowell back again, in the constable's car. "I brought you your boy back," says the constable, as soon as they got up on the porch.

"Good," I says. "You catch the real skunk?"

"Not yet, but we know who he is."

"Jim Beaufils?"

"Right. He got drunk in Clifton last night, spent plenty of money and did a lot of bragging. Then he plumb disappeared."

"That don't exactly prove anything," says I, wishing it did.

"Well, it's enough for me. And I been thinking about another angle that just about proves it."

I was about to ask him what he meant, but right then Roaver got back from wherever he'd been since midnight. He was a sight. Limping, covered with mire, and the hair on top of his head plastered down with blood.

I wanted to look him over and see how bad hurt he was, but he wouldn't let me. Too excited. He'd run up to me and whine, and then he'd limp off toward the woods, in the direction he come from. Then he'd look back to see if I was coming, and I wasn't, so he'd come back and whine and go through the whole act all over again. It sure was peculiar.

"That dog," says the constable, who ain't exactly a genius, "wants you to follow him."

"Sure does," says I. "Wonder what he's found?"

"Jim Beaufils, maybe!" says Lowell. So we all started off together, with Roaver in the lead.

No, thinks I to myself, it can't be Jim Beaufils he's leading us to. If this was any dog in the world but Roaver it might be different, for there's many a dog will go through hell and high water to catch a crook. Not Roaver, though. Roaver couldn't possibly be that *right*, even once. All the same, I caught myself hoping once or twice.

Well sir, it wasn't no easy trip. That beat-up dog taken us right into the heart of the woods. We must have walked five miles, and we went through places I'd never been before. We'd covered the first mile before I thought to ask the constable about that other angle he'd mentioned.

"It ain't much," says he. "Only that I remembered something. It was Jim Beaufils that helped me find Lowell's fiddle case, down by the creek."

Thinks I: You ought to've smelled a rat in that long before this, but I held my tongue. It's a lot better to have a constable that percolates slow, like Ed Frick, than one that blows his top.

We tromped along for another mile or more, and I begun to feel strange. At first I couldn't figure out what was bothering me, but I finally got it.

"Here's a funny thing," says I. "This is the day before Thanksgiving."

"What's funny about that?" says Ed.

"It don't *seem* like the day before Thanksgiving."

Ed looked at me like I'd gone bats. Then he frowned and thought for a minute. "By golly, it don't, for a fact."

And Lowell had to say the same, for it was true. Thanksgiving was just about on us—a holiday that means a whole lot in our part of the country—and yet there wasn't any feeling of it at all, like there usually is. Might just as well been Arbor Day. I was still trying to puzzle it out when things begun to happen.

We come to a dark little draw, and Roaver led us right up it to the end. All we could see there was a big thicket of brush. But Roaver found his way into the thicket, with us following, and right in the center, in an open place, was Jim Beaufils. He was sitting beside a dead fire, with his leg tied up in a splint made out of willow shoots. And for a second there, I almost believed Roaver had got over being wrong.

Beaufils seen the dog before he seen us. He let out a long string of cuss words and picked up a rock, but the dog was on him before he could peg it. That dog romped all over him, licking his face, barking for joy, his tail wagging like to fall off.

THEN'S when I begun to see what'd happened last night, as clear as if I'd been there. Beaufils leaving town with the money, and my fool dog tagging along with him, full of love and affection, doing everything he could to be a help. Beaufils pelting him with rocks, trying to get rid of him, and Roaver, bewildered but devoted, sticking like glue. Then Beaufils falling down and hurting his leg—maybe while he was trying to chase the dog off. And Roaver going for help, which was just what Beaufils wanted least. I seen it all.

But nobody else did. Not right then. "Cal," says Ed Frick, "that dog of yours is the most intelligent and courageous law-enforcement animal I just about ever seen."

I was worried, though, because here's the thing about Ed Frick: Ed's easy to fool, but he don't stay fooled. He gets to thinking back, and remembering details. I wondered how many hours it would be before he begun remembering all the tail-wagging and face-licking that was going on right now. I sort of hated to think of having the truth come out.

Ed arrested Jim Beaufils and we carried him all the way to town on a stretcher we made out of our coats and some limbs. Jim had $177 on him, which was all that was left of the $184 after he got drunk.

All the way back to town, Roaver limped

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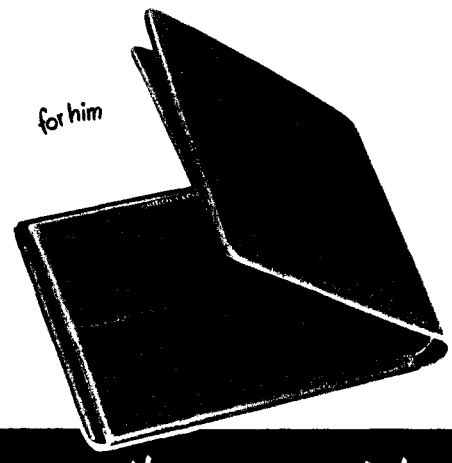

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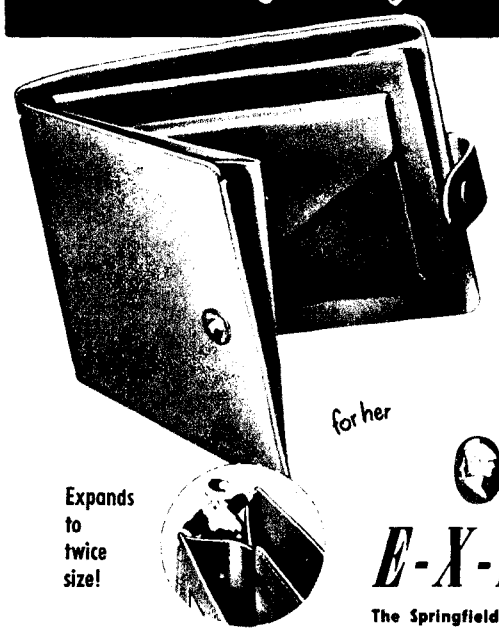

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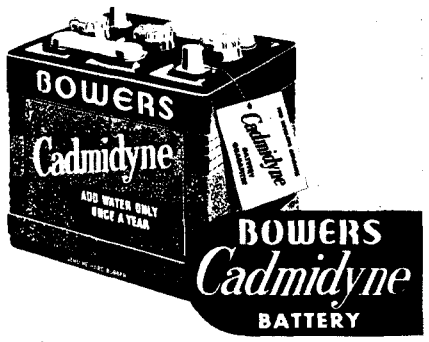

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along beside the stretcher, proud and battered, his head high. And Beaufils cussed him.

After we left Jim in jail, we met the mayor on the street—young Norman Adams, that everybody likes. He was on his way to lunch, but he stopped, and the constable told him about Roaver catching the thief.

"That's wonderful," says the mayor. "I think we ought to have a celebration."

"I'll buy you a drink," says the constable.

"Thanks, but that's not what I mean," says Norman. He went on to explain, and what he meant turned out to be more of a ceremony, like.

We had it that same afternoon late, in the Clifton park.

Folks had got word by that time, and everybody in town was there with their kids, all clustered around the bandstand. The weather was sunny and not terrible cold for November.

Mayor Adams had told me to bring Roaver, so that's what I did, and the mayor had us get right up on the bandstand with him. I had give Roaver a bath meantime, and Judy had put cologne on him.

As soon as we were settled on the bandstand, the mayor stood up and made a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen, there *will* be a party tomorrow, with turkey *dinner* for the kids, as we planned. I guess you all know that by now."

Everybody did, of course, but they went to clapping and hollering and so on anyhow. As far as I was concerned, though, there was still a funny feeling in the air. Tomorrow was Thanksgiving all right, but it seemed as if the spirit of it was sort of skipping Clifton this year. I couldn't see why, until my eye happened to light on Lowell Mason, standing under an elm tree with Judy and Ma and Cliff. Lowell didn't know anybody was looking at him, and I swear his face had a sadder look on it than I'd ever seen there before—even on that day in the henhouse when he told me about feeling like some kind of a freak.

Now I knew what had been eating on me all day. It was the same thing that was eating on that boy. It was this: Emery Jenks, and a fair hundred other people—all standing right in this crowd now—had been quick to believe the lies about Lowell, just because he was different from them. Just because he was an orphan, and had funny ears, and played classical fiddle music.

I STARED at Lowell, standing there in the crowd and looking like he was all alone, and I think I felt just as bad as he did. Life in Clifton would never be worth giving thanks for again. That's what I was thinking, and I'll admit it.

But Mayor Adams still had something to say.

"I want you to look at this," says the mayor to the people, and he holds up a little copper disk, hanging by a loop of ribbon. "Ed Young, the jeweler, made this medal, for me to give to the hero of the day—man's best friend, and especially your best friend, you kids."

I looked at Roaver. All the kids were looking at him too, their mouths open with admiration. I heard him growl at them a little, and right then I guess I loved that stupid hound more than I ever had before. He couldn't help it, just never trusted kids.

"Before I present Roaver with this medal," says the mayor, "I want to read you a poem I ran across today. It was written long ago, before most of us were born, but I like to think it was meant especially for today, and for Clifton, and for this splendid dog. It fits Roaver here, like a glove—not only because of the spots on his hide, but because of certain little quirks in his nature."

Then the mayor said the poem, and it had more meaning for its size than anything else I ever heard. He read it real slow, sort of smiling and yet solemn, and it had an effect that was like a miracle. I was proud, of course, having a great poem read for my dog, but before the mayor come to the end, my eyes had left Roaver and was glued on Lowell Mason.

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
*Praise him.**

The mayor paused for almost a minute, and then he said a few more words before he got around to Roaver.

WHILE he was talking, Constable Frick edged up against the bandstand, on the side where I was. My heart sunk when I seen him, for he had that sober look he gets when he's been thinking back. I knew the truth was out.

He motioned for me to bend down to him. He was looking downright stern, and I begun to wonder if I was wrong about the change that poem had made in the atmosphere. "There ain't but one bribe that'll keep my mouth shut," Ed whispered.

"What's that?"

He winked at me. "If Roaver ever has any sons, I want one."

"Pick of the litter," says I, feeling a great lot better. And then it struck me to whisper, "Happy Thanksgiving!"

The constable thought for a second, sort of sniffed the air, and then grinned and said the same. I couldn't help glancing over at Lowell Mason, for I was still remembering the light I'd seen come over his face while the mayor was reading the poem. Lowell was standing with his arm around Judy now, smiling, and he didn't look no more alone than any other young fellow with his girl.

The mayor finished what he was saying, paused for just a second, and then bent down and hung the medal around Roaver's neck, with Roaver snarling at him all the time, nasty as you please. Roaver always hated that man. Best dad-blamed mayor we ever had. THE END

** The poem Pied Beauty is reprinted by permission of the Oxford University Press and the family of the late Gerard Manley Hopkins.*

"How much farther do we have to go before you admit you made the wrong turn?"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

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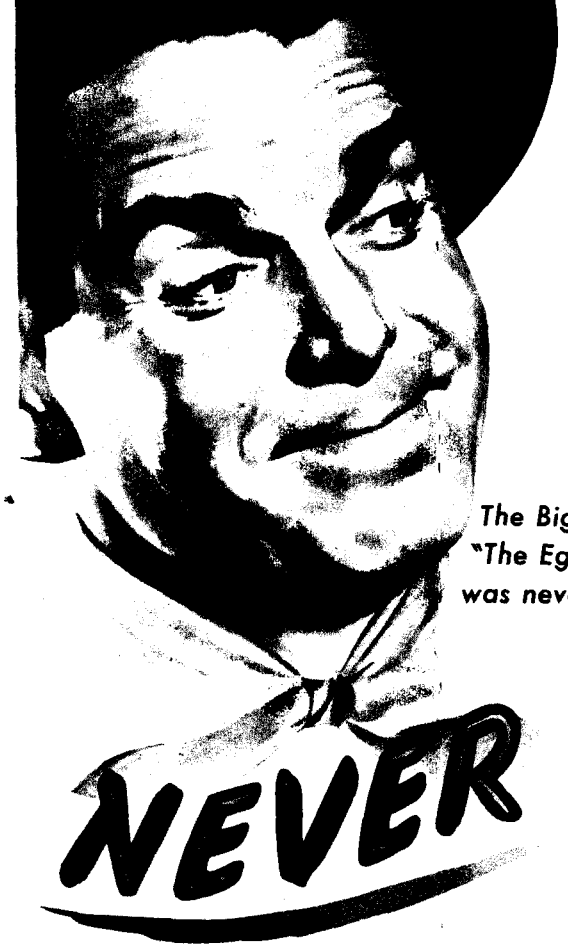

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"THE MAN WITH THE BIG FELT HAT"
"SAGEBRUSH LULLABY"

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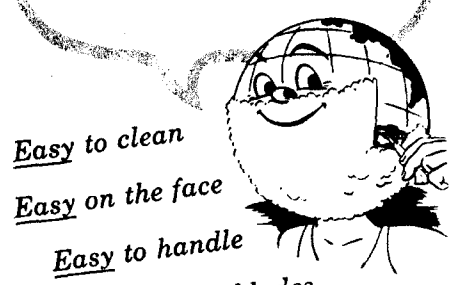
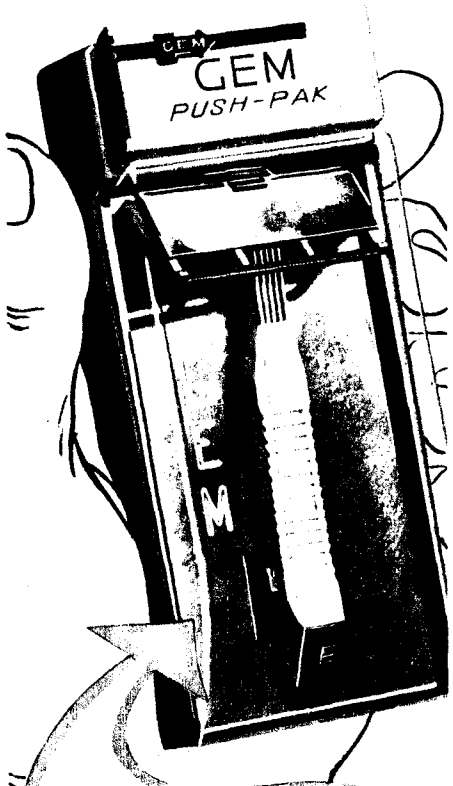
EASIEST SHAVE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH



Easy to clean
Easy on the face
Easy to handle
Easy to change blades



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How Are Your Child's Textbooks Selected?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

apart, gathering periodically for manuscript conferences. Altogether 250 days were devoted to such meetings. Several could not keep up with their writing and their regular jobs at the same time, and so took extended leaves of absence to give full time to the book, during which Welch paid their living expenses as advances against future royalties.

As the work progressed, pictures (an average of 300 in each 350-page book) had to be fitted to the text. In addition to the arithmetic itself, the writers had to prepare eight manuals for teachers, one to each grade, and workbooks for the pupils. To the 2,500 pages of textbook, these items added another 3,000 pages—a whole two-foot shelf of books.

From basic idea to printer's copy, Welch, his associate Charles Ross and the writers spent more than five years writing, editing, rewriting.

Every motion and day cost the Silver Burdett Company money: research, $15,000; stenography and typing, $10,000; editorial salaries, $75,000; hotel and travel expenses for writers, $25,000; advance royalties, $20,000; illustrations, $45,000; typesetting and platemaking, $120,000. Thus, before a single book came out of the bindery, the publisher had spent $310,000.

This figure goes to the nub of the textbook industry. In terms of output the industry is a giant, in terms of income, a pygmy. Without its product our schools and teachers would largely become ineffective, yet in our ever-expanding education budget, textbooks are not only a minor item, but a diminishing one.

The cost of one year of school for one precollege pupil has risen from $17 in 1900 to $200 in 1950. At the same time the number of pennies that go for books in each education dollar has fallen from three and a half to less than two. We are spending more for many school services which have less educational value. One sample: More than $200,000,000 will go this year for "free" busses to haul one child in five to school. This is more than twice what will be spent for all the books used by 30,000,000 children enrolled in our 185,000 elementary and high schools.

Compared with Carrier Costs

The total cost of this year's schooling for these 30,000,000 will be $5,200,000,000, according to the U.S. Office of Education. Of this, the cost of the 106,000,000 textbooks to be produced this year by some 60 publishing houses will be an estimated $88,000,000—a sum less than that expended on a single big aircraft carrier.

There is a reason for this relatively unimpressive figure. Textbook making is the only important aspect of U.S. education not subsidized by taxes or endowments. In our whole multibillion-dollar educational stream it remains the only island of fiercely competitive free enterprise. Textbook makers have to make better books cheaper, or be swamped by the competition. And once the book is made, the publisher's problem is only half over, for next he must tackle the complicated job of selling it to the school officials who determine whether or not they want to use it.

In our education system there are many ways for unscrupulous officials to line their pockets. They can pad payrolls for janitor service, make deals with building contractors, demand rebates from suppliers of cheesecloth for home economics classes or softballs for schoolyard DiMaggios.

But the easiest avenue to abuses lies in the purchase of textbooks, which are selected by jobholders who do not pay for them and paid for by parents and taxpayers who are not consulted at any point. In any community the textbook picture is only as clean as the people who pick the books.

In the city of Chicago not long ago, the general superintendent of schools was William H. Johnson, appointed in 1936 by the board of education during the regime of Mayor Edward H. Kelly. Johnson was a man with degrees from half a dozen colleges and universities, a background of experience in teaching and training teachers, and the political propensities of a tireless joiner. Somewhere along the line he discovered that textbooks are often ghost-written. For him it was a fateful discovery.

A Too Prolific School Super

In one year alone Johnson co-authored a series of high-school texts on industrial arts; a series of elementary texts on home mechanics; a series of seventh- and eighth-grade readers and a series of elementary texts on handwork. Book followed book until Johnson's name appeared under some 20 titles. Perhaps never had the busy superintendent of a school system with 400,000 pupils been so prolific. Some textbook publishers hungered for the privilege of printing Johnson for, of course, every book by Johnson was selected by Johnson's underlings for use among the pupils whose education Johnson superintended.

Then his pupils began to brag. "Pop," they said to their fathers, "Johnson must be the smartest man in the world. He wrote every schoolbook I use." When that began to happen Johnson got himself ghosted out of a job; he resigned, followed by other members of the board of education.

Thoroughly angered Chicagoans determined to take their school system as far out of politics as they could. In 1947, under the new administration of Mayor Martin H. Kennelly, a new board of education appointed as superintendent of schools a man who had never lived in Chicago and was a total stranger to all local politicos. He was Herold Christian Hunt, an educator of wide experience and repute who had been superintendent of schools in New Rochelle, New York; Kalamazoo and St. Johns, Michigan; and Kansas City, Missouri. With a salary of $25,000 a year and the promise of a free hand, Hunt accepted the call.

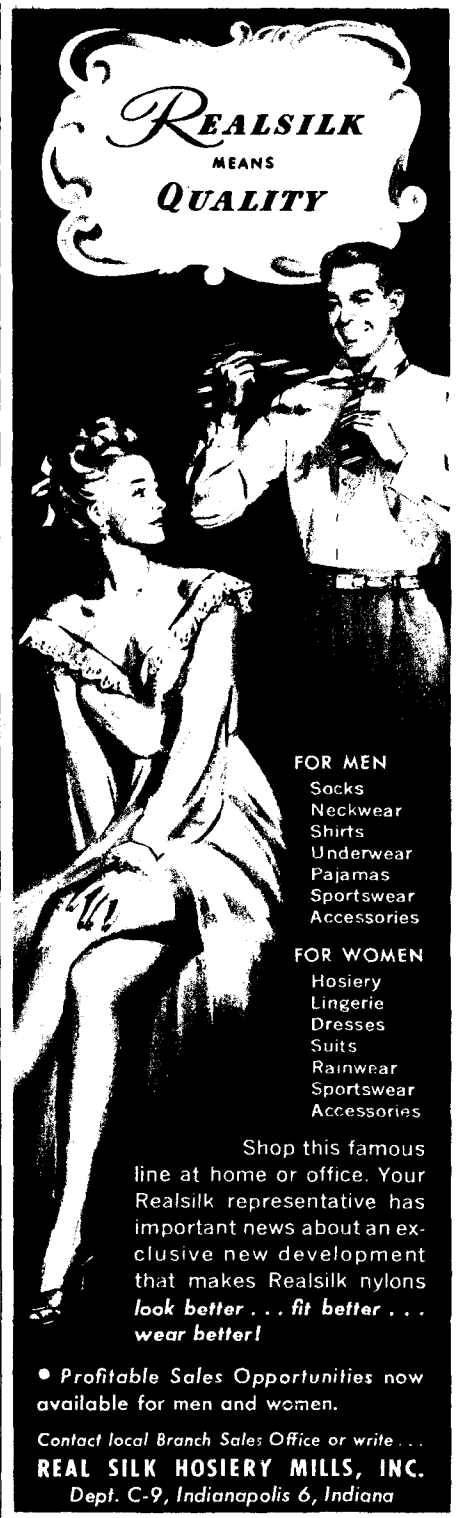
One of his basic reforms was to establish a new method of selecting textbooks. He patterned this on a system educators call "multiple adoption"; it was put into use for the first time last year. Hunt's version of multiple adoption is the most up-to-date there is, containing new refinements and safeguards which recommend it to the citizens of any community with a textbook mess on their hands. This is how it works.

Chicago's schools are divided into 14 districts, nine for elementary and five for high schools. Each district superintendent nominates teachers he regards as the ablest in his jurisdiction to serve on a city-wide book-selecting committee. Elementary committees thus contain nine members, high-school committees five. There is a separate committee for each subject such as readers, arithmetics, histories, and so on.

On pain of disqualifying their books (and the committee member as well), bookmen—as textbook salesmen are called—are asked not to contact members of the committees individually. Sample books are deposited with Lester J. Schloerb, a vigilant Hunt appointee who bears the title of Acting Director of Instructional Materials. Schloerb distributes the samples to the appropriate committees; presentations by the bookmen must be made to the whole group. Presentation is a $4 textbookese word meaning "sales talk."

In making their choice of books each committee member must fill out a ballot which contains three general and a number of technical questions. The general

REALSILK MEANS QUALITY



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Socks
Neckwear
Shirts
Underwear
Pajamas
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Accessories

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questions, and the reasons for them, are vital.

Question No. 1: "Is the content of the above title such that it will meet satisfactorily the needs of the child?" This is based on the fact that the hardest book, while it may be best for the brightest pupil, is seldom good for the whole class. The teacher's efforts must be directed mainly at the middle group—the slightly above average, average, slightly below average and those just below that. The "best" book is the book that most thoroughly meets the needs of this group.

Question No. 2: "Is the material organized in such a way that the teaching process is facilitated?" This question grows out of a nation-wide problem. We simply do not have enough classrooms and enough teachers. With the increase in our number of school children per class, a teacher wants a textbook which will take some of the burden of teaching off her hands and serve as assistant teacher.

Question No. 3: "Does the material at all points present a wholesome picture of the American way of life in our democracy?" The purpose of this question is to eliminate subversive material from textbooks. In education, "subversive" is a word of a thousand meanings. It not only concerns thinly veiled doses of Communist doctrine, but the battle cries of a great variety of special pleaders.

Publishers try hard to keep their books beyond reach of charges of subversion. Their lists of what not to put in textbooks are as extensive as the motion picture industry's code of censorship. Frank descriptions of human sex differences are taboo, lest they arouse church groups; a Negro is never depicted as a servant any more lest Negro organizations protest; and within the past few years it has become increasingly dangerous for a textbook writer even to mention Soviet Russia or Communism without adding a political denunciation.

Committees Held Responsible

In Chicago, Hunt's selection committees are warned that any ruckus growing out of the books they pick will be laid flatly on them as individuals. The committees must keep the school system safe from such controversies, or take the rap.

When members of the committees make up their minds about the books they like in each grade and subject, the four books winning the most favor go on the adopted list. The next step is for the list to be compiled, printed and distributed to principals and teachers. This year the list was 125 pages long, and contained 3,994 items. In each school, principal and teachers get together and agree on the books they want. They may select any one they like, provided only that it is on the "adopted" list.

In Chicago, Silver Burdett's new arithmetic underwent the ultimate test for any textbook, which is whether teachers like it and want to use it. The arithmetic was chosen as one of four on the multiple list, and has been ordered by 240 of Chicago's 342 elementary schools. Such sales success is the end result of the competitive efforts of publishers to make better books, and the multiple-adoption system is the guarantee that the publisher whose books best answer the needs of most teachers is likely to get the most business.

The multiple-adoption system for both elementary and secondary schools is now in use in 15 states—Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Nevada, New Mexico, South Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and Virginia. Devised as one step in the long fight against favoritism in the selection of textbooks, it is not, of course, perfect; but the heartening fact is that where teachers have a choice, even if only a limited one, favoritism does not make much headway.

A System That Fosters Graft

Textbook corruption flourishes most easily under what is called the "single adoption" system, under which a state or a local authority, usually an education department or a school board, selects one book for each grade and subject, and requires all teachers to use it whether they like it or not. The concentration of the power to select in the hands of an individual or a small group provides both a temptation and an opportunity. The state-wide adoption of a single book often means an order for two or three hundred thousand copies—a quarter- or half-million-dollar sale for a publisher or big enough to make a grafter's fingers twitch uncontrollably.

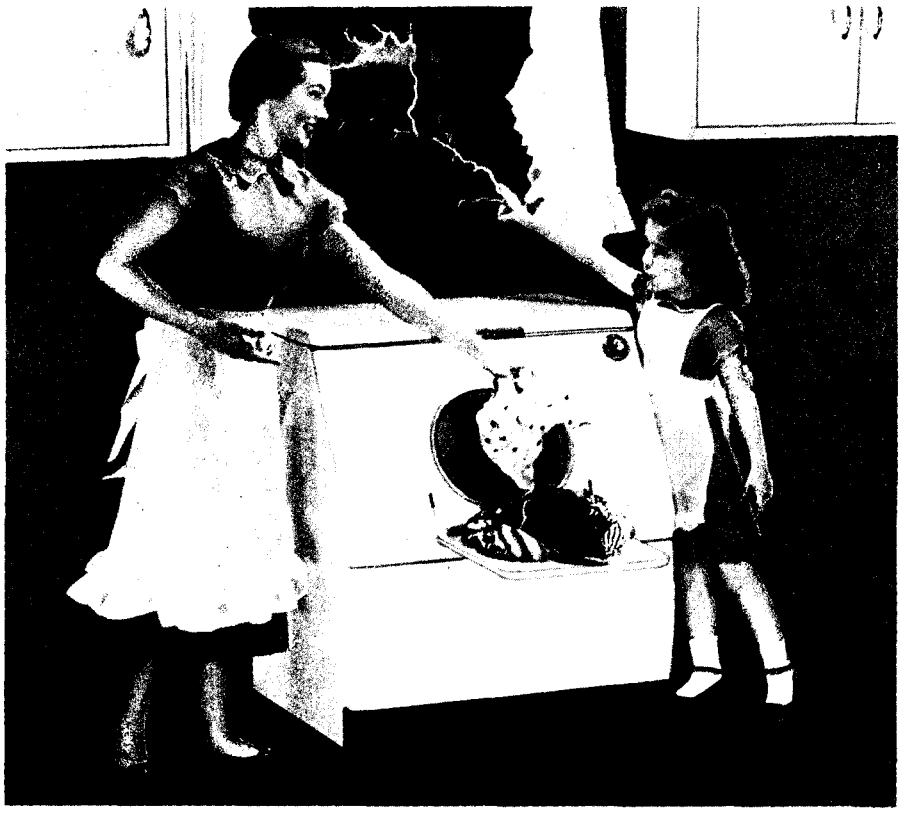
Years back, the textbook industry was rife with instances of political influence in the sale of its books. Today it is taking a hand in cleaning up these conditions. What has happened is that competitive emphasis has shifted from bribes, bonuses, rebates and champagne parties in the contest for sales, to greater efforts and expenditures to produce better books.

Text book favoritism, however, is not always a matter of graft. Teachers in a rural Pennsylvania district recently discovered so. The readers these teachers were using, and about which they had no choice, had first been published in 1904. In line with the rural morality of that time the books inveighed against women who painted their cheeks and lips. Today's hep pupils not only laughed at this, but went on from there to make a joke of teachers, schools and the whole idea of education. Genuinely concerned, the teachers called on their supervisor. "Those readers," he adamantly declared, "were good enough for me in my day, and they're good enough for your pupils now."

The significant point about this old gentleman is that there are still many like him, not only in our rural districts, but in our cities as well. They are, usually, time-serving appointees perpetuated in their jobs by indifferent local school boards.

They can be eliminated if parents will wake up and act. THE END

Writing new text (l. to r.): William Schaaf, Elizabeth Springstun, Robert Morton, Earl Welch, Merle Gray and Charles Ross of Silver Burdett firm



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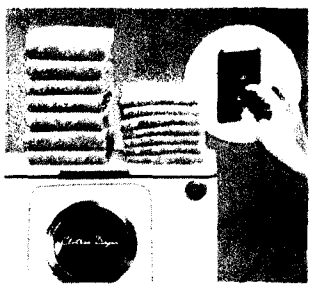

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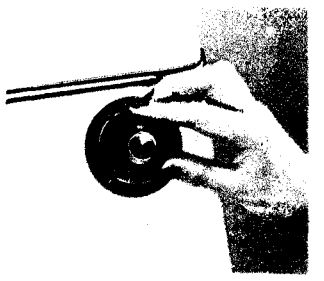

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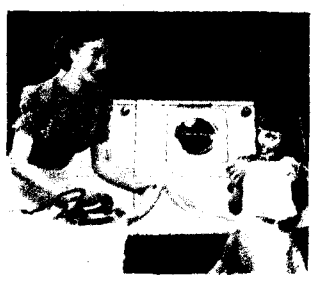

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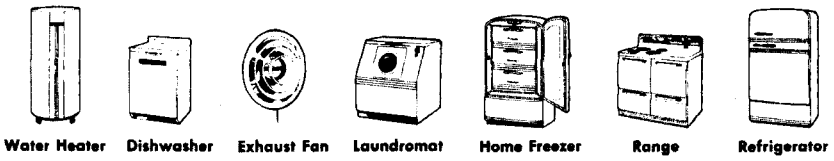

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Boston's Beloved Bistro

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

The first, operated by Louis Ober, was registered in Boston annals in 1870, although there had been restaurants at No. 4 Winter Place from 1861 on. The original establishment was a downstairs café in a building that had been put up before there were any city records. Not much is known today of Ober, except that he borrowed money to set up his place from Eben Jordan, cofounder of the famous Jordan Marsh department store, which is just around the corner. Although the restaurant has changed hands a number of times, the same table has always been reserved for Jordan Marsh officials out of respect to their founder's memory, and generations of them have lunched there every day that the restaurant has been open for business.

Originally, the place was called Ober's Restaurant Parisien; the food was strictly French, and so costly that King's Dictionary of Boston (1883) said, "It is most patronized by the possessors of long purses." Fine wine was featured then, as now; the cover of an early menu announced, "Mr. Ober calls special attention to his large stock of Wines selected by himself, in France. They are recommended by Physicians as pure and wholesome . . ."

Ober remodeled his establishment in 1886 into roughly the same appearance it bears today. His prosperity continued undisputed until around 1891, when Frank Locke's Wine Rooms were opened right next door. Locke's was one of the most elaborately decorated eating houses in all Boston. A long glass rail, lighted to disclose flowers inside, ran along the bar. There was a small water wheel, turned by real water, and the cashier controlled a switch that made the lights depict dawn, full daylight and twilight.

Locke's featured plain American cooking, and for a while it was favored over Ober's. Before long, however, patrons showed their preference for the French food, and they began drinking in Locke's and dining next door. The competition continued until 1894, when a wholesale liquor firm bought both places and tore down the walls separating the two. On the last day of May of that year, the new owners carried the key to the connecting door to the docks and ceremoniously cast it into Boston Harbor. They changed the name to the Winter Place Tavern.

Emil Camus, from Paris, appeared that year as manager; he left two years later, and returned in 1901 to form his own company and buy the restaurant from John Merrow, who had taken it over from the liquor dealers in 1898. Camus was largely responsible for the character that the food ultimately assumed. By combining Ober's French cooking with Locke's unostentatious fare, and allowing traces of other national food characteristics to creep into his kitchen, he produced a varied menu limited only by his own high standards.

Camus' reign was dedicated to his primary principles of excellent food and service. Although he was an exacting taskmaster, he seemed to inspire great loyalty on the part of his employees.

His headwaiter, Nick Stuhl, made his home in a single room on the third floor (now Little's office) and never ventured outside the restaurant except to go to Mass on Sundays. Nick remained until he died, in 1943, at eighty-two; during his declining years he habitually shuffled about the place in carpet slippers. Waiter Eddie Ivaldi had been there 47 years until his retirement last year. Ralph Scott, the gray-haired cashier, came on the job in 1906 and is still there. Marco Bono, another waiter (who once made a battleship centerpiece out of napkins for a dinner honoring Admiral Dewey at the Hotel Touraine), joined the staff in 1904.

"It's a good thing we have old waiters," Freddie Hammel says. "Some of the customers don't like to order things by name—they feel they've been coming in so long we ought to know what they like. They say, 'Freddie, give me my salad,' but they never say *what* salad. I have to know which one wants hearts of lettuce, which one wants mixed greens, and so on."

A good many of Locke-Ober's noonday customers are brokers who sometimes show

Baked Lobster Savannah

1 live three-pound lobster
3¼ ounces butter
4 mushroom caps, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
1½ tablespoons sherry
1 teaspoon paprika
1 red pimiento, sliced
2 tablespoons fresh bread crumbs
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
wedge of lemon
salt, pepper

Boil lobster about 30 minutes. Then cut off all claws. Cut opening in top of body from base of head to tail. Remove all meat from claws and body. Cut meat in cubes and put in baking pan. Add pinch of salt and one tablespoon of butter and place in oven, 375 degrees, for about 20 minutes. Remove from oven and drain off liquid. Prepare Newburgh sauce as follows: Melt remaining butter and slowly add flour, working constantly with wire whisk. Add milk. Cook about 10 minutes, then add sherry and paprika. Add lobster meat, mushrooms and green pepper. Put in kettle on top of hot range for about 15 minutes. Stir well so mixture will not scorch. Take off and add pimiento. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Put the mixture in empty lobster shell and sprinkle with a mixture of bread crumbs and cheese. Place in 375-degree oven and bake until golden brown. Remove from oven and sprinkle with sherry. Serve at once with wedge of lemon.

Oysters à la Gino

2 strips bacon
1 tablespoon sherry
5 ounces cream sauce
3 ounces fresh crab meat
6 oysters on half shell
3 ounces bread crumbs
½ clove garlic, chopped
1½ ounces olive oil
paprika

Chop a strip of bacon fine and fry until crisp. Strain away grease, add sherry and bring to a boil; then pour in cream sauce, also brought to a boil. To this add crab meat. Boil whole mixture about two minutes, then put portions of it on each oyster. Mix bread crumbs, garlic, olive oil, and enough paprika to color. Cover each oyster with this mixture, topping with small cube of raw bacon. Place oysters in 375-degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes. Serves one.

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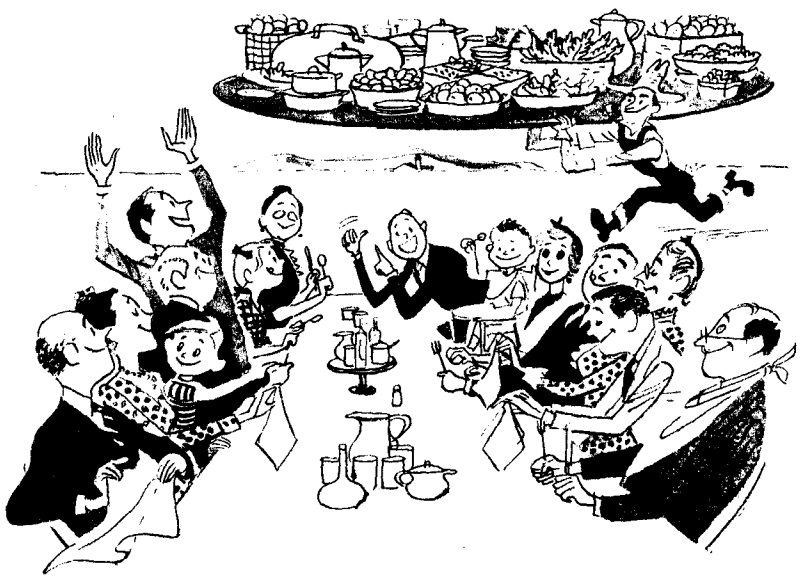
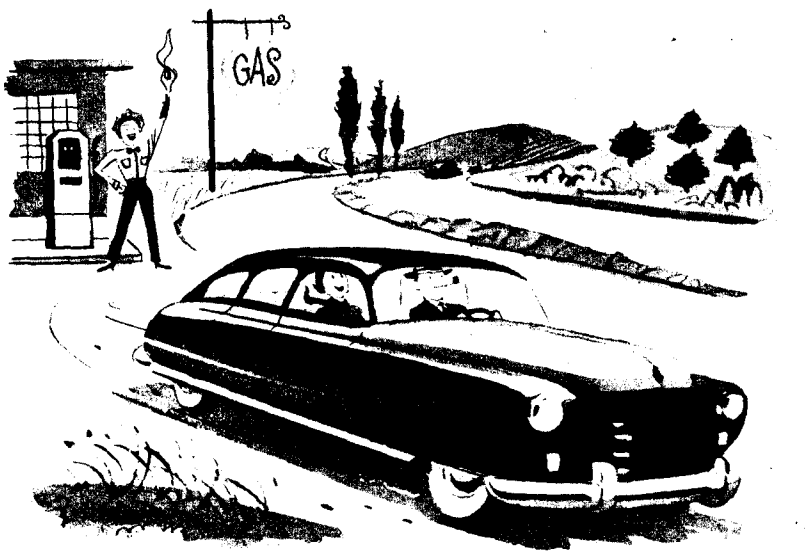
Drillers have now gone down more than four miles in the search for oil—just about as deep as Mt. McKinley is high. ***Progress in the science of finding oil is adding billions of barrels to our oil reserves.***

Every day, America's oil transportation system moves 240,000,000 gallons of oil where and when it is wanted—does it so efficiently that ***a gallon of gasoline actually costs you less than a gallon of distilled water.***



In 1859, with long-hours of backbreaking labor, the average farmer raised only enough to feed a family of five. ***Today, with oil-powered farm machinery one farmer can feed himself and fourteen other people.***



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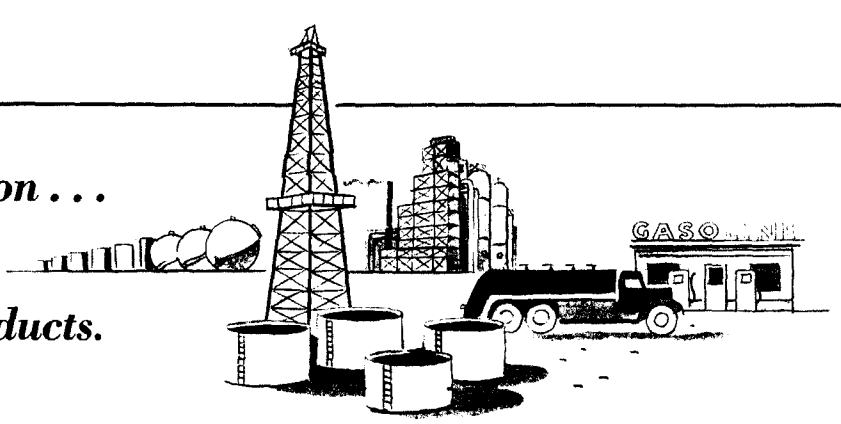

Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

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their appreciation for the waiters' attention by slipping them tips on the market. The waiters accept these with gratitude not unmixed with hardheadedness. Once a broker gave one waiter 75 shares in an Alaska gold mine, advising him to put them in the bank and forget them. The waiter learned that the stock was worth around $3 a share, and chose to cash it in—a wise decision, since three weeks later the mine was no longer a going concern.

It's not uncommon for customers to feel so grateful to the restaurant that they complain the management isn't giving itself a fair shake. A whisky sour, for example, served in a specially made 5½-ounce goblet, costs only 50 cents; this almost invariably prompts newcomers to remark to the bartender, "Say, aren't you cheating yourself?" The all-time record for this type of remonstration was set in 1909, when Sherman Whipple, the eminent lawyer, entertained a large group at a lunch for President Taft that cost $2,301.18. Whipple wrote Camus that he felt the price was too low.

When the shadow of prohibition fell over the land, Camus fell upon bad days. He refused to violate the law, and thus lost a good portion of his trade. Ultimately he shut down the Locke side, and even though business picked up after repeal, he never opened it again.

Camus died in April, 1939, exactly 38 years from the day that he assumed control. At that time, many were worried lest the restaurant die with him—or its standards decline. Little, a forthright, businesslike man who was named manager by the company that now controls Locke-Ober's, had no intention of letting that happen.

Ward Eight Cocktail

Mix 1½ ounces lemon juice, ½ ounce sugar sirup, ½ ounce grenadine, 1½ ounces club soda, 1½ ounces rye whisky, cracked ice. Then stir and strain into 8-ounce goblet containing two ice cubes and ½ slice of orange

Little had been in the shoe manufacturing business until around 1928, when poor health caused him to take a Caribbean cruise. On that trip he met Ezra Eaton, head of a Boston restaurant chain; they became friends, and Eaton offered him a job. Little accepted, and once he became interested in restaurants he knew that he would never be happy in any other occupation. When he joined Locke-Ober's, he took to it the way Locke-Ober customers take to lobster Savannah.

The first move Little made was to decree that there would be no changes in the Camus theory of operation. The result has been that even old-line gourmets like Lucius Beebe compare the new Locke-Ober's favorably with the old. Beebe has called it "one of the six best dining rooms north of the Rio Grande."

Camus used to declare that each dish should be a work of art, and Little concurs wholeheartedly. While this attitude slows up the service, Locke-Ober customers don't complain. In return, diners are never hurried when—confronted by the lengthy menu—they spend as much as an hour trying to make up their minds. "We want people to take their time and enjoy our food," Little says.

Sometimes, when he spots a bewildered customer, Freddie Hammel will come to his rescue by recommending one of the specialties for which the house is noted, such as anchovies Winter Place. This dish is listed as an appetizer, but it can serve as a salad, or, with a little bread and wine and possibly some soup, as a meal in itself. It's a cinch to prepare:

A mound of iceberg lettuce is chopped fine and placed on the plate as a nest. Over it are laid 13 fillets of anchovies, sprinkled with chopped hard-cooked egg (the whites and yolks chopped separately). Two slices of tomato go on one side, and a finely chopped onion on the other. A slice of pickled beet is placed at each end of the nest, and the whole dish is sprinkled with French dressing. The strong, salty anchovies combine temptingly with the pungent onion and the delicate egg, and the beets and the French dressing act as a lusty counterpoint flavor.

An even more substantial preliminary is baked oysters à la Gino, named for its creator, Gino Bertolaccini, a chef who has been a Locke-Ober fixture for more than 20 years. Oysters Rockefeller always was one of his favorite dishes, and one day he hit upon a variation. The new baked oysters proved so popular that they were given a featured spot on the back of the menu, along with such dishes as planked filet of lake trout, filet mignon of beef, Mirabeau; breast of chicken, Richmond; and breast of duck, sliced orange, Bigarade sauce.

Creating a Gourmet's Dream

The oysters à la Gino assert themselves as a genuine feat of gastronomic ingenuity. Crusted with a spicy bread-crumb mixture, they are yellow-brown on top, and heavy with creamy crab meat and oyster beneath; each ingredient retains its own flavor for an ephemeral moment, then loses it in the overpowering effect of the whole dish.

Lobster Savannah, another menu attraction, was devised years ago by some forgotten cook who came to Boston from that Georgia city. This dish, a delicious variation of lobster Newburg, takes time and trouble to prepare, but it's worth it.

Assistant Manager Tony Bersacola estimates that Locke-Ober sells about 50 of these lobsters every day.

The Locke-Ober recipes (those for oysters à la Gino and lobster Savannah accompany this article) are listed in a vast file that includes virtually every dish known to gourmets—a file that, until recently, has been kept closely guarded ("It has never been the custom of the restaurant to reveal recipes," Little says). Some dishes couldn't be duplicated at home in any case, because no home, no matter how elaborate its kitchen, could hope to match the stocks and sauces that are kept on hand at Locke-Ober's as a matter of course.

Since customers can't make the foods themselves, several of them have chosen the next alternative. They are patiently eating their way through the entire menu, item by item, a project that demands a great deal of time—and money. Prices at Locke-Ober's are not as high as those of certain very exclusive restaurants, but neither are they on a par with hot-dog-stand rates. Two can eat nicely for about $7, including some wine or a drink beforehand.

Last year, a man of medium size appeared one night and showed every intention of trying to eat the entire bill of fare in the least possible number of sittings. Frank Curro, a waiter, will never forget him.

"He was with a party of six," Frank says, "and when he sat down he ordered stuffed celery; fresh shrimp cocktail; six orders of cherrystone clams; anchovies Winter Place; oysters Rockefeller; onion soup au gratin; a club steak with garnitures of olives, Mirabeau, Richelieu, Stanley, Pittsburgh and onions; julienne potatoes; country-fried potatoes; a pot of coffee; a macaroon; and vanilla ice cream with chocolate sirup and nut sauce. I thought that was the order for the whole party, so I started for the kitchen. Next thing I knew, he was calling me back to take his *friends'* orders.

"I tell you," Frank concludes, "an eater like that makes a waiter feel like his whole life's justified." THE END

From time to time in future issues Collier's will offer more articles describing some of the nation's most interesting and satisfying eating places

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Smugglers Now Take to the Air

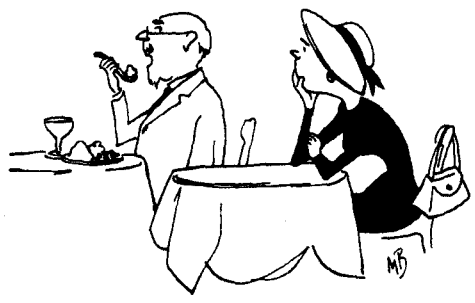
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

plate, giving the appearance of being the end of the belly compartment." It was mechanic Pratt and radioman Marvin Austin who crammed the tanks with the sweepstakes tickets when they serviced the planes at Shannon. Colin Austin's regular job was to inspect the planes at Bradley Field in the United States, where he removed the books.

Fliers Who Turn Crooked

We are suffering today from one of the aftereffects of having trained thousands of young men to fly airplanes during World War II. It was inevitable that a few in this huge total should have been unscrupulous to begin with, and when the war was over they realized the value of the airplane in making a dishonest living.

MARTHA BLANCHARD



Gourmet Dismay

No restaurant menu have I seen
That does not find me torn between
The baked Virginia ham's appeal,
The lobster or the breaded veal;
Till prompted by the waiter's voice
I hesitantly make my choice.
Then racked by indecision, doubt,
I cast a worried glance about
And wish I'd ordered, usual style,
What looks so good across the aisle.

—BETTY ISLER

Others became impressed with the ease with which they raked in black-market dollars during the war. Troop carrier planes, for example, were notorious for carrying currency and short-supply goods back and forth from France to England after D day; and I knew one young lieutenant who made so much money exchanging French collaborators' francs into pounds in England that he was able to buy a big European radio station after the war.

But the problem is not an American one alone. When the International Criminal Police Commission held their annual convention at The Hague last June, they devoted a special panel to discussing the growth of international aerial smuggling all over the world—with particular emphasis on the complicity of ex-Air Force personnel from all nations who engaged in World War II.

Added to this, says Deputy Commissioner of Customs Chester A. Emerick, is the fact that every country built hundreds of airstrips for training pilots during the war, many of which are now abandoned and ideal for smuggling operations. But most important of all was a point brought out by Acting Commissioner of Immigration A. R. Mackey.

"It's the swashbuckling attitude engendered by wartime flying," he said. "They got so used to 'liberating' other people's property and doing whatever they pleased that they think their illegal operations today should be excused on the grounds that they are soldiers of fortune. Every ex-Air Force pilot we pick up acts like a movie actor. They're very proud of themselves—but few of them stop to think that the people they are smuggling in might be spies or saboteurs who could do untold damage to the security of their country."

There has been no more graphic an example of this swashbuckling carelessness than in two cases that were curiously intertwined. Case number one got under way when Immigration Inspector Ralph H. Traher received a garbled message from an informer in Cuba to the effect that "Simonovich wants Bill Marphy to contact him before talking to Sanchez and Freddy." The message apparently was part of a letter from Simonovich addressed to an Edward William Marphy on Northwest Seventy-fifth Street, in Miami, Florida. To the casual eye it seemed harmless enough, but it galvanized Traher's office into action. For Gregorio Simonovich, an expatriate Russian living in Cuba, was one of the world's most notorious smugglers of human beings.

Border Patrol investigators rushed to the Northwest Seventy-fifth Street address and found that the occupant was the mother-in-law of one Edward William *Murphy*, a tall, handsome free-lance pilot of the movie type, who had been an Air Force flying instructor and an Air Transport Command pilot during the war. They discovered that Murphy lived with his wife and two children in a trailer at the Tropicaire Airport and that he owned a BT-13 surplus Army training plane based there. It turned out, however, that the BT-13 hadn't been used in weeks, and there seemed to be no grounds for suspicion of Murphy.

But then the superb police work of the immigration investigators turned up some interesting clues. First, they found out that Murphy had a police record—one year for breaking and entering in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1940, several arrests as a suspicious character in various Midwestern cities, and a suspended sentence for grand larceny in Miami in 1942.

Next came the big break of the case, on Easter Sunday afternoon in 1948. The manager of the Fernandina Airport phoned the immigration people in Jacksonville. He said, "A red Cessna airplane just landed here with five Oriental passengers. The pilot gassed up in a big rush. He wouldn't let any of the passengers leave the ship, and he took off in just a few minutes." It was a holiday Sunday, but the Civil Aeronautics Authority broke all records identifying the plane for the immigration investigators. It was plane number NC-66124, owned by two Miami businessmen. They had just sold the plane to a man named Ed Murphy.

Suspect's Hotel Watched

The trail now was sizzling. The immigration men teletyped the information to their New York office, since they had learned that the red Cessna had landed at Teterboro Airport, New Jersey, a few miles from New York. From a check of Murphy's previous letters and phone calls, they also knew that he generally stayed at a particular hotel in New York City. This hunch was right. Murphy had registered there the night before with a man named Tom Moy. The immigration officers still didn't have proof that Murphy actually had smuggled aliens, so they kept the hotel under surveillance while they checked up on the status of Mr. Moy.

A few days later, Murphy apparently became suspicious and he took off suddenly in his plane. He dropped out of sight for

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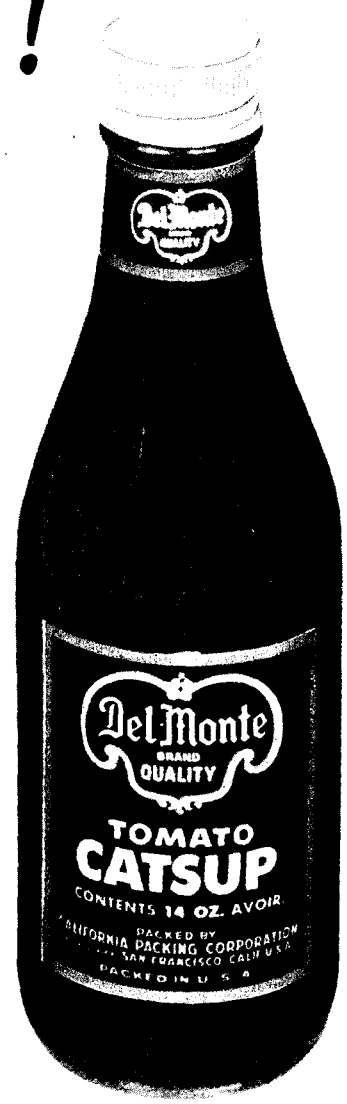

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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Leon Hart

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a while, but on April 5th the immigration officers arrested him in his Miami home as he was packing his bags for a long sojourn elsewhere. The ingenuity of the immigration investigators in deliberately chasing Murphy back to Miami became obvious the next day. "Talk," they said, "or you serve five years of that suspended sentence you got here in Miami in 1942." Murphy talked.

It turned out that he got into the smuggling business when, as a self-styled soldier of fortune, he joined Dominican Republic forces assembling in Cuba to stage a revolution against dictator Rafael Trujillo. When the revolution collapsed, he ferried Americans who had joined the revolutionary army back to the U.S. at $75 a head.

Four Partners in the Plot

Then, impressed with this fast buck, he contacted the notorious Simonovich and formed a partnership with him and two other men named Fredrico Victor Guerrero and Buenaventura Sanchez to smuggle aliens into the United States by plane. He made several trips, with Sanchez brazenly chartering busses to take them from remote Florida landing fields directly to New York.

In the customary manner of criminals, however, Murphy and Simonovich tried to double-cross their two partners by cutting them out of several smuggling deals. The partners found out, and that's when Simonovich sent the letter to Murphy about not talking to Freddy and Sanchez—a copy of which fell into the hands of one of our intelligence agents in Cuba.

For his part in the plot, soldier of fortune Murphy got two years in a federal penitentiary. So did Guerrero, who also was arrested in the United States. Simonovich and Sanchez, safe in Cuba, escaped—and the case seemed to be closed. But an American magazine published an article which somewhat glamorized the Messrs. Murphy and Simonovich. A sentence near the end of the article read: "Simonovich still scurries about Havana procuring aliens and wishing for another Westerner as bold as Murphy to come and haul them away."

And this was the most bizarre phase of the story. For, according to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, another ex-U.S. Air Force soldier of fortune read the article and apparently considered the sentence to be a Help Wanted advertisement. He flew to Cuba and contacted Simonovich—in the very Polaco Town coffeeshops that the article said the Russian frequented. This was the beginning of case number two.

The case broke when an informer came to U.S. Immigration Service Investigator C. M. DeWitt in Havana and told him that a visaless Rumanian couple had disappeared mysteriously from Havana's European colony. DeWitt immediately checked on all the mail the absentees had received while in Havana, and learned they had relatives in New York. He wired this information to Immigration Investigator Samuel M. Auerbach in New York. Auerbach put the relatives' home under surveillance, and in a few days a man and a woman walked in. They answered the description of the missing Rumanian couple, so they were arrested and taken to Auerbach's office for questioning.

Auerbach's interrogation was so brilliant that he later received a commendation for his handling of the case. He got the couple to admit they had flown illegally to Florida from Cuba. He got them to describe the pilot, the plane, the field where they had landed, and even the small hotel where they had spent their first night. At the end of the interrogation, Auerbach pulled out photos of a dozen people in Cuba who were known to be engaged in the smuggling racket. He said, "See if you can pick out the picture of the man who arranged your trip." Both husband and wife unerringly pointed to the same photograph. It was Simonovich.

Convinced that he was on the trail of something big, Auerbach rushed his prisoners back to Miami and turned them over to Chief Patrol Inspector Joseph Van Orshoven. Van Orshoven hauled the couple around the countryside in his car for five days until they definitely had recognized the place where they had landed—an open field in the flat country outside the city.

Then Van Orshoven went to the nearby small hotel where they had stayed. He asked the manager, "Did a young man check in with a European-looking couple last week on November 28th?" "Yes," said the manager. "Describe him," said Van Orshoven. The description tallied exactly with the Rumanians' description of the pilot. Then the inspector asked the key question. "Do you have the man's name?" he said. "Yes, sir," said the manager, "it's right here in my register—Gaylord Saxton. And he had a friend with him—Charles Cramton."

This broke the case wide open. Havana sent in the names of other aliens who had recently disappeared from the European colony, and immigration investigators picked up eight of them at the homes of relatives and friends in New York, Cleveland and Miami. All eight identified Simonovich as their contact, Saxton as their pilot, and Cramton as the man who met them with transportation when they landed in remote areas of Florida.

Investigators then checked the vicinities of these remote landing areas for eyewitnesses who might have seen the planes land on the known dates. They took these eyewitness descriptions of the planes to every aircraft-renting outfit around Miami. Slowly the pieces began to fit together. On nearly every occasion a plane had been rented to Cramton on the known date of the smuggling run.

A check into the backgrounds of the two suspects revealed why Cramton had hired the planes instead of Saxton, the actual pilot. Gaylord Miles Saxton was a twenty-seven-year-old, ex-Air Force flier from Grand Rapids, Michigan, who was working temporarily as a television repairman in Opa-locka, Florida, principally because the CAA had revoked his pilot's license. He had been arrested several times for reckless flying, and once for carrying concealed weapons.

Cramton was a former Army man. But he was an aviation mechanic in Opa-locka and he still had his pilot's license. So he rented the planes by showing his license. There still was no link to prove that Saxton had then taken over the rented planes, but Van Orshoven felt he had enough evidence to make arrests. He led a raid on the Saxton and Cramton apartments. He found the missing link—in Saxton's pocket: the receipts for all the planes Cramton had rented!

Pilot Makes Full Confession

With this weight of evidence against him, the dashing young ringleader Saxton decided to confess. He had so much to confess that his reminiscences took up some 30 typed pages. He testified that he had read the earlier mentioned magazine article published in June, 1949, about Edward Murphy and Gregorio Simonovich; and on September 1st, he flew to Havana by commercial air liner and contacted Simonovich, who understandably was delighted to see him. They spent several days casing the north of Cuba for landing fields, and Saxton flew back to Miami.

Saxton then talked Cramton into joining the plot, and that young man promptly rented a Piper Clipper plane at Kendall, Florida, on September 14th. The next day, Saxton landed this plane in a rice paddy near the Cuban town af Cárdenas and refueled with gasoline hidden there by Simonovich. Four aliens also were hidden nearby, and Saxton flew them directly to Opa-locka, where Cramton was waiting with a borrowed surplus Army truck at the edge of the field. They whisked the aliens off and turned them over to a contact man in Miami, who put them on a train to

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New York and paid Saxton $750 per head.

This was the pattern of eight subsequent flights, all of which got under way when he received a telegram from Simonovich. On one trip they delivered their aliens to a University of Miami student; on others, they flew their charges directly to New York on a commercial air liner.

This was the substance of Saxton's confession. All that remained now was the backbreaking routine police work of rounding up the rest of the smuggled aliens. Much of this was done by running down telephone numbers found in Saxton's pockets, a handy-reference habit he developed to insure his being paid by the smuggled aliens' relatives.

The Man in the Mail Room

One telephone number, for instance, turned out to be the mail room of a New York newspaper. A man who worked there was the brother of a woman who had written frequent letters to three of the escapees when they were in Cuba. After a midnight questioning session in the mail room of the newspaper, the man admitted he knew the aliens were in the United States. He promised to talk them into giving themselves up by December 20th. On December 19th, all three walked into the New York office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service and surrendered.

In another case, one of Saxton's telephone numbers was a New York businessman's office. An immigration investigator named Edward A. Boyle went to the man's home neighborhood and began asking questions. Several of the neighbors told him that the businessman's brother had come to live with him a few weeks before, but that the two went away soon afterward to vacation near Newburgh, New York. Boyle went to Newburgh and spent days visiting all the hotels and summer camps in the area. Finally, he paid a routine visit to the local state police barracks. One officer there remembered the New York businessman coming to see them about a minor theft in a nearby bungalow colony. Boyle rushed to see the postmaster of the neighborhood.

"Yes," said the postmaster, "there's a fellow here about forty-five years old, who keeps writing letters to Havana." Boyle burst in and arrested the alien just as he was typing the following note: "I am leaving the New York area altogether until things cool off. This time I am not letting anyone know where I am going."

While 18 of the 24 aliens were being rounded up in this way, Saxton and Cramton proved they had a few more tricks up their sleeves. They were indicted on February 27, 1950, and on March 3, 1950, they pleaded guilty before a federal district judge. While they were out of jail on bond and awaiting sentencing on April 7th, they then proceeded to do an incredible thing. *They arranged with Simonovich to smuggle two more aliens from Cuba to Florida!*

They rented two small planes and flew to Marathon, 100 miles south of Miami. From there they each piloted one of the two tiny aircraft overwater to Cuba. They landed on an open beach and picked up two Chinese, loading one in each ship. They flew back to Florida and landed their planes on a lonely dirt road near Opa-locka. They hid the Chinese in the brush, telling them that they would come back for them in a car and that the signal to emerge from hiding would be three toots on the horn.

However, Saxton and Cramton never got back. They walked right into the arms of waiting Border Patrol officers who had been tipped off from Cuba and knew exactly what the young men were up to. Investigator Howard W. Melching then drove along the dirt road until he found the airplane tracks. He stopped the car and gave three toots on the horn. Out of the woods walked the two Chinese—and *that* case was closed.

Saxton, neglecting to show up on April 7th to be sentenced, had one more fling before going off to jail. He sent a message to the judge via his wife that it was too nice a day to spend in court. For this, and his other impertinences, he got eight years. Cramton was given five years, and *this* time even the influential and previously invulnerable Mr. Simonovich was affected. He was getting too hot for even the Cuban government, and he was arrested on two charges of (a) "dealing in human contraband," and (b) "conspiring against Cuba's integrity and stability."

All this is indicative of what the government agents mean when they blame the upsurge of smuggling lawlessness on the swashbuckling attitude of fliers. According to Commissioner of Customs Frank Dow, this swashbuckling fever even has smitten air-line personnel and passengers since the end of World War II—and they are attempting things that seasoned ocean-going smugglers gave up years ago.

Steward Had Too Much Baggage

Recently, for instance, a customs inspector boarded a Buenos Aires-bound plane and spotted a compartment crammed with luggage. "Whose are those?" he asked the plane's steward. "They're mine," said the steward. Whereupon the customs inspector raised an eyebrow and opened the suitcases. In them were 550 dozen pairs of nylon stockings worth $6,500, which would have sold in Argentina for $15,000. In discussing the case later, the customs man said, "The man had too much luggage. He claimed he was a snappy dresser, but not even a movie actor needs 12 suitcases of clothes for a week end out of town."

At La Guardia Airport last year, customs inspectors tore apart the luggage of a woman named Helen Lust after receiving a tip from our agents in Europe. A female inspector stripped the suspect down to the skin to see if she was carrying valuables on her body, and other inspectors checked for false bottoms in her luggage. Finally, Inspector J. J. McGowan noticed some metal strips on the luggage that did not quite match the other metal trimmings. He ripped off the strips and found 1,013 carats of diamonds worth $200,000.

In the same way, customs inspectors uncovered $73,000 worth of diamonds under wooden strips in the luggage of Mrs. Fanny Keller as she stepped from a transatlantic plane at La Guardia. Soon thereafter she stepped into a federal penitentiary to serve a one-year sentence. In another La Guardia case, still unsolved, $1,000,000 worth of

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TOM HUDSON

heroin was found concealed in the toilet tank of a passenger plane inbound from Marseille.

On January 17, 1950, a plane tried to take off from Miami with $6,500 worth of undeclared airplane parts, presumably for a revolution somewhere. A few weeks later, a packing case labeled "vitamins" was opened at Chicago Airport and found to contain $500 worth of scarce streptomycin. (At the destination, Greece, the streptomycin could have sold on the black market for $10,000.)

In nine cases out of 10, our customs officials are tipped off by informers, who can be paid 25 per cent of the net amount recovered, according to the provisions of the Tariff Act—but not to exceed $50,000 in any one case. In other instances, the customs men catch airborne smugglers by ingenuity and the practiced eye.

For example, in January of 1949, Customs Inspector Robert H. McCarthy looked at the airline form listing the weight of the luggage of a dentist returning from Europe. He cased the dentist's luggage and in a few minutes discovered the following: gold nuggets wedged between the glass and metal walls of a big German vacuum bottle; gold nuggets in the false bottom of a silver jewel chest; gold nuggets beneath the inner soles of two pairs of boots; gold nuggets beneath the lining of a suitcase; gold nuggets sewn into the tops of women's stockings; and gold nuggets in the tops of three pairs of men's shoes. The dentist was fined $2,840 and lost all of his gold. Inspector McCarthy modestly said, "Everything was just a little bit too heavy."

Diamonds Slip Past Customs

The most dramatic of the recent airline smuggling cases involved a former GI named Allen Licht, who contacted a diamond-smuggling ring in Antwerp and then slipped $131,873 worth of the gems past customs inspectors at Boston's Logan International Airport. Licht flew to New York, checked the diamonds in a brief case at Grand Central Terminal, and rushed to a hospital to be treated for an ulcer that had hemorrhaged and almost killed him during the flight from Belgium to Boston.

While he was in the hospital, Licht was visited by his brother Milton Licht. Allen gave the claim check for the brief case to Milton, who picked it up and buried the diamonds in a can near a lake in Lakewood, New Jersey. However, needing a little ready cash, he held out a few samples, turning them over to a night-club waiter named Jack Stein, who agreed to sell them for a commission.

But then the tips began coming into U.S. Customs headquarters in New York. An informer told about Allen Licht's Antwerp deal, and a member of the Diamond Manufacturers and Importers Association reported that someone in Lakewood was trying to sell diamonds at a below-the-market price. A few days later, a diamond buyer calling himself Marks showed up in Lakewood, and in due course was put in contact with Jack Stein at the club where he worked. Stein, delighted at the appearance of a customer, pulled out a diamond, whereupon "Marks" pulled out a badge and identified himself as Customs Agent Abraham Eisenberg.

Eisenberg called in Agents P. J. Galvin and Gerard C. Lundy, and after a few hours of questioning Stein broke down and named Milton Licht as the owner of the diamonds. Licht then was picked up, and after a few further hours of questioning, *he* broke down. At 2:00 A.M. he led the agents to the edge of Lake Carasaljo. In a melodramatic scene, he dug up the diamonds in the light of a flickering lamp.

The End of a Perfect Crime

Allen Licht, in the meantime, had fled to Europe. But the customs agents kept track of all his movements through government agencies in Europe, and when the young man tried to sneak back into the United States on November 3, 1949, he was grabbed as soon as he set foot on American soil. On January 31, 1950, Federal Judge Samuel H. Kaufman sentenced him to 18 months in the hoosegow.

Every month, the Bureau of Customs reports dozens of such cases in which aerial-smuggling adventurers like Allen Licht are seized. Even more serious, in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1950, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service revealed a staggering total of 469,581 aliens apprehended by the Border Patrol and deported —many of them after aerial-smuggling adventurers like Gaylord Saxton had flown them illegally into the country. Seven hundred and twelve such smugglers were arrested and jailed during the same period.

The tragic thing about this is that the bravado blinds these young men to the damage they are doing. The Allen Lichts don't realize how they are building up the black markets and weakening the countries we are trying to strengthen economically in our battle against Communism. The Gaylord Saxtons are even more dangerous. Young Mr. Saxton becomes very indignant when anyone refers to him as a criminal. But he flew 26 people into the United States. All 26 were turned over to him in Cuba by one Gregorio Simonovich.

And Gregorio Simonovich is an ex-member of the Red Army of the Soviet Union.

THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

that is because Georgia has no reciprocal state law whereby officials can co-operate with other states in extraditing family deserters. Mrs. Peterson, a lady-politician from way back, has decided that the next Georgia General Assembly should change all that, and we're betting on her. Mrs. Peterson served eleven years on Atlanta's school board, organized the Roosevelt Clubs in Atlanta, was chairman of the F.D.R. Women's Division, was chairman of the Central Committee for Al Smith in 1928, member of the Board of Governors of the Georgia Democratic Club, twice a delegate to Democratic National Conventions. On this particular occasion she has rallied 30,000 women to the cause we've just been talking about. She's been so busy she's just got around to it.

★ ★ ★

Somebody in the California Chamber of Commerce has tried to astonish us. He sends us a Los Angeles newspaper clipping and asks us to note in particular the item's caption: Bright Future for California Predicted. The surprising part of it is that the prediction was made by a Californian.

★ ★ ★

Among those who consider such a prophecy accurate are several dozen schemers, gadget engineers, notion nursers and fix-it finaglers who have descended on the offices of Mr. Gordon P. Larson, director of the Los Angeles Air Pollution Control District. It is Mr. Larson's job to see what can be done about the Los Angeles smog. These gentlemen, barging in from all parts of the country, aim to help him. There's one guy wants to build underground air sewers through which huge fans would pump the smog far out into the Pacific. An inshore wind might blow it back but that's another problem. Another guy has a plan to convert sea water into rain and wash the smog away. This might give Los Angeles a rainy season of 365 days, but you can't have everything. Still another would dispel the smog by fooling around with the atmosphere. This would be done by setting fire to the surrounding gas wells. And if that won't work there's a scheme to roof all Los Angeles County with helicopter blades and let them spin in horrific unison. Meantime, Mr. Larson is struggling with the problem of how to rid Los Angeles of smog.

★ ★ ★

Pausing for breath, we wonder what became of the Baraboo Petition. Not long ago Mr. William O. Hart, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, drew up a petition calling on the Russian people to overthrow Joe Stalin. The petition was to be broadcast by radio into Russia and circulated by secret agents. Maybe it wasn't necessary. Maybe the Russian people will defeat Stalin at the polls at the next of those swell democratic elections they hold over there.

★ ★ ★

We've been talking to a man in Laconia, New Hampshire, who told us that quite a number of cityfolks have been buying places in that vicinity as refugees from atomic attacks. "Some of them, women mostly, seemed curious about what kind of neighbors they'd have," he said. "I told them some were worth having and some were just about the same as staying in the city and getting bombed."

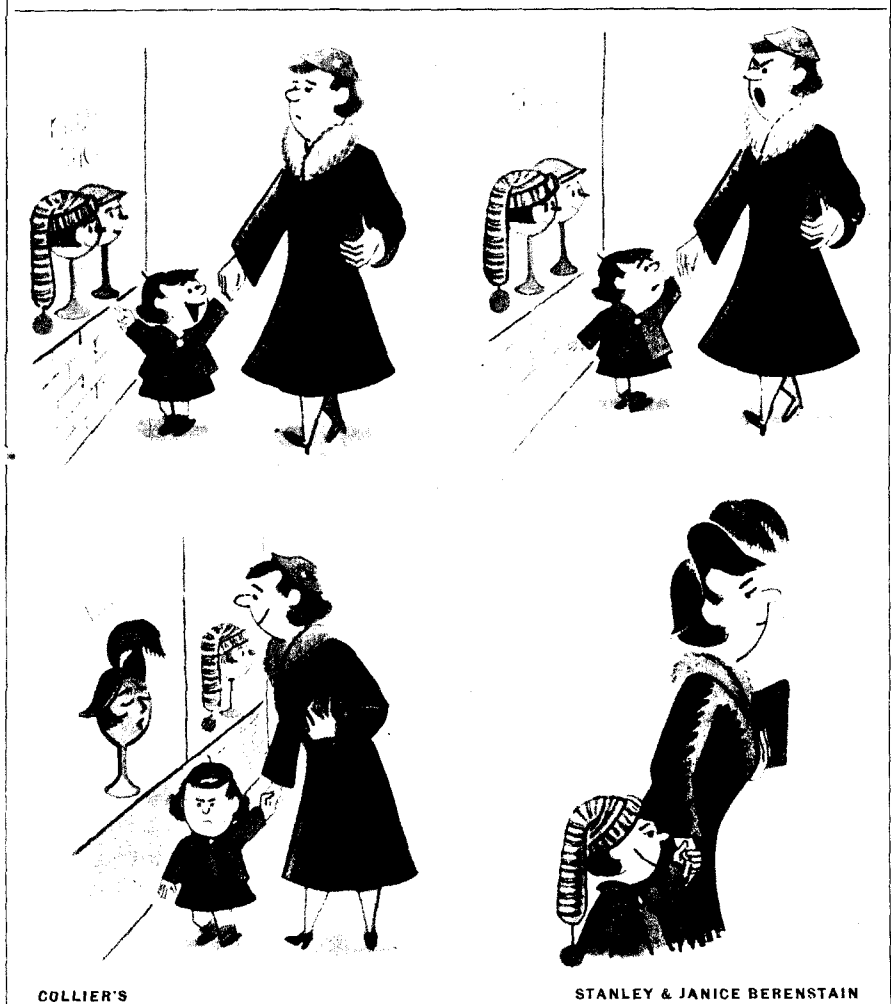
★ ★ ★

Maybe you don't know it but recently in City Court, Albany, New York, Baby Ruth Pretty, 48, and Skillfull Love, 57, were married. They should be congratulated too. Hope their first child is a girl.

★ ★ ★

Pretty Love. W. D.

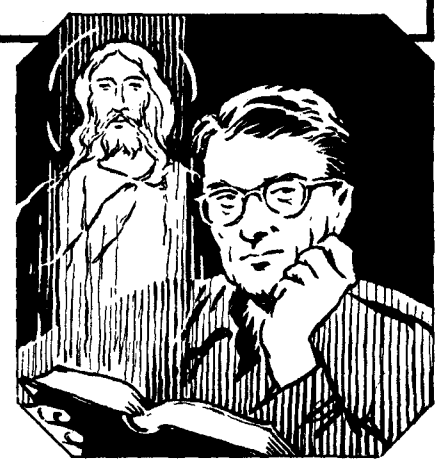
SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

But Do You Really UNDERSTAND the Bible?



Many people maintain that the Bible is so simple and clear that anyone can understand it.

Yet today the Christian world is divided into conflicting opinions as to what the Bible means. Sincere and equally learned Bible scholars take different meanings from the same words, and there are many Christian sects which disagree on basic Bible questions.

The average Christian who wants to understand the Bible, finds all this confusing... wondering which interpretation to accept, whom to believe. The result is that the Bible often gathers dust on the family bookshelf, when it should be bringing joy to the hearts of men.

Catholics, of course, join with Christians everywhere in recognizing the complete Bible as the inspired Word of God. It could not be otherwise, for it was the Catholic Church which assembled the books of the Bible nearly 1600 years ago, and which preserved its precious message on parchment for a thousand years before the invention of the printing press.

It is unfortunate, however, that some of the most devoted Bible readers do not understand it. As a matter of fact, Holy Scripture is seldom correctly understood unless we have certain preliminary knowledge concerning God's revealed truth.

In writing the New Testament, its authors took into account that a knowledge of God's revelation already prevailed. The books they wrote were intended to instruct and confirm teachings already known — not to announce something entirely unknown. When you have this preliminary knowledge, the Bible is neither contradictory nor confusing.

The books of the Bible were given by God through writers who addressed themselves to people who already possessed faith in God and to whom the divinely revealed message was, to some extent, already known. These books seek to explain and confirm this message and to induce readers to conform their lives to it. They were certainly not intended to teach all of God's revealed truth to those who were learning it for the first time.

Free

The Bible, properly understood, can exert a tremendous power for good in your personal and family life. But to understand it, you should know something about those who wrote the Bible... the way they thought, spoke and the characteristics of the language they used. By whom was the Bible translated ... how can we know these translations are correct? What are the common sense rules to be followed in understanding the Bible? These and other important questions concerning the intelligent use of the Bible are answered in a pamphlet which we will send you free on request. Write TODAY for your free copy. Ask for Pamphlet No. C-22.

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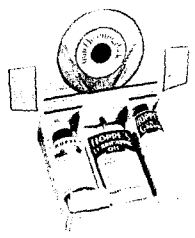

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Justice on the Cuff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

we'd be in a lot of trouble." (The man later was killed in a knife fight.)

Not all the defender's work revolves around the defense of men and women accused of crimes. You can get into a jam in other ways, too. Buying a second-hand car, for example. Just before Pearl Harbor a lot of young men in Los Angeles bought used cars to take them to jobs in war factories. Paul Brown was one of them. He bought a $900 car and managed to pay off about $300 on it before he was drafted. He turned the car back to the dealer and decided to forget about the money he had already paid in. That, he thought, was the end of the deal. It wasn't.

The Short End of a Car Deal

When he got out late in 1945, Paul discovered that the dealer was ready to go to court to collect the other $500 due him. How come? Well, the dealer claimed that he was able to get only $100 for the car when he sold it again. He insisted, therefore, that Paul, who was legally liable for the full $900 price at which he had bought the car originally, owed him another $500.

There was then a shortage of attorneys in Los Angeles, but Paul knew about the public defender and went to the offices atop the Hall of Records. The defender's investigators found that the ridiculously low resale prices were paid only by the dealer's friends, secretaries or other "dummies." The dealer would promptly repurchase the car for, say $125—even a "dummy" is entitled to $25 for his co-operation—and then go out and sell the car on a rising market for about $1,000. One car went through 16 such phony sales, before the defender caught up with the dealer. Meanwhile, a lot of veterans had been fleeced.

Acting on behalf of the victims, the defender went into court and filed cross complaints against the offending dealers. Since the original car buyers were entitled to all the money in excess of the payments-due collected by the dealers, many veterans were surprised to find themselves coming out a few hundred dollars ahead after the defender's successful court action.

Advice is freely given by the defender about almost any kind of legal trouble, except the domestic variety. The divorce or separation seekers who can't get private counsel are referred to the local office of the Legal Aid Society, which in Los Angeles, as elsewhere, functions modestly on voluntary contributions.

Not that the defender's office is richly endowed. The budget for 1950 was $147,702, out of which Cuff, his chief deputy, 15 deputies, three investigators and six secretaries and clerical aides get paid. Last year this small staff handled more than 3,000 criminal cases.

Cuff gets about $11,000 a year. In common with many members of his staff he has been offered partnerships in leading law firms that would net him at least three times what he is now earning. But Cuff intends to stay. "I'm happy here and I like the work," he explains simply. If past performance is any indication, chances are he'll eventually go to a judge's bench, as did three of the four men who preceded him as defender.

Every year dozens of law-school graduates write to Cuff for jobs on his staff. Cuff talks to all who are interested and carefully points out the pitfalls and peculiar requirements of a public defender.

"Do you like to assist people who are in trouble?" Cuff asks them. "As a rule you can expect people you're trying to help to be unfair and unjust to you. Will you be able to take that? Will you be able to stand the public hating you and even spitting on you—as they did to me once—when you're defending a murderer? Will you be happy to be working for far less than you're worth, knowing that all you can really look forward to is going home weary at night with the feeling: 'Well, today, I was able to help some poor devil'?"

Cuff got out of the University of Southern California Law School in 1924 and went to work for the Los Angeles Probation Department, staying there until 1928, when he joined the public defender's staff.

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Physiologist, University of Malay	Tropical climate is not in the least harmful to Europeans, who merely perspire more than the natives.
Official, Kraut Packers Association	Sauerkraut did not originate in Germany, but in China, sometime before 200 B.C.
Researcher, Field Museum of Natural History	Buckwheat cakes are not of American origin—they were eaten in Tibet 20 centuries ago.
Otolaryngologist, "Archives of Otolaryngology"	People don't catch colds with the same regularity throughout the week—more are caught on Monday than on any other day.
Physician, New York State Health Department	The death rate from homicide is much higher among single people than among the married, strangely.
Entomologist, New York	Female fireflies don't emit flashes from mere exuberance—it lures on the males.
Ornithologist, New York	The wandering albatross is not the world's heaviest flying bird—the wild swan takes that billing.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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BUTCH

"A very nice shop. I think if I ever buy anythin' sometime, I'll come here"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

When Governor Earl Warren appointed Public Defender William B. Neeley to the superior court bench early in 1949, a civil service examination was announced to seek his successor. Chief Deputy Cuff and a number of other deputies were tested for two hours by two judges and a leading attorney. Each of the nine applicants was questioned separately and their answers were tape-recorded. The test involved queries designed to ferret out executive ability, legal knowledge and ethical standards. Cuff got a score of 99.31—and the job.

Much of the defender's success in court hinges on the work of his investigative staff, a devoted crew headed by Edward N. Bliss, Jr., who in the earlier days of the office put in 2½ years of full-time work for the defender without pay until the county supervisors made a budget allowance for his job.

Like every good investigator, Bliss depends a great deal upon contacts. He has hundreds, many of them police and plainclothes men who often find themselves opposing his testimony on the witness stand.

A Curb on Police Beatings

Recently, I went out with Bliss on several investigations and spoke to many cops and detectives he knew. Most of them agreed that the defender's office has had at least two beneficial effects on the police. For one thing the defender has made them less "arrest-happy"—more careful in checking a case before making an arrest. Also, the defender has definitely helped to cut down on the number of "beaters" on the force. Every police department has its share of sadistic cops who are happy only when they're giving a suspect a really rough going-over. If the man gives his story to the defender the "beater" knows he's in for a hard time on the stand. This alone is enough to make most "beaters" think twice before pulling any rough stuff in the back room when seeking a "voluntary confession."

This healthy respect for the defender's staff is found to an even greater degree in the district attorney's office in Los Angeles.

Listen to Chief Trial Deputy Dan Beecher:

"Sometimes a new deputy will come back from a courtroom tussle with one of the public defender's men and say, 'I thought this was going to be a 1-2-3 case, but that defender fellow put up a terrific fight. Say, how much are they paid to put up that kind of defense?' "

Beecher warns his assistants regularly that when they have to face the public defender in a case, they might just as well assume that they are opposed by the best criminal lawyer in the country.

Bill Simpson, the white-haired district attorney, is even blunter: "If *I* were in a jam I'd rather have the public defender take my case than anybody else in the country."

Judge Charles W. Fricke, who has been on the bench for 23 years and is considered by many to be one of the outstanding authorities on criminal law in the West, has long been an enthusiastic supporter of the public defender's office.

"The important thing," he told me, "is confidence. Some criminal lawyers always make me think they have something up their sleeve that isn't strictly on the up and up, but I have absolute confidence in the defender. If one of his deputies tells me something about a case, I know it's true. That way we've been able to cut down tremendously on the time required to try a case. Why, we've even completed murder trials without juries in 90 minutes."

Well, then, you ask, if the system is so good, why hasn't it been adopted by every county and state? What's holding it back?

Among the bitterest opponents have been some criminal lawyers who are frankly afraid that the defender may take clients who have enough money to hire private counsel. Also opposed are politically ambitious district attorneys who don't like the idea of public defenders getting publicity at important trials—and possibly upsetting their own efforts to achieve a record that will sound good in campaign speeches.

Nevertheless the trend is toward adoption of the defender setup. Years ago Chief Justice of the United States William Howard Taft declared:

"I think that we shall have to come, and ought to come, to the creation in every criminal court of the office of the public defender and that he should be paid out of the treasury of the county or of the state."

The reason as stated by Ellery Cuff, is simple: "Justice to each individual, regardless of financial conditions, race, creed or color, is the concern of all the public—and it is the duty of the state, rather than private individuals or agencies, to safeguard the rights of an accused person." THE END

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Model Photo

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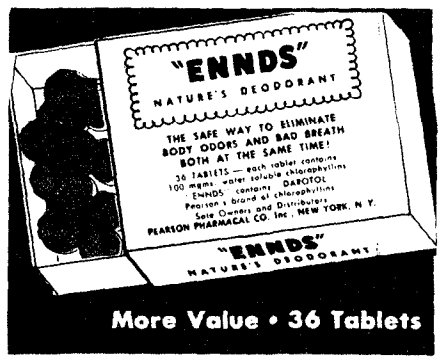
Tests prove this "green medicine" is harmless, according to the Reader's Digest story. "ENNDS" do not stop perspiration—simply deodorize it! And remember: the active ingredient in "ENNDS" is chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. So you can safely take "ENNDS" every day!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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1950, was a momentous day in the history of literary astronomy. For on that date the New York Times book review section announced the discovery of a great new star whose first-magnitude brilliance blotted out all but one other inhabitant of the crowded literary firmament. The news appeared in the opening paragraph of the lead review, as follows:

"The most important author living today, the outstanding author since the death of Shakespeare, has brought out a new novel. The title of the novel is Across the River and Into the Trees. The author, of course, is Ernest Hemingway, the most important, the outstanding author out of the millions of writers who have lived since 1616."

The bearer of these exciting tidings was John O'Hara. Mr. O'Hara may not be the most important, the outstanding author of our time. But he is a professional writer (whatever you may think of the first paragraph of his Hemingway review), and a successful one. He has turned out three or four well-regarded novels and some good short stories, including the Pal Joey series. So his considered opinion can't be ignored, especially when the dignified Times, a notoriously poor market for irresponsible journalism, saw fit to print it without change. But it can be commented on.

We cogitated for a long time over what comment, if any, Collier's should make. Our back page, we realize, isn't usually devoted to criticism of literary criticism. Yet we figured that a change-of-pace pitch is as legitimate in publishing as it is in baseball. So we decided to go ahead. But before we did we took Mr. O'Hara's review out of the miscellaneous folder, where we had filed it, and reread it carefully several times under a strong light.

It was our implausible hope that we might have misread it before, but it always came out the same. So we must face the fact that a famous 300-year-old argument has finally been settled, once and for all.

Somehow we can't find any joy in that finality. The debate over who was the greatest writer since Shakespeare was pleasant for its very inconclusiveness. Heaven knows how many term papers, learned essays, lectures and symposia it inspired. Now it's all over, and anybody with a candidate for second-place honors will henceforth have to hold his peace. We don't know how the candidates themselves feel, since most of them have departed this life. But if they have any vestige of mortal pride remaining they might want to lodge a beef against Mr. O'Hara after a ghostly look at the latest Hemingway creation. We can't say we'd blame them.

Mind you, we don't mean to underrate Hemingway. He's a fine writer and an influential one, and his best books have been very, very good, maybe even great. But it must be admitted that in a field that finished out of the money, there were some pretty fair prospects among the also-rans—Milton, Swift, Fielding, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Jane Austen and the Brontë sisters, Scott, Thackeray, Byron, Browning, Dickens, Stevenson, Meredith, Hardy, Conrad and Bernard Shaw, Voltaire, Goethe, Balzac, Hugo, Flaubert, Anatole France, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Chekhov, Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, Mark Twain, the non-gun-toting James brothers and Thomas Mann, to name a random handful.

You were good, boys and girls, but you didn't come up to Mr. O'Hara's specifications. You were good, but you just weren't Hemingway. And on the basis of Across the River and Into the Trees, we're inclined to suspect that Mr. Hemingway ain't no Hemingway, either.

Let's Show We Mean It

THE SENATE has gone home with nothing done on the two statehood bills, although it seems to us that the Korean war should have intensified action on this legislation, particularly in the case of Hawaii.

We have spoken up in favor of Hawaiian statehood before, and we don't mind being repetitive. It has taken a lot of nudges from many quarters over many years to get this statehood question as far as it is, and Collier's thinks it is necessary to continue the nudges from time to time until favorable action is taken.

The United States is fighting a psychological as well as a physical war against Communist imperialism, with major emphasis on the physical. But the psychological aspects should not be neglected. And certainly the admission of Hawaii to the Union would be a major and bloodless victory against Russian aggression and propaganda.

The whole Orient has an unhappy memory of two centuries of Western imperialism, exploitation and humiliation. It had, until the end of World War II, a comparatively easier time with its big Eurasian neighbor to the north. Now the tables are turned, and Russia, through its native agents, is the exploiter and enslaver of the East. But Russia is still harping on past colonial history. And America, though a mere bystander in that history, is still a powerful Western land of the white man, and as such must still be suspect in the average Oriental's eyes.

So let us turn those eyes toward American Hawaii, which has assimilated its Oriental immigrants and given them a vastly better way of life, just as the continental United States absorbed its European immigrants and raised their standard of living.

If Congress will take Hawaii into the full partnership of statehood, we believe that it will quicken the minds and hearts of millions of Asiatics and strike a great blow for ultimate victory. And we sincerely hope that, when they return, the gentlemen of the Senate who are stymieing the House-approved bill will agree with us.

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* * *

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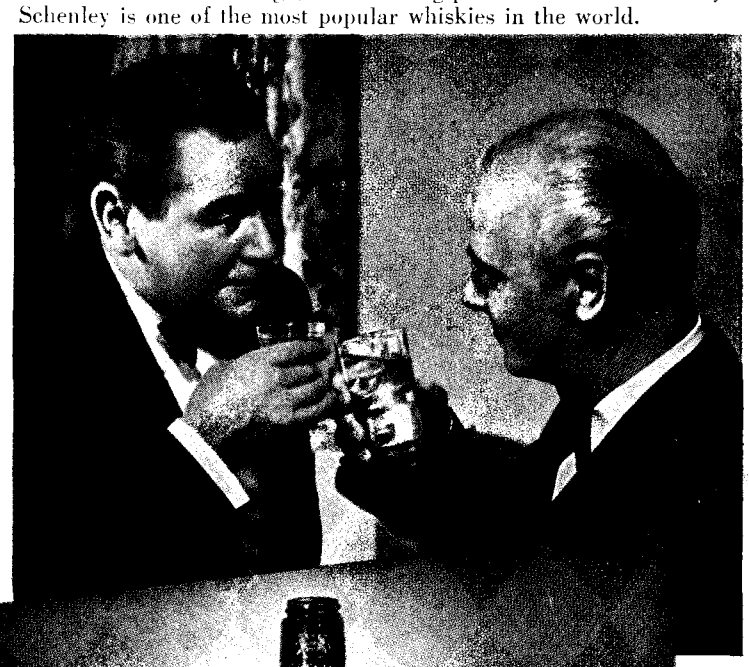

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BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL... Martha Tilton has sung her way to fame via the big name bands... top radio shows... motion pictures... personal engagements ... and popular recordings. Many of Miss Tilton's recordings have passed the million mark!

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